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MARCH 2, 1946
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INDUSTRIAL WARFARE

Can Labor and Management End It?

BY LESTER VELIE

PAGE 14

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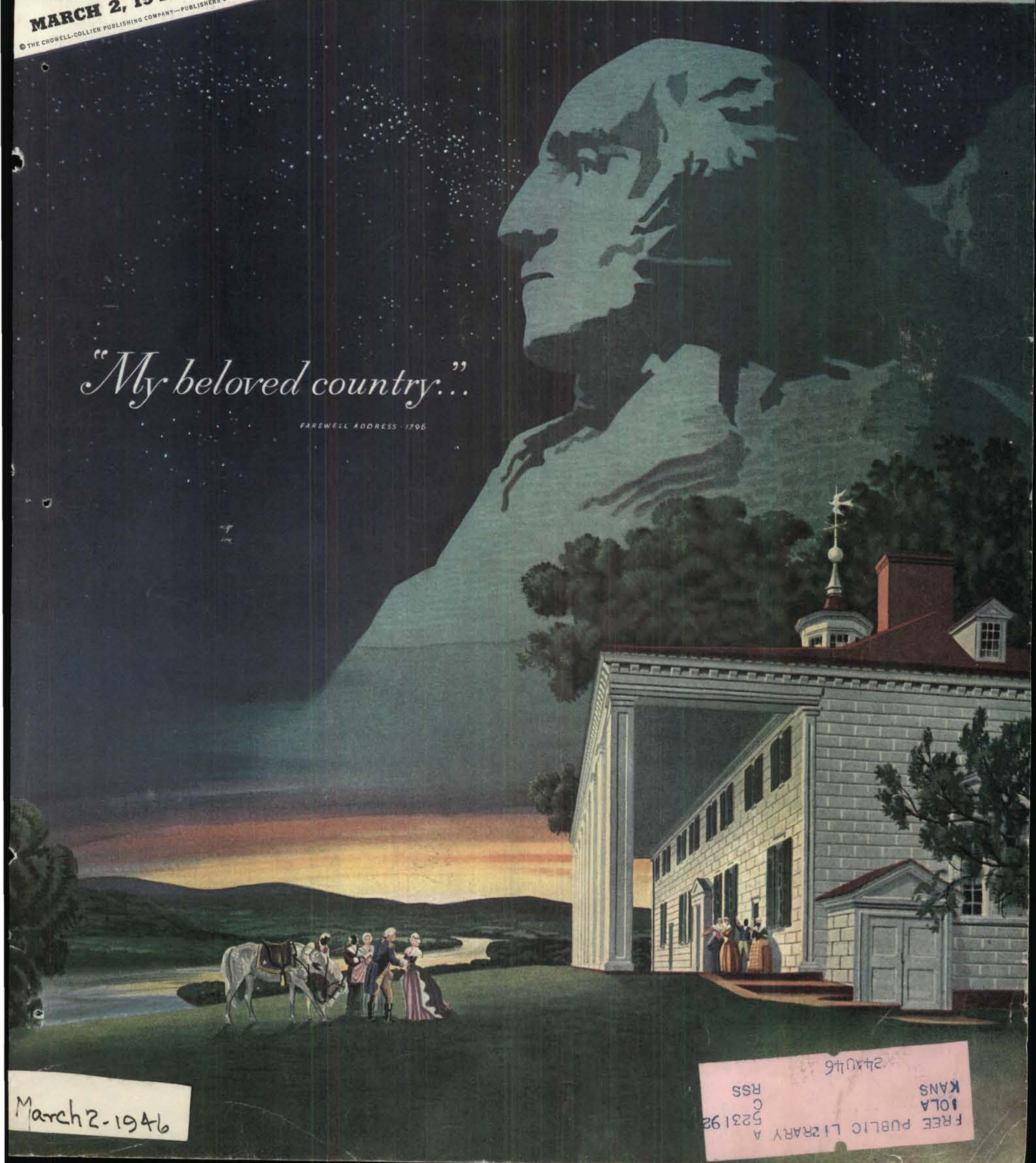
"My beloved country..."
FAREWELL ADDRESS · 1796

March 2-1946

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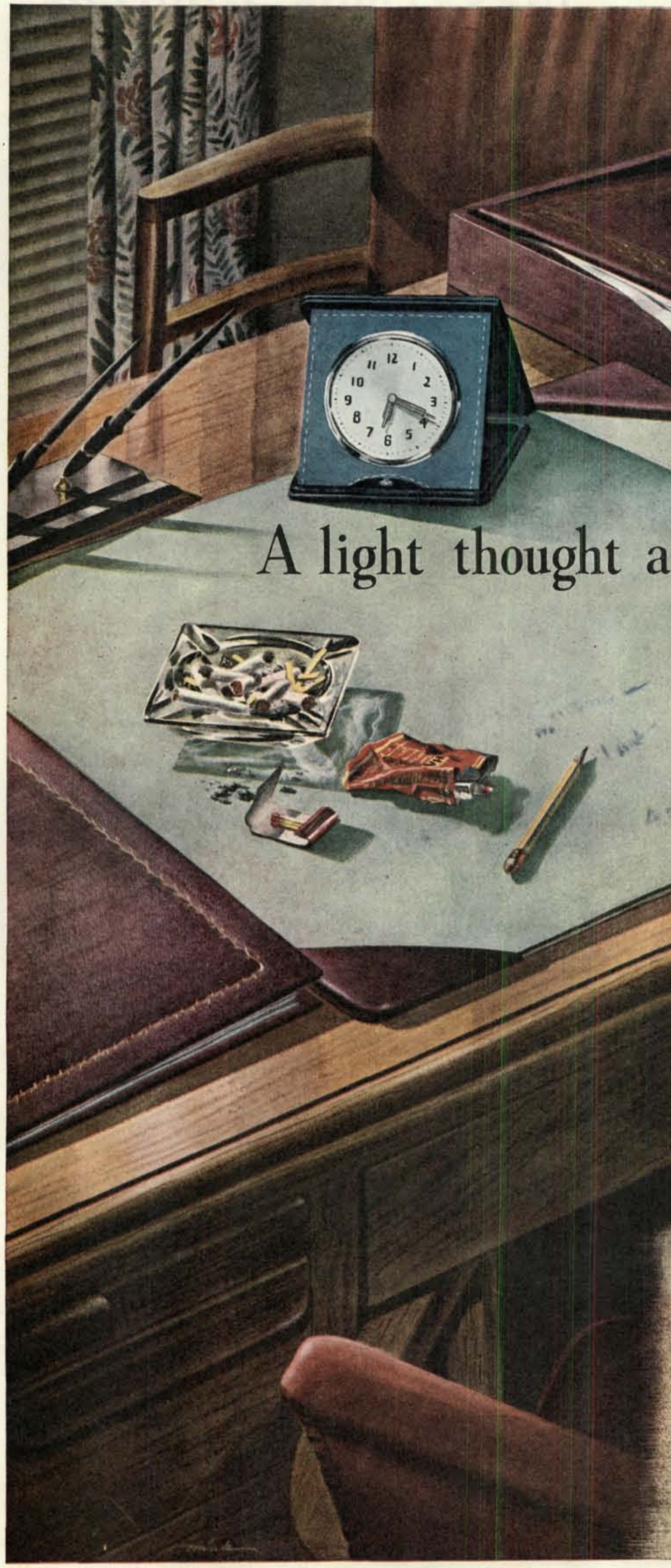

When your office door clicks
Behind you at six,
When at last you call it a day—

It's pleasant to think
Of that wonderful drink
Which soon will appear on a tray.
James B. Wilson

A light thought after some heavy thinking

To get all the pleasures out of a pre-dinner drink that only a good whiskey can put into it—have yours made with Old Thompson. A palate-pleaser, Old Thompson is a Manhattan-maker from way back. . . . And, too, it's blended in Kentucky by Glenmore, so the touch-of-quality is definitely there in every sip.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
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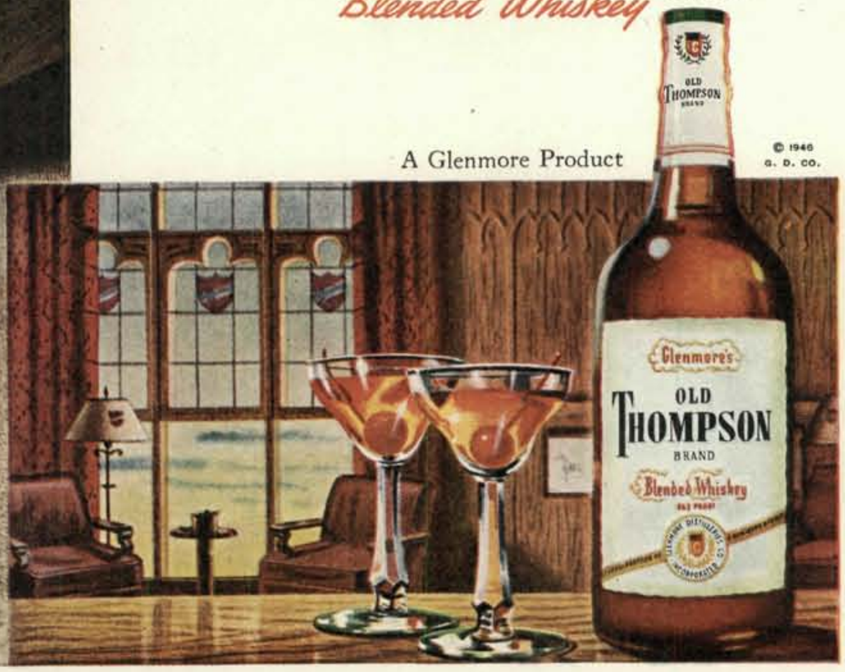
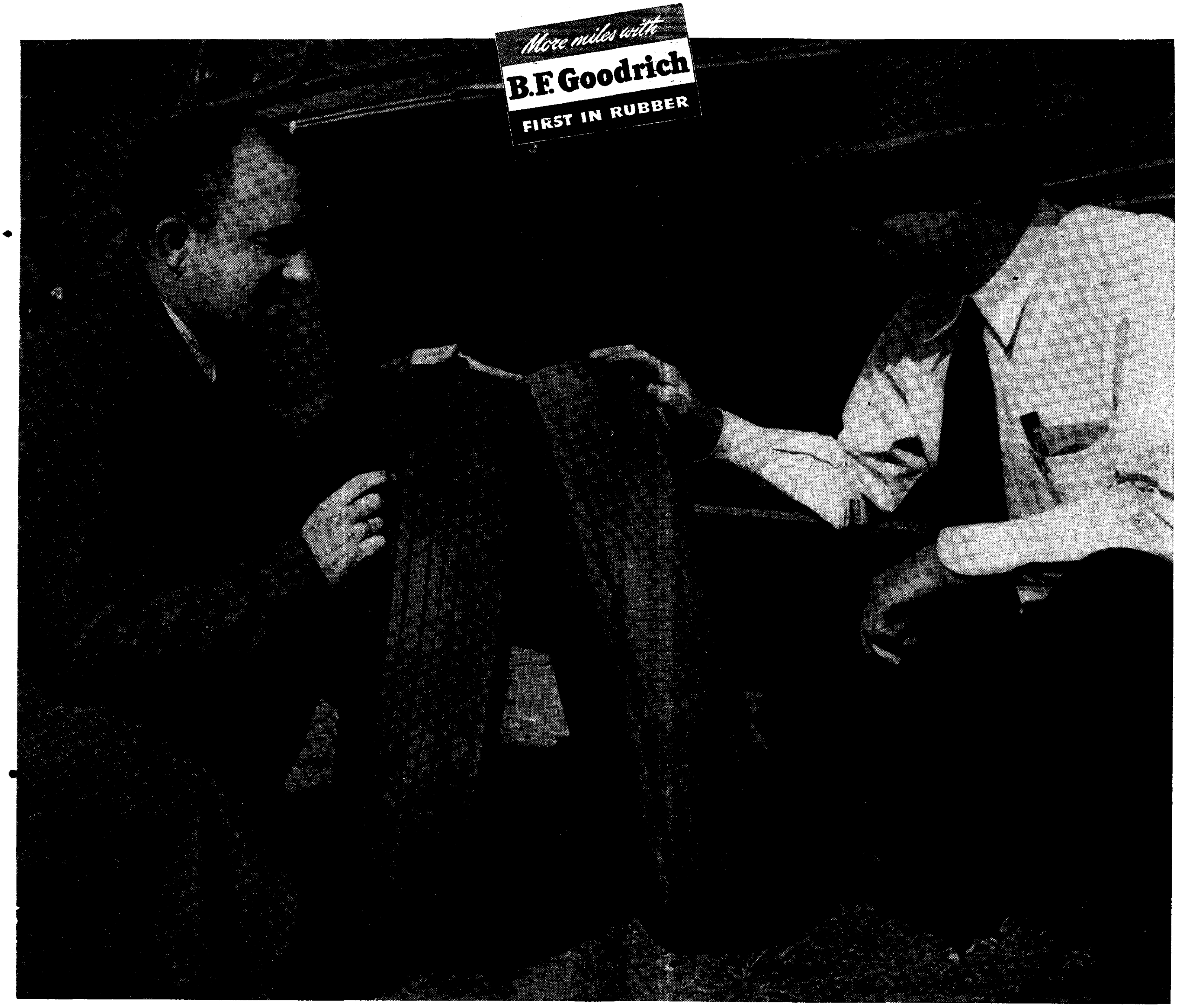


A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS



See how this new B. F. Goodrich tire

OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

Order these new tires now for your car

THE two tires you see here have spent their entire lives together—running on the same car. They have covered exactly the same number of miles, under the same driving conditions, over the same roads. They were shifted from wheel to wheel so that there could be no possible advantage for either.

The one on the right is a prewar tire. The one on the left is the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown. Just look at the difference. And this is no isolated case. These new tires have passed nearly 17 million miles of tests—on taxi fleets, police cars, and on B. F. Goodrich test cars.

The new tire has a wider, flatter tread that puts more rubber on the ground, spreads the wear over the whole tread surface. And *even* wear means longer wear! The tire body, or carcass, is stronger, too . . . made that way by using tougher cords and more of them.

You can forget all your worries about "wartime tires" if you get one of these new B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns—they've proved that they will outwear prewar tires. They've passed the toughest tests anyone can give them in the laboratory or on the road. Supplies are still limited, of course, but we're making and shipping these new tires every day and hope to have much larger quantities in the hands of most dealers within the new few months. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

INSIDE ★ Paramount

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SONNY TUFTS • JOAN CAULFIELD

On the warmest, laziest day in Springtime you're lolling on the greenest, sweetest-smelling hilltop on this earth.

★ ★ ★

You're eating a never-ending dish of pie-a-la-mode (any flavor) and somewhere out of the limitless blue comes Crosby's voice and a chorus of bona-fide Angels singing a song Irving Berlin wrote just for you.

★ ★ ★

And all the time you've got that Spirit you only get at Christmas.

★ ★ ★

That's one way to spend 90 perfect minutes, and you'll feel the same when you see

"Miss SUSIE SLAGLE'S"

that rich, wonderful best-selling story of American boys studying, in a nostalgic college town, to be doctors. On the screen it's one of the finest and warmest pictures you've ever laid happy eyes on.

★ ★ ★

With all the movie magic that was "Going My Way" plus something extra in the person of shy little, beautiful blonde Joan Caulfield, a new star discovery who goes far beyond the twinkling stage in her first appearance.

★ ★ ★

"Boy!" says Sonny Tufts, "I sure feel sorry for the man you decide to hook . . ."

★ ★ ★

"Oh," replies Joan, "I expect you'll wriggle a little . . . but it won't do you any good!"

★ ★ ★

With these two, plus Veronica Lake, Billy De Wolfe and Miss Lillian Gish, Director John Berry has fashioned a screenplay even rarer than the most beautiful day in June.

VERONICA LAKE

★ ★ ★

Besides the aforementioned "Going My Way," we've never been so happy to recommend a picture for your inspection as "MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S."

Paramount Pictures

Collier's

FOR MARCH 2, 1946

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GEORGE CREEL	*San Francisco*						

this week

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He went to collect rent from a girl—and got in a jam with a wrestler.

HAVE FUN, BABY By RUTH LYONS 13
Susie was definitely Jim's type of woman, but Eve wouldn't admit it.

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The Serial Story. Conclusion.

KIONA By WALTER HAVIGHURST 22
She had become like the Indians who had stolen her in childhood, so the trail back wasn't easy.

IN HER OWN WAY By JEAN E. TURNLEY 30
Vivvy's talk made her seem sophisticated and it almost fooled Richard.

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MARY HAD A LITTLE TALENT By KYLE CRICHTON 16
A closer view of the star of One Touch of Venus and Lute Song.

WHAT THE ATOMIC BOMB REALLY DID By ROBERT DE VORE 19
It could wreck a part of New York as it did Nagasaki.

AIRPLANE ON A STRING By DORIS and ED YULKE 20
Postwar ideas have brought model planes to new heights of popularity.

MONEY IN THE SNOWBANKS By GEORGE A. SHAFTEL 24
Surveying winter's snowfall forecasts summer's water supply.

NAMES WE GIVE OUR CHILDREN By GREER WILLIAMS 26
Don't let your kids go through life hating the way you've christened 'em.

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California threatens Kentucky's supremacy in raising thoroughbreds.

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Next time you eat peanuts see whose faces the shells remind you of.

SAY JACK ROBINSON By ARTHUR MANN 67
And you're naming an all-around athlete who rivals the great Jim Thorpe.

●

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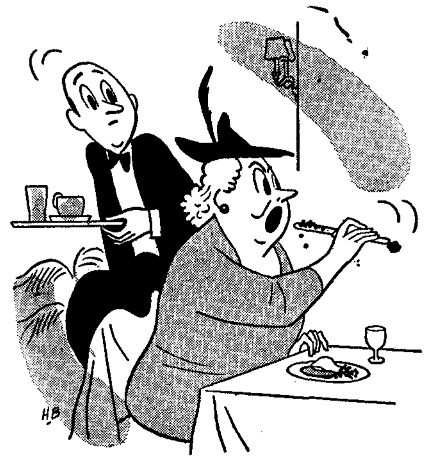
COVER By *FRANCIS CHASE*

any week

A NUMBER of lady readers are coming back at Paul Gallico who recently wrote a piece for us on the theme, Women Have No Manners. Most of them say that if they did observe the common amenities and courtesies of civilized society, they'd be trampled to death by elbowing, pinching, fanny-slapping, line-bucking men who, according to Miss Trudie Blahst of Flint, Michigan, "still think we women want war-industry jobs, which we did much better than they could." Another lady protests that "bad as we are you seldom see a lady spitting on the sidewalk, getting the heave-ho out of a tavern, minus her handkerchief, eating with her knife or picking her teeth without the cover of a napkin."



OUR current national labor policy reminds Mr. Lewis H. Colvin of Indianapolis, Indiana, of the technique of the Honorable Lew (Auctioneer) Shank when he was mayor of Indianapolis. One day, says Mr. Colvin, the Ladies Aid Society telephoned Mr. Shank asking him to lend them fifty chairs. Mr. Shank said that there were fifty chairs over at fire department headquarters and that they should go take them. When the fire chief arrived, found the chairs gone, he telephoned the mayor saying he was about to entertain a conference of state fire chiefs and needed chairs. "The Ladies Aid has fifty chairs," replied His Honor in his most impressive tone. "Go get them."

AMONG the suggestions for articles received this week is one from a lady who wants us to "write up a good story about how to make my husband wear his overshoes." She says that all her wiles and plots to this end have failed and that the fellow has resorted to such low trickery as hiding them. "Now he wants to move out of our small house to a bigger one so there will be more room to hide the overshoes I buy for him," she says. We have written her that this matter will be taken

(Continued on page 35)

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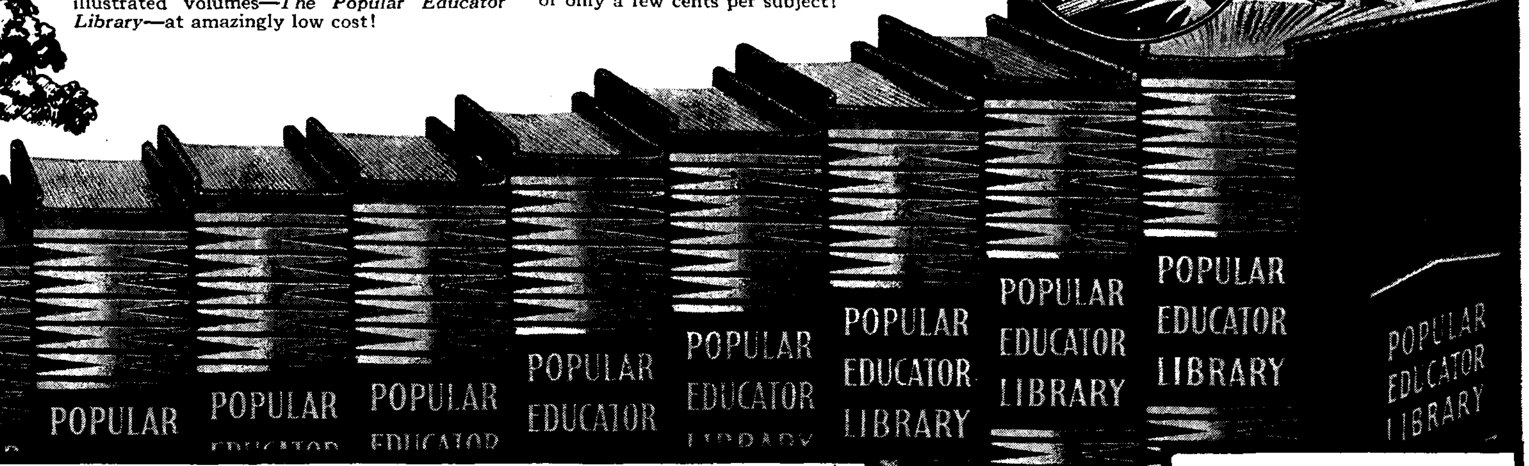

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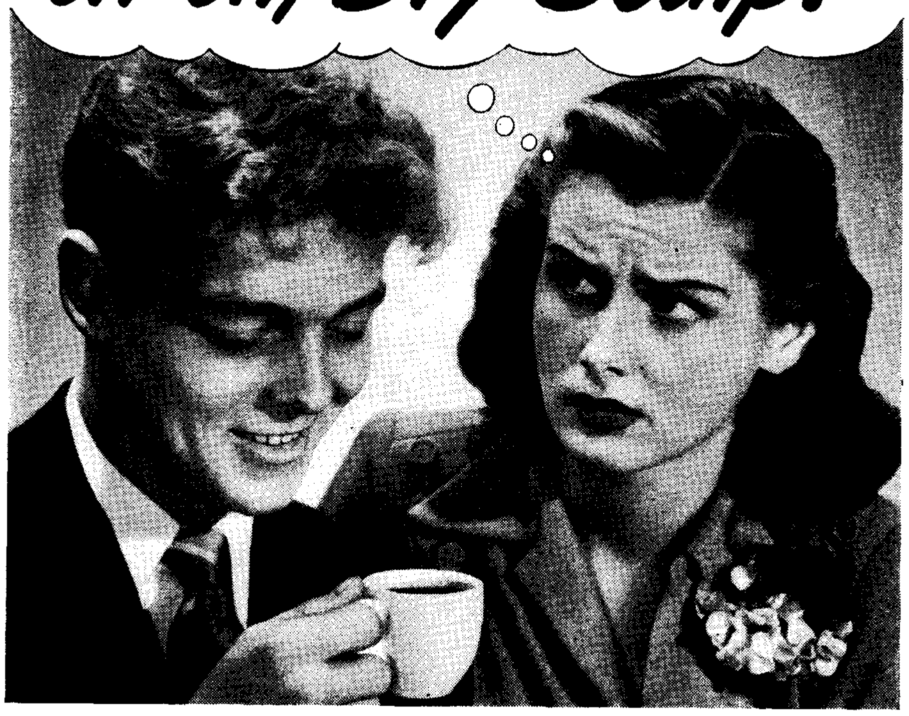

"... **WONDER WHY** he doesn't do something about it. He'd have really *nice* hair! Dry Scalp makes it so dull and lifeless . . . and almost impossible to comb. My . . . loose dandruff, too. Somebody ought to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Wonder if I dare . . ."

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp

SAME MAN, SAME HAIR . . . but look! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Five drops a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. Loose dandruff and that tight, itchy feeling disappear. Your hair is easy to comb, and it keeps that natural, just-combed look. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

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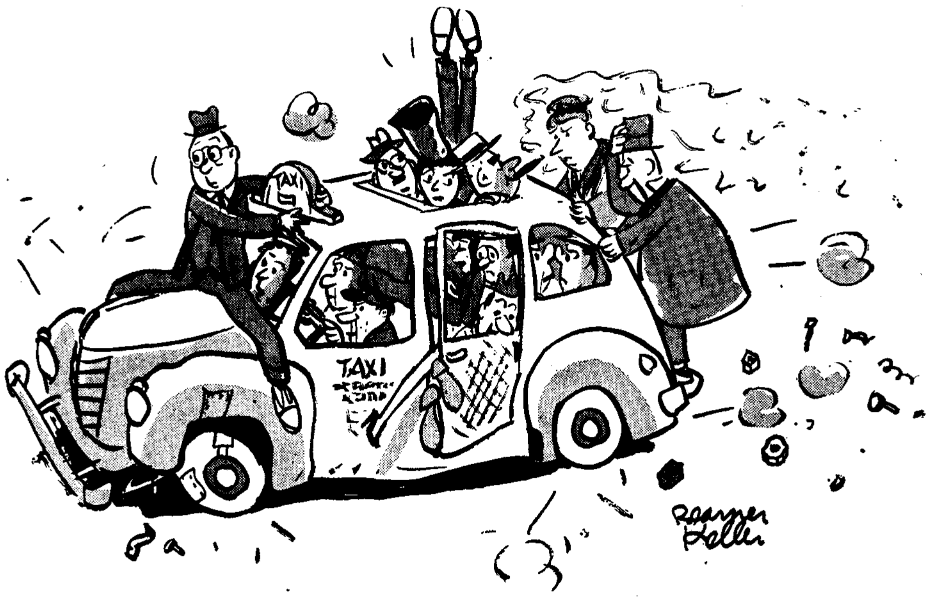


REAMER KELLER

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Although the number of American taxicabs in service dwindled from around 100,000 to 50,000 during the past five years, the survivors handled an incredible increase in business in 1945 compared with 1941. The number of passengers jumped 75 per cent to 1,700 million, miles traveled jumped 50 per cent to 3,300 million, and gross revenue 150 per cent to $620,000,000.

Thousands of letters asking for money deluged Mrs. Edward H. Harriman in 1909 after she had received the estate of her late husband. The amount of the inheritance was $100,000,000, but the total sum requested in these letters was more than $267,000,000.

The most universal of infectious diseases is tuberculosis, which is found in every part of the world. Of its four varieties of bacilli, the human type not only attacks man but such animals as monkeys, lions and elephants; the bovine type infects man as well as cattle, sheep, pigs and rats; the avian type attacks these latter animals as well as birds; and the fourth type affects cold-blooded creatures such as fish, frogs and snakes.

America now has 950 radio stations and 60,000,000 receiving sets, but India with three times our population has only nine stations and 200,000 sets. Chief obstacles in India are that its people speak 225 languages or dialects and that their average family income is $20 a year. Even a recent attempt to bring music, through free community sets, to the 300,000,000 individuals who live in 700,000 Indian villages resulted in the installation of less than 15,000 of these receivers as only that number of villages have electric service.

That the action of certain drugs may be affected by weather conditions was proved by laboratory experiments made in Baltimore a short time ago. For example, several experiments made on cats showed that a marked fall in barometric pressure appreciably increases the potency of digitalis.—*By Bessie M. Park, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Besides an A.B. degree earned in college, Herbert Hoover has received 54 honorary degrees, or more it is believed than any other man in history. . . . At least 900 out of every 1,000 feet of motion-picture film shot by newsreel and Hollywood cameramen never reach the screen. . . . When iron is made 99.95 per cent pure for use in laboratory work, it still contains minute quantities of 27 foreign elements. . . The sousaphone is the only professionally used musical instrument to have been invented by an American—John Philip Sousa.

How the number of years women devote to their education relatively lowers the birth rate among them is revealed by statistics collected for the first time during the 1940 census and covering 2,638,000 married white women aged 45-49 years. Those who had completed one to four years of grade school had an average of 4.33 children and those who had completed eight years had an average of 2.78; while the women who had finished high school averaged 1.75 and those who had finished college averaged 1.23 children.

Between 1880 and 1940, the number of Chinese in the United States decreased from 105,465 to 77,504 or 22 per cent, while the number of Japanese increased from 148 to 126,947 or 845 per cent.

The Eiffel Tower in Paris is believed to be the only structure in the world which contains permanent machinery to correct any sinking condition. When building it, Eiffel installed 16 hydraulic presses, one in each of the four foundation piers of each "leg," with which the tower, in case it ever tilts, can be brought back to the perpendicular.

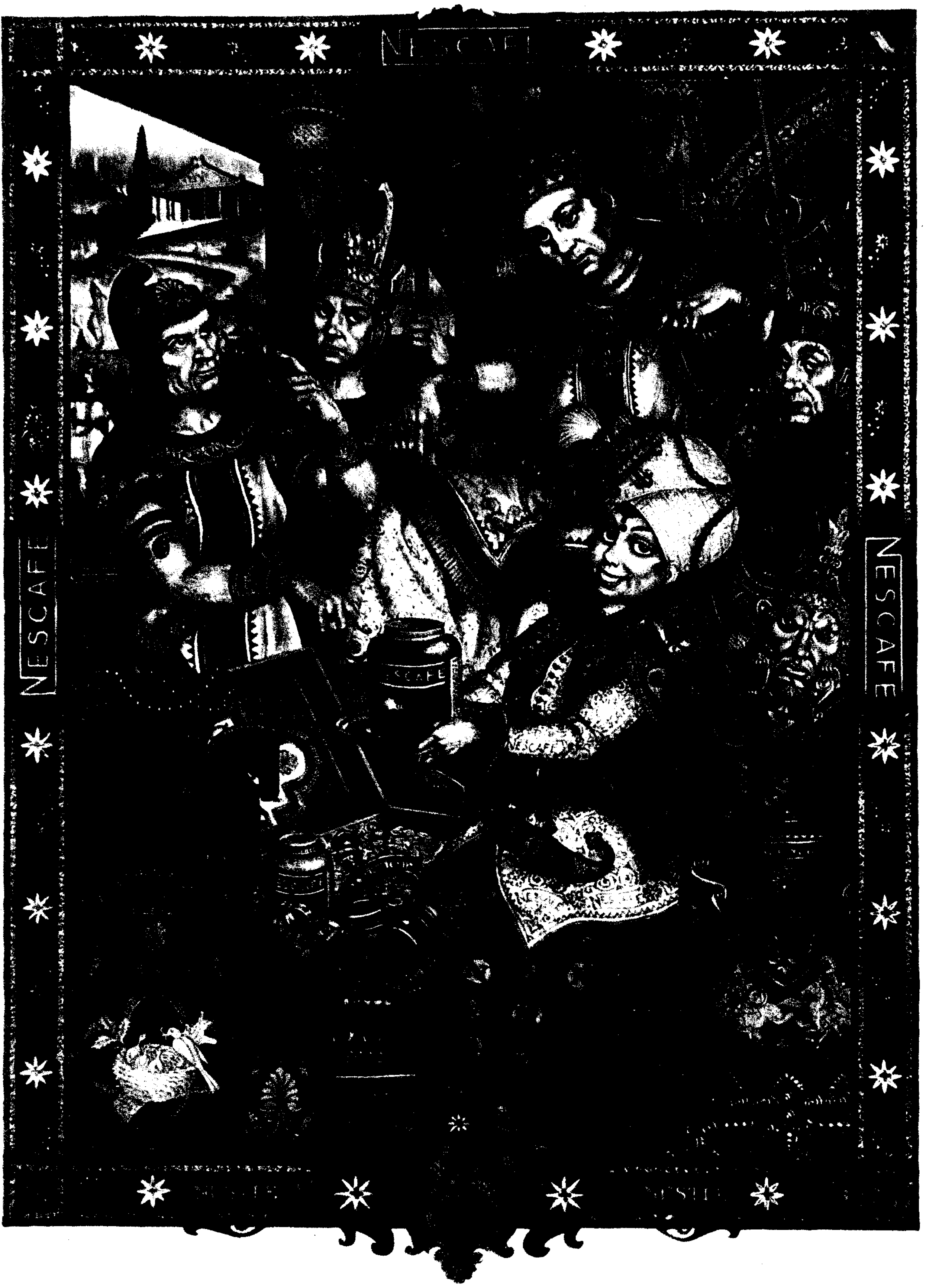
In the United States, only 30 per cent of the men and eight per cent of the women who attempt suicide are successful.

The world's only Jewish universities are the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, which was opened in 1925, and Yeshiva University in New York City, which was granted university status and given the right to confer masters' and doctors' degrees in November, 1945. *By Joshua Bension, Jerusalem, Palestine.*

While all sharks are usually regarded as being among the most dangerous of fishes, the whale shark, Rhineodon typus, which is the largest species of shark and the world's largest fish, is as inoffensive as a kitten. Reaching a length of about 60 feet and a weight of 12 tons, and feeding on small organisms, this giant never attacks and never is attacked by other fish. Even when harpooned, it puts up no fight and rarely makes any attempt to escape.

Gold and other valuable cargo in a sunken ship do not always belong to anyone who salvages them as the underwriters become the legal owners upon paying the insurance.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission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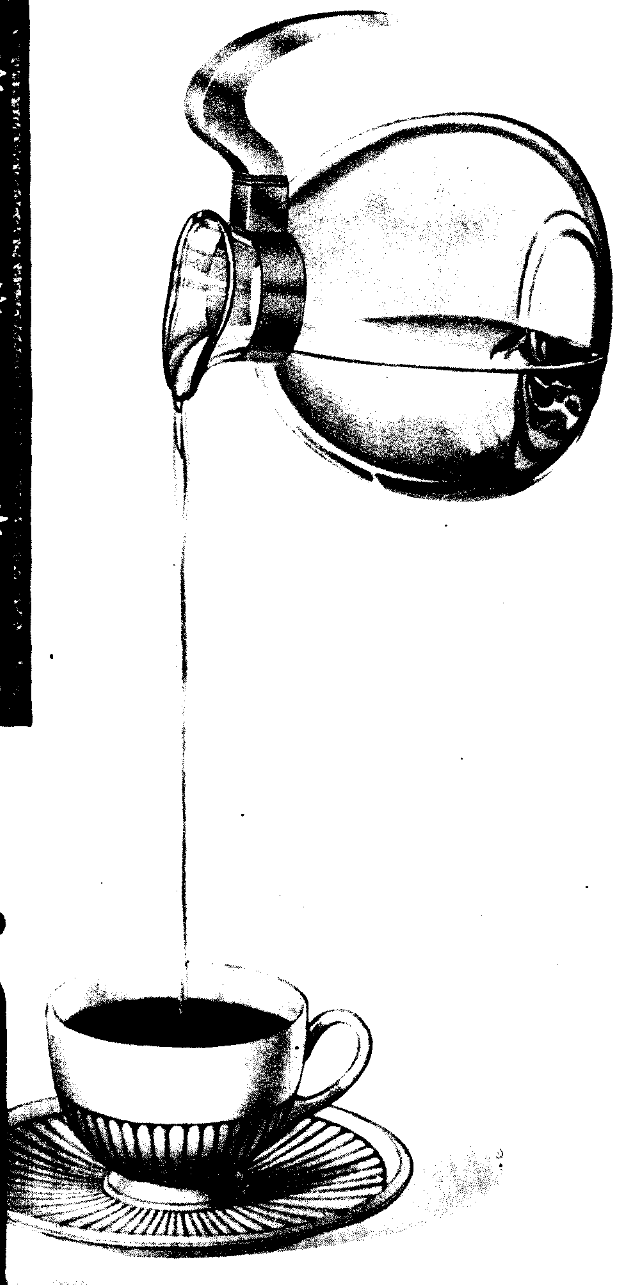

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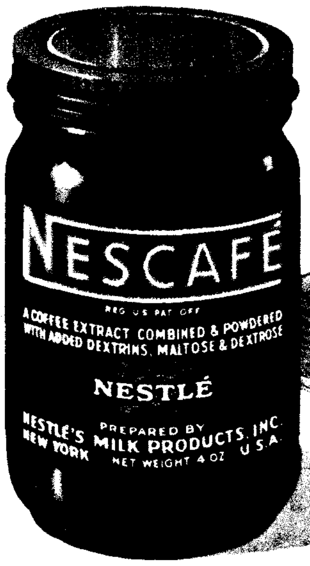
Just add hot water... get roaster-fresh coffee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Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

Lawrence Bell, president of the aircraft company bearing his name, waves from one of his helicopters with Pilot Floyd D. Carlson at the controls

IN JULY, 1938, Lawrence D. (Larry) Bell, president of the aircraft corporation bearing his name, went to Germany for a vacation. Since the age of seventeen he had been building airplanes and had served successively as vice-president and general manager of the Glenn L. Martin Company and the Consolidated Aircraft Corp. before deciding in 1935 it was high time to go into business for himself.

The job of organizing an airplane company to manufacture military aircraft a decade ago was an exacting one, for even though Adolf Hitler was rising to power in Germany, only a handful of professional soldiers and sailors over here visualized another war in our lifetime. By 1938, Larry had the struggling little Bell Aircraft Corp. on its feet in Buffalo, N. Y., with a few experimental orders from the Army and some spare-parts work from Consolidated, and the doctors thought a European trip would help cool off his ulcers.

He had hardly landed in Germany when he ran into a prominent German aeronautical engineer named Professor George H. Madelung. He was the brother-in-law of Prof. Willy Messerschmitt, an aircraft name plate known in the aviation industry, but destined to become a household word throughout the world in the succeeding years. Prof. Madelung had worked for the Glenn L. Martin Company from 1921 to 1924 and had designed an all-metal spotting plane for the Navy. Larry was Madelung's boss and they got along all right. One reason the German was friendly toward the United States was that his mother had been born in Brooklyn.

Madelung took Larry in tow and showed him the rising German aircraft industry as no other American had seen it up to that time. Larry, a production man, could see its terrifying potentialities. For instance, he was convinced that at that time Messerschmitt was capable of building 30 Me.-109 fighters *a day,* and other types were being developed for production in comparable quantities. He thought of the contracts going to American military aircraft manufacturers at the time—service orders of 13 planes a year.

Larry had a look at wind tunnels and experimental laboratories and other German aircraft activity and at the end of each day's inspection he would return to his hotel and work into the night writing down the significance of all he saw. By that time his ulcers, which had been calmed down by the pleasant Atlantic crossing, were again in full bloom. The Germans were very generous in showing off their aeronautical accomplishments and strength. A month later, in September, 1938, it had a very deciding effect on Britain and France when Hitler demanded and got what he wanted in Czechoslovakia together with a pretty piece of paper called the Munich Pact.

Larry came home, frightened, and reported to the War Department. The Air Forces knew much of this in general, but they had never seen the picture through the experienced eyes of an aircraft manufacturer. What could they do? The country was not interested in Europe's perennial squabbles; they'd been going on for centuries and would continue. We had a depression on our hands, jobs were hard to get, America internally was unhappy.

Larry couldn't restrain himself among his friends about Germany's technical aeronautical achievements, its rising air strength and what it portended. But they told him he was just a warmonger trying to drum up a war so he could build airplanes and make money. Nazi propaganda, they added, had taken him to the cleaners.

Larry had to shut up; to convince his friends that Germany was building a mighty air force was just as impossible as swimming up the near-by Niagara Falls. You know the rest of the story. Larry, like other aircraft manufacturers, had to expand overnight from a handmade airplane builder to a mass-production manufacturer with no guide book. In his case, he had to go from 13 fighter planes a year to 20 *a day.* He did, and the hospitals opened their doors to him and his associates on several occasions to refortify them with sufficient strength to carry on until the war was won.

NOW Larry is again back in Germany. His second trip was not for a rest, but to find out for the Army Air Forces about Germany's aeronautical secrets. Again he ran into Professor Madelung, and he questioned a number of other German aeronautical scientists. His report to the Army is still government property in so far as its specific technical aspects are concerned, and it wouldn't be of interest anyway—too heavy.

But this much we can understand from Larry Bell: "The Germans excelled in jet and rocket propulsion. We have captured much of their equipment intact; we have tons and tons of drawings, blueprints and engineering data. We can take all that away from them, use what we want and destroy the rest. But we cannot destroy the creative minds of German aeronautical scientists who developed these terrifying instruments of destruction."

(Continued on page 59)

Prophecy—on Wheels

How would you like a car able to travel 25 to 30 miles on a gallon at moderate highway speed, and up to 600 miles between stops for gas?

How would you like that car to be so big and roomy that the front seat is *sofa* size—and the back seat can be stretched out into a double bed at night?

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How would you like a car that a toddler's hand can steer, park, U-turn a street—a car that won't bump, or squeak or rattle, even on rutted roads!

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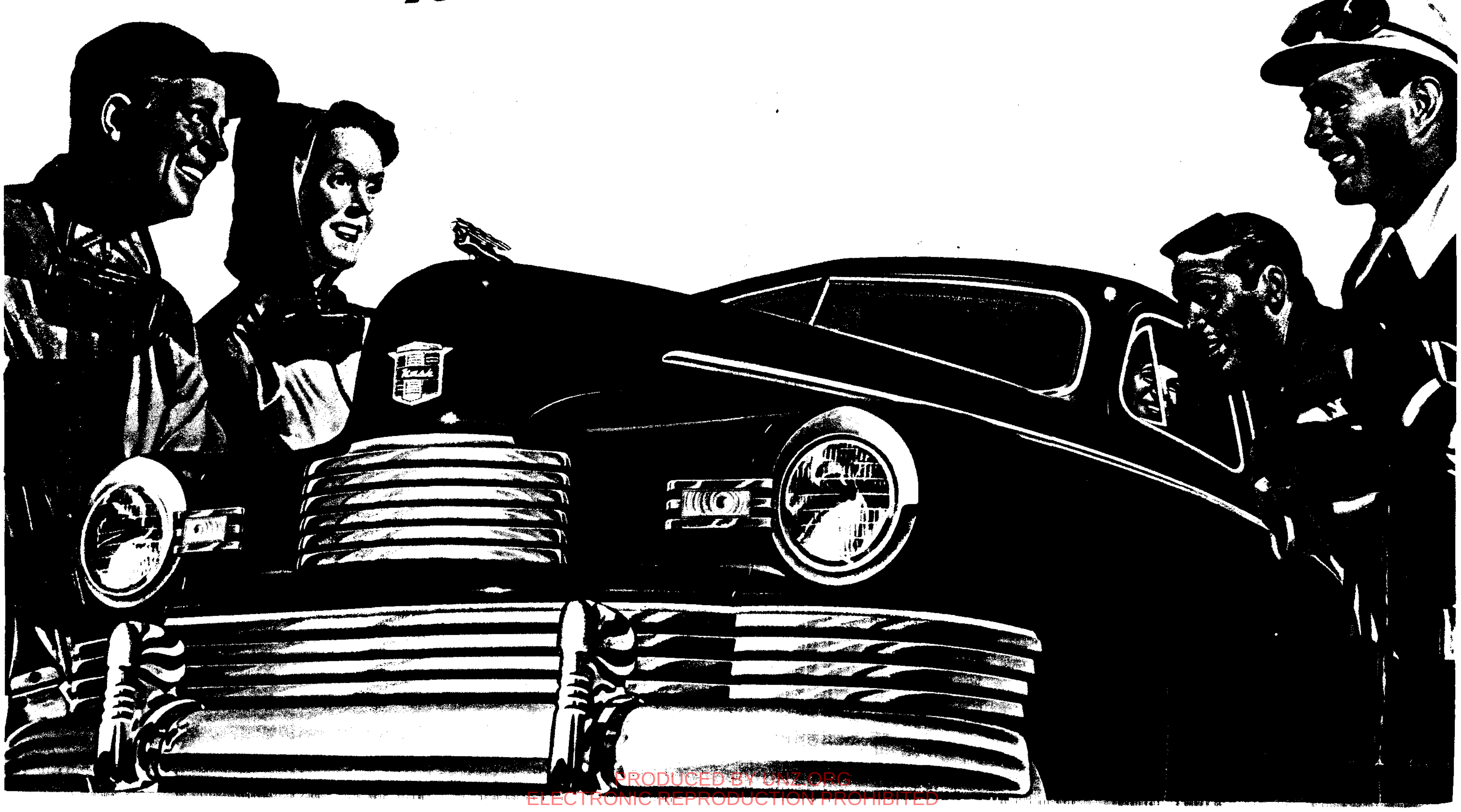

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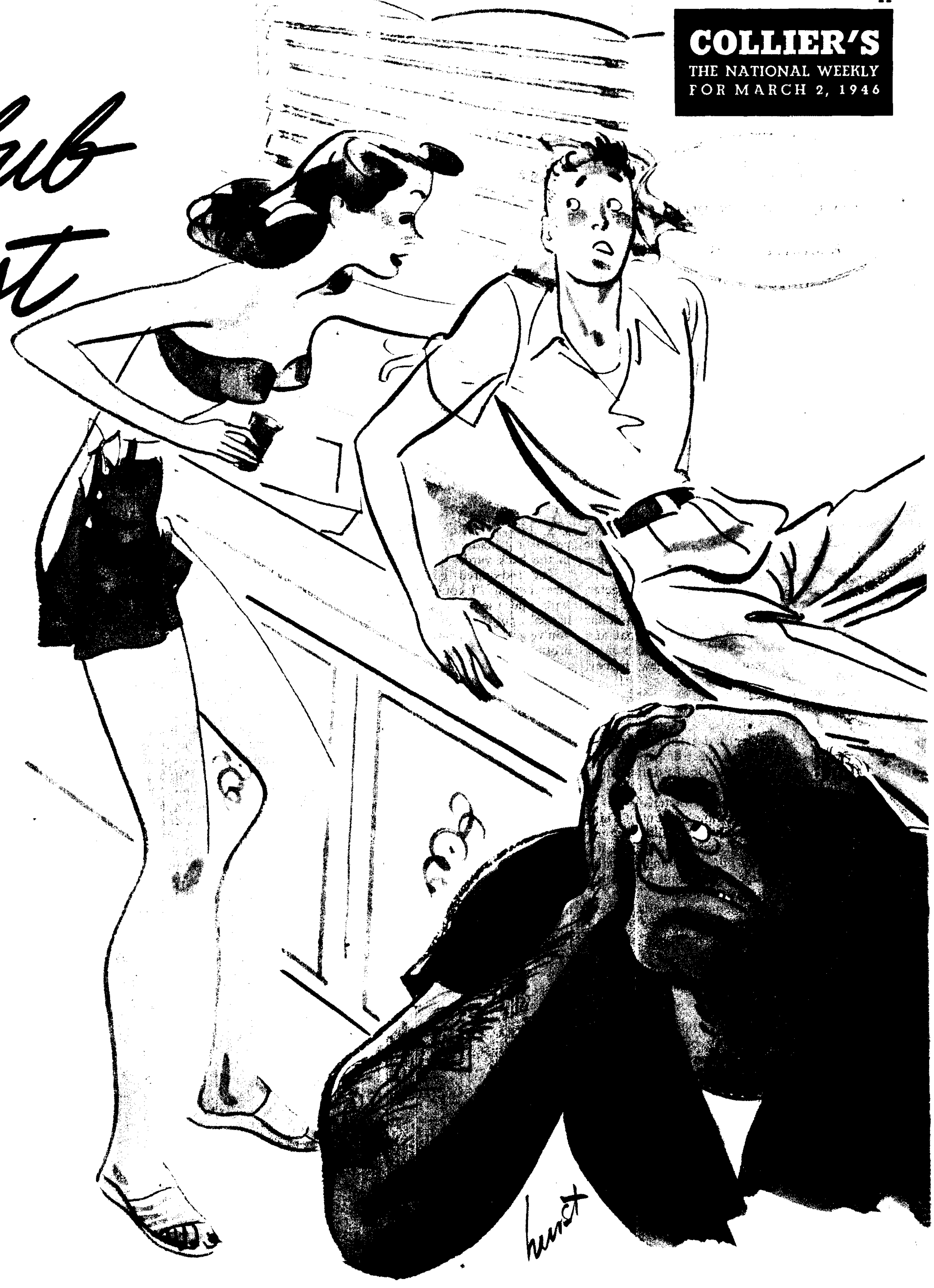
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 2, 1946

The Beezlebub Blast

BY NORBERT DAVIS

If your eyeballs don't pop out and bounce when you read this story, then our heroine isn't as blood-curdling as she thinks she is



"How're you feeling now, bub?" the girl asked. "We mistook you for someone else, and Morganquist—that bladder-brain—let you have the Blast!"

JONATHAN TAIT was small and shy and sad. There is an element of cause and effect in that description. If you were small and shy, you'd probably be sad, too. It wasn't that Tait was timid. He had proved he wasn't—the hard way. He just didn't like people very well.

Right now he was sitting tipped back in a swivel chair with his feet up on a desk in a pea-green shack in the mathematical center of forty acres of weed seeds, sand and cocklebeurs. This dandy stretch of desolation was known, for short, as the Wee Will-o'-the Wisp Western Small Home Sites, Incorporated, and was owned by Tait's uncle, Judson Harley. Tait liked it very much because it reminded him of the Anzio beachhead on a rainy day.

Tires squealed along the curb outside the shack, and a car door slammed cheerily, and Uncle Judson swept into the office like a monsoon. He was very large and very vigorous, and he had a loud voice which he did not hesitate to use.

He leaned over the desk and shouted at Tait, "Hello, my boy! Are you feeling good? Isn't this a swell day? Have there been any customers in? Have you sold any lots?"

"No," said Tait, answering the questions collectively.

"That's fine!" Uncle Judson bayed. "That's the old pepper, my boy! Now, my dear nephew, I realize that you have many important matters on the fire and many vital deals pending, and I don't want you to consider that I am criticizing you in any way, shape or manner. However, I would like once more to call your attention to the fact that the rent on that bungalow of mine over on Fullawide Street in Mount Oaks is now five months delinquent."

"Maybe the tenant can't pay it," Tait suggested.

"If he can't, he can get . . . Did I understand you to say *maybe* he can't pay it?"

"Yes."

"Don't you *know* whether he can or not? Haven't you asked him about it?"

"No."

"My dear boy," said Uncle Judson, cut to the quick. "My dear, dear boy."

"Perhaps you'd better get someone else to manage your real property," Tait said.

"If I do, will you take a job as first assistant vice-president in my lawn-mower factory?"

"No."

"Jonathan," said Uncle Judson lugubriously, "don't you like me?"

"I love you dearly, Uncle Judson."

Uncle Judson cheered up instantly. "That's the old pepper! You see? Everything is just jim-dandy when you stop and think about it! And now, you just run right over to Fullawide Street and tell that dead beat in my cottage to cough up or scram. Hey, my boy? What?"

"I'll go tomorrow."

"No," said Uncle Judson.

"This afternoon."

"No," said Uncle Judson. "Now."

IT WAS a neat and cozy little cottage with pink stucco walls and a green tile roof that had run a little in the rains. It was all by itself at the end of the narrow, crooked canyon that some public enemy from Iowa had paved with black asphalt and named Fullawide Street.

Tait went through the rustic redwood gate, scuffed his way along the brick walk, and climbed up on the pint-sized porch. He pushed the doorbell and listened to it trill faintly somewhere inside. He waited, finally turning around to stare thoughtfully at his sylvan surroundings.

"Well?" said a voice.

Tait faced around again. There was a girl standing in the doorway. She was a small, thin, quick-looking girl with red hair and narrowed brown eyes that had a hungrily relentless gleam in them. She was wearing a very scanty brassière and hardly any shorts, and her bare toes had grass stains on them.

"Hello," said Tait. "I regret to say that at the present moment I'm doubling in brass as a sort of a glorified bill collector, and . . ."

He stopped then, because the girl had a knife in her hand. It was a ten-inch butcher knife with a thin, ground-down blade that had a slight, sinister back curve. She held it expertly, edge up, point high, right elbow tucked in, weight balanced on her left foot.

"Take a good look," she invited. "Don't hurry."

"All right," said Tait.

"How do you like it?"

"I'm not so sure," said Tait.

"Would you like it better stuck in you

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

about there?" She demonstrated by flicking the second button of Tait's coat. "Stuck in and turned around slo-o-owly?"

"No," said Tait.

"Then scramaloo," said the girl. "Make like a leaf in the breeze. Blow."

"Goodby," said Tait.

He went down the walk and through the gate and back along Fullawide Street. He didn't hurry, but on the other hand he didn't dawdle. When he was out of sight around the first bend in the canyon, he slowed down and then stopped to consider the whole matter.

"Morganquist!" a voice hissed at him.

Tait looked up. There was a decrepit oak tree in a crevice in the canyon across the way, and there was a face peering slyly at him around its weathered trunk. This face was lean and evilly wrinkled, and it had gimlet eyes that gleamed under the broad brim of a black slouch hat.

Tait stared at his surroundings, but he couldn't locate the camera. He couldn't find any evidence at all to indicate that he had stepped into the second episode of a quickie serial.

"Morganquist!" the face whispered moistly.

"What?" said Tait.

"Ah-ha!" said the face triumphantly. It popped out from behind the tree, dragging a bent, skinny body wrapped up in a black overcoat as big as a shroud behind it. Body and face together came hopping down the slope and skidded to a stop dangerously close to Tait.

"Look, Morganquist," said the character, all leer and pin-point eyes. "Look." He drew quite a large roll of very new ten-dollar bills from the pocket of the overcoat and rustled them suggestively under Tait's nose. "Money, Morganquist. Nice, new money. Want it?"

"Why, yes," Tait said.

"Take it."

Tait did.

Now the character had a fountain pen in one hand and a folded sheet of paper in the other. "Sign the receipt. On the dotted line."

Tait did that, too.

"*Good* day!" said the character.

He whisked the paper and pen out of Tait's hand and went skipping and slithering up the slope and dodged behind his tree again. Tait waited for a while, watching. Finally he went up the slope himself and looked behind the tree. No one was there.

Tait counted the ten-dollar bills. There were twenty of them. Tait shrugged and put them in his pocket. He had seen stranger things—but not many.

He climbed back down to the road, thought things over for a moment, and then headed up the canyon. He hesitated for a while at the rustic redwood gate and then finally went up the walk. He stood at the foot of the porch steps and whistled shrilly through his teeth at the closed door.

He waited. After a couple of minutes, he whistled again, using his thumb and forefinger this time.

The door opened, and the red-haired girl looked out at him.

"Hello," Tait said. "I'm sorry to bother you again, but I ran into a sort of a strange development down the road, and I wondered if I was supposed to credit you with a payment of two hundred dollars—"

"Morganquist," said the girl, "give him the Blast."

A stealthy rustling in the dried leaves warned Tait, and he spun on his heel just in time to get in the way of a man who was six feet high and four feet wide and going somewhere fast.

There was a noise like a blown-up paper bag bursting, and Tait, as he floated through the air, had just time enough to realize vaguely that the noise was in some way connected with him before he stopped realizing completely.

A VOICE that was nothing less than a thick, harsh croak said very faintly, "I could bust his neck, and we could bury him in the back yard."

The red-haired girl's voice, louder and clearer, said, "I could thumb out your eyeballs and use them for marbles, too. We haven't got enough trouble—oh, no. So, you've got to start throwing the rent collector around."

"Petey, now you told me to," the croak complained. "'Morganquist,' you said, 'give him the Blast.' You did, too."

Tait opened his eyes cautiously. He was lying sprawled out on the drainboard in the kitchen of the cottage with his head propped up on a pan under the cold-water faucet in the sink. His face was damp.

"Well," said Tait, "hello again."

The red-haired girl was leaning over him with a wet dish towel in her hand. The owner of the croak was slumped sullenly on a bench. He was not only six feet high and four feet wide, but he was also three feet thick. One of his ears flopped over loosely like a rabbit's, and the other was a gristly lump. He had a flat nose and no upper front teeth, and his head was shaved.

The girl helped Tait to sit up. "How are you feeling now, bub?" she asked anxiously.

"A little warped around the edges," Tait said, "but not too bad. How are you?"

"Well, I'm awful sorry. We mistook you for someone else, and Morganquist—that bladder-brain—gave you the Blast."

"You told me to, Petey," said the croak.

"That's Morganquist," the girl explained. "He's my brother. I'm Patricia Temple, but everybody calls me Petey."

"It's a pleasure to know you," Tait told her, "but this business about the Blast has got me curious. Just what is it and why?"

"Morganquist is a wrestler," Petey said. "I mean, he does it for money, not for fun. Morganquist, the Magic Mangler, is how they bill him. The Beezlebub Blast is his specialty. He puts his head down and shuts his eyes and runs into people. That's what happened to you."

"It seems to be very effective," Tait observed.

Petey watched him, her face close to his. "Do you always talk like that?"

"Like what?"

"Sort of slow and soft and nice. Don't you ever holler at people? Don't you ever get excited?"

"I stopped getting excited in Italy."

"Are you a foreigner?" Petey asked.

"No. We had an Army over there for a while."

"Oh, yeah. In the war. Were you in it?"

"I won it."

"Oh," said Petey. "Well, you still talk awfully nice—not like wrestlers or people who work in lawn-mower factories."

"Do you work in a lawn-mower factory?"

"Sure. When I work. I mean, when I don't have to stay home and take care of Morganquist. I work for a stinker named Judson Harley."

"He's my uncle."

"He's still a stinker, and I wouldn't live in his house if I could find any other. You can tell him that."

"I will," Tait promised. "And in the meantime, don't you think maybe it would be a good idea for you to pay him a little rent?"

"I can't. I'm broke, and I have to stay home and take care of Morganquist because he's so dumb he gets into trouble if I don't."

"Aw," said Morganquist.

Petey turned on him. "Are you in trouble right now or are you not?"

"I guess I am," Morganquist admitted. "Maybe."

"Then keep your trap shut, or you'll come up missing some more teeth."

"Why doesn't he work?" Tait asked. "Or do whatever you call wrestling?"

"He's been suspended for six months," Petey said. "You see, they had an act worked out to liven up the second fall. They hired this acrobat fellow to pretend he was the manager of Black Rufe—that was who Morganquist was wrestling. Morganquist was supposed to get tipped over, and then this acrobat was supposed to sneak in the ring and kick him when he was down. Then Morganquist was supposed to throw the acrobat out of the ring right at two other acrobats who were sitting on the third-row aisle and acting like customers. They'd catch him and do a fake fall, and the real customers would practically have hysterics while Black Rufe pretended to hit Morganquist with his water bottle and the referee fought them both and the police blew their whistles."

"Sounds very good," Tait commented.

"It is. It's generally good for another match, but this time Morganquist—that flathead—heaved the acrobat out of the east side of the ring instead of the west side, and he landed on a couple of genuine customers and dusted them up some, so they suspended him."

"The light got in my eyes," said Morganquist.

"You'll get an ax between your eyes if you ever pull a stunt like that again," Petey told him. "And that's not all the trouble Morganquist has got himself in just on account of he's so stupid. Say, your name is Jonathan Tait, isn't it? I mean, I looked in your wallet, and I think that's a cute name."

"Thanks," Tait said. "But what other trouble is Morganquist in at the moment?"

"He has to keep in condition in case he ever gets some more jobs when he gets unsuspended. He takes a little run and practices the Beezlebub Blast every morning real early. He likes to practice the Blast over on Kemper Boulevard because it's flat and wide, and he's not likely to trip over anything. There's never any traffic at five o'clock in the morning. So last Tuesday he was over there practicing, and it was just about dawn and real foggy. He should have been more careful, but he hasn't many brains, and so this car came along slow and quiet, and Morganquist didn't see it because he had his eyes shut, and he put the Blast on it."

"And then what?" Tait asked fascinated.

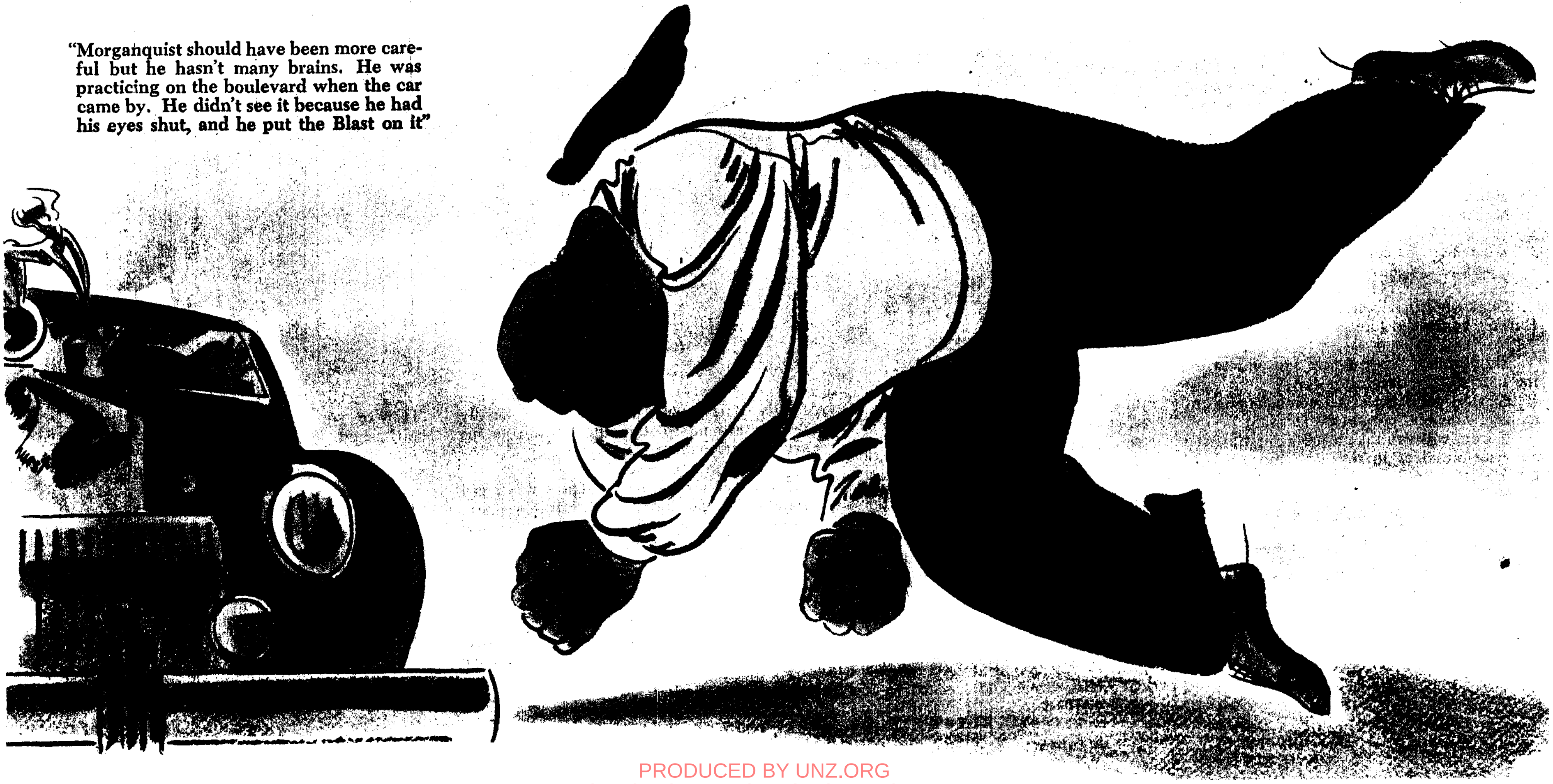
"He was scared, and he gets confused when he's scared. He ran away, and so he's nothing but a criminal. He's a hit-and-run pedestrian."

"Aw," said Morganquist.

"What did you do about it?" Tait asked Petey.

"Morganquist came running home and

(Continued on page 34)

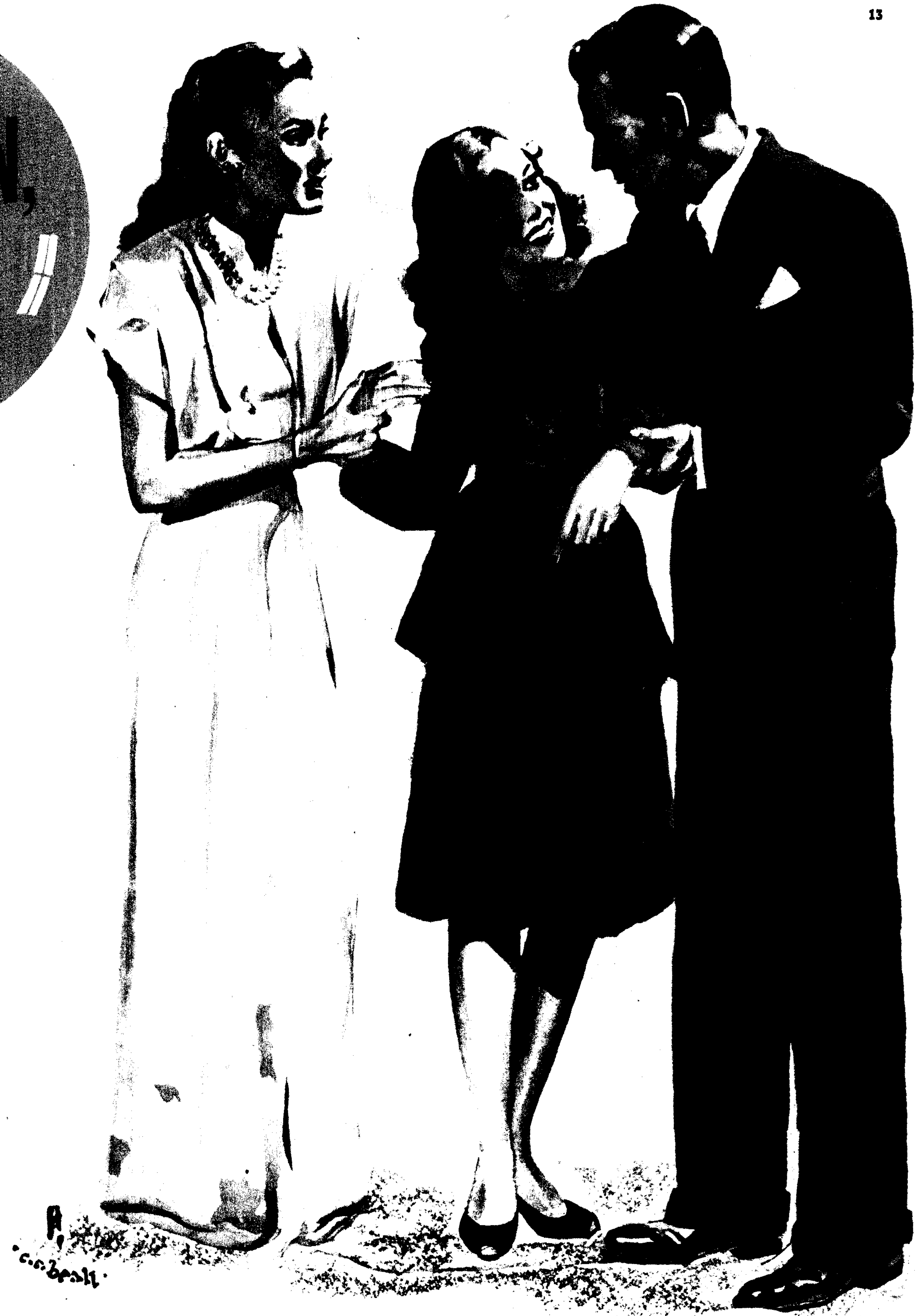


"Morganquist should have been more careful but he hasn't many brains. He was practicing on the boulevard when the car came by. He didn't see it because he had his eyes shut, and he put the Blast on it"

HAVE FUN, BABY

BY RUTH LYONS

Jim had a wife and a mother when he went off to war. They weren't around when he came back—and who was to blame?



COMING back to New York was like a blow in the face, like a pat on the back, like a shot of adrenalin, like a sweet breathless kiss.

He had imagined it so often, but now the actuality was upon him he didn't know quite what to do with it. He had come out of Grand Central Station and he stood for a few minutes on Lexington Avenue trying vainly to attract a taxicab. It was that time of a cold winter afternoon, not yet dark, when the neon lights are unnecessarily on and it was so completely New York, that he hated it and loved it, and he would have, and had, walked many a weary mile for it.

He turned off Lexington and started walking east toward the river and his mother's apartment, still with a sharp eye out for a taxi, and he thought of news shots he'd seen of the returning warrior greeted by engulfing families all twined around him, with the youngest fry straddling his shoulders. He thought wryly: Jim Gates returns to New York and the town yawns.

As he walked he gave the matter a little further clear thinking, analyzing it without bitterness, and certainly without self-pity, an emotion he'd never known. He really hadn't expected his mother to meet him although he had wired her the time of his arrival. She would have come, he was sure, if conditions had permitted, but she was embarking on a new marriage, and might not even be in town at the moment. The facts were simply that Jim Gates, who had been quite a boy in his time and who used to rate frequent lines in the gossip columns, had arrived in New York with no one to care.

Thinking of his mother made him think of Eve, not that there was any similarity, but simply because they were the two most important women in his life. He thought: Thank God Eve is in Reno now or she'd probably feel she had to meet me and go through all the conventional motions.

The thought of Eve's wan little face trying to force a smile of welcome made him grit his teeth in irritation. He passed the open door of a nut shop, and a blast of warm peanut smell hit him in the face; and suddenly he was reminded of the summer he'd met Eve, and particularly an evening when they'd gone to the amusement park which had smelled wonderfully of peanuts and popcorn. It had smelled wonderfully then because he had been in love with Eve and she with him.

He drew a deep breath, remembering how it had been that summer, and how it had continued to be like that for at least two years after their marriage. He thought: What changed it? What made it go sour? We were having such a swell time. . . .

He arrived at the tall apartment house by the river where an unfamiliar doorman smiled politely and asked his name, then said, "Oh, good evening, Mr. Gates. Or I should say, welcome home. Mrs. Burrows left an envelope for you."

For a moment Jim didn't know who Mrs. Burrows was until he remembered that his mother had just married a man named Nat Burrows.

The key to the apartment nested in a folded sheet of paper that was covered with his mother's large curling script, and he waited until he was inside the apartment before he read her note.

He wandered through the overdecorated rooms, remembering the bits and pieces of the drama of his life that had been enacted here; and then he went to stand at one of the large windows that looked upon the landscaped terrace and the river.

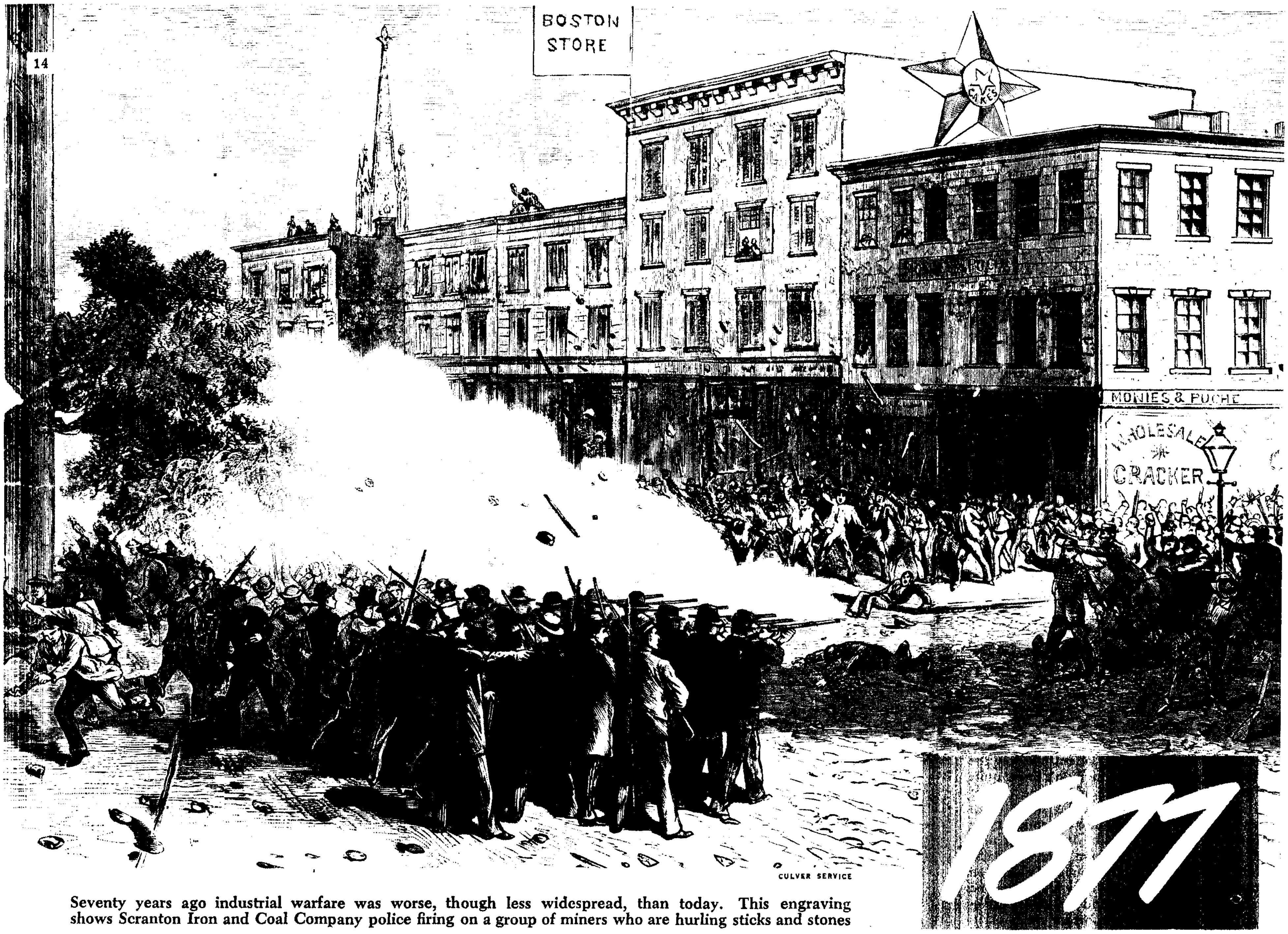
He brooded over the familiar scene for a few moments, and he recalled a Sunday afternoon when he had stood at this very window watching the large thick flakes of snow that came dizzyingly toward him, the sounds of one of his mother's parties beating at his ears, and over the party noises, Eve's cool voice saying, "I'm going now, Jim. Are you coming with me or must I leave alone?"

He had turned to her in honest bewilderment. "But, why? Why do you always have to leave? Why can't you stay and have fun?

(Continued on page 56)

They helped Susie to her feet and Jim stood for a moment looking down at her in shocked surprise. Then Eve said, "Put her in a chair while I get some ice"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Seventy years ago industrial warfare was worse, though less widespread, than today. This engraving shows Scranton Iron and Coal Company police firing on a group of miners who are hurling sticks and stones

INDUSTRIAL WARFARE

BY LESTER VELIE

The causes of labor-management battles are almost as complex as the causes of wars between nations and there is no panacea for peace. But some communities and industries have concluded their own truces and have made them stick. Here's the story

ON a late November day in 1940 two men met secretly at Dearborn, Michigan. One was Henry Ford, as unpredictable at 77 as he was at 40. The other was Philip Murray, union leader.

It was agreement at first sight. Within a few minutes Ford dumped into the lap of the astounded Murray a closed shop for the C.I.O.'s United Automobile Workers Union, an agreement to collect the C.I.O.'s dues, a commitment to match the highest wage paid by any competitor. Everything that Murray could have asked, and more. But when Murray regained his voice, he said:

"Your name on a union contract is fine, Mr. Ford. But will our bargain work? Your people have been trained for years to fight unions, to spy on organizers, to fire and blacklist them. It's in your people's bones. And your police organization, Mr. Ford. If this thing's going to work, the police organization must go, and your people must be taught to live with and deal with the union."

Murray's suspicion was symptomatic of an attitude shared by management and labor throughout the automobile industry. Today, more than five years later, it is obvious that the 1940 agreement failed to bring lasting peace and harmony. Why? What happened?

There had been no time to train responsible men on both sides in the give and take of collective bargaining, men who could have made the contract work. Industrial peace, the Ford Company and its workers found, begins in the shop. Antistrike laws alone can't make it. Compulsory arbitration alone can't make it. And the government alone can't make it for you.

What happened on the River Rouge happened in automobiles at Detroit, in steel at Pittsburgh and in rubber at Akron. Jerry-built boss and worker relationships, erected hastily and en masse during the late 1930s, creaked, groaned and collapsed under the economic temblors of peacetime readjustment. Both sides had their just grievances.

For labor, John L. Lewis put it this way: "Industry was given generous cost-plus contracts, generous allowances for depreciation of plant. But what about the depreciation of the worker's plant, his body? What allowance was made for that besides overtime?"

Phil Murray charged that in steel and in automobiles, employers were refusing to bargain. For management, Ira Mosher, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, replied: "We haven't had collective bargaining for years. We've had collective demanding."

"Sure, sure," said another management spokesman, "I know the Wagner Act married us to the unions, and we've got to live with them, but don't forget it was a shotgun wedding."

Grievances On Both Sides

Shotgun weddings made restive bedfellows. As soon as the war's end permitted, the fighting began. But this new country-wide epidemic of paralyzing industrial strikes was different. Obsessed by the fears of remembered joblessness, workers pressed their leaders to take the offensive, win higher pay and greater security through a voice in management. Harboring resentments over lost discipline and reduced efficiency during the war, managers took a firm stand.

Thus in a period of reconversion to peacetime production, there began an ordeal for both management and labor. It was not a static battle. Partial solutions might be quickly found. Truces might be achieved. But the important thing was that this winter marked a new era in the relations between the American worker and his boss.

Looking back, it can be seen that a significant period of industrial relations ended with the war, or more accurately with the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the true father of the great industrial unions in the basic industries. Under F.D.R., the American workers' right to organize was recognized by the government,* and union membership quadrupled, leaping from 3,000,000 to 12,000,000 dues payers. Unions became social and economic powerhouses, capable of matching the strength of their industrial adversaries.

"There is a feeling around that unions are no longer an infant industry requiring protection," Dr. George Taylor, former War Labor Board chairman and secretary of the Washington Labor-Management Conference, told me. What he meant was that in the period now ended, the accent was on protection of unions. In the new, the accent would be on peace.

How this peace is achieved will determine our way of life. Italy and Germany won that

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**The National Labor Relations (Wagner) Act stated, "It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States (to encourage) the practice . . . of collective bargaining and (to protect) the exercise by workers of full freedom of association (and) self-organization." Provisions of the act have been frequently criticized as being biased in favor of labor, and many attempts to change it have been made. So far none has succeeded.*

CULVER SERVICE

A rash of strikes spread across the nation after World War I, too, as exemplified by this strike riot in Philadelphia. Unions then had not their present power, the crisis was less acute, but repression did not stop their growth

peace at the cost of freedom. We learned then that the government can't make it for you.

How then can the corporate and union titans, now evenly matched, be prevented from slugging each other and the country for a ten count? This is the Number One economic question of our time. For the answer involves jobs for workers and elbow room for management to use initiative. For all of us, it involves the ability to make our system of capitalism and democracy work.

The answer to this question will be sought long after the current reconversion slugfest is over. For it must be found the hard way by Joe Smith, the guy on the belt, speaking through his union, and by his boss, speaking through trained industrial-relations men. What chance have they to find the answer?

First, let's look at the conflict in attitudes that is involved. In the simplest terms, Joe Smith wants the kind of steady job that means security for himself, his wife and children. He also wants to be something more than a badge number that marches in daily with thousands of other Joes, but never talks to the boss or even knows who the plant manager is. Being an American, Joe wants to be somebody, to be treated as somebody and to do some shoving himself when he's pushed around.

Today for the first time, mass industry unions in autos, steel, oil, meat packing and tires have banded Joe together with other Joes, and thus have given him a voice in matters over which he once had no control. This right to such a voice or the way he exercises that right may be debated. But the fact is there. He expects his union to do something about the cut in take-home pay he took on V-J Day, and about the further cuts he's taking as peacetime downgrades him to lower-paying jobs. He expects his union to do something about those butterfly wings he

(Continued on page 63)

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Battle between white-helmeted pickets and dark-helmeted police outside the U.S. Motors plant in Los Angeles demonstrates how both sides have developed their war techniques. Result is that today their battling can paralyze the nation if they decide on an irresponsible show of force. There is no magic formula to end this sort of thing, but intelligent groups on both sides have found ways of doing it

Mary Had a Little Talent

BY KYLE CRICHTON

There is something engaging about a gal who marries a man whose name she can't spell. But no matter what mistakes she makes, Broadway producers will back Mary Martin in anything she wants to try

WHEN Lute Song was trying out in Philadelphia, Mary Martin's maid read her a lecture. "You're a star now," said Lena, "and you got to act like a star. This show isn't right and you got to speak up and say so." Miss Martin squared her shoulders in an attitude of defiance and hunted out John Houseman, the director.

"John," she said menacingly, "things are no good and they can't go on this way. I think we should do this and this and this . . ."

"Exactly!" he cried. "That's precisely what I had in mind and you couldn't possibly be more right."

Miss Martin went back to Lena, defeated.

"I was licked before I started," she reported, looking as if she had suddenly bitten into a quince.

The point of this is that Mary Martin's career is chronologically out of focus. She is a star of such magnitude that competent critics place her in a class with Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell and Gertrude Lawrence. This is not to say that she is their equal as a performer but that she has carved out a beachhold in one department of the theater where she not only has no rivals but no competitors. Her work in One Touch of Venus and now in Lute Song reveals qualities of taste, imagination and competence that set her apart from anybody else on our stage. She became famous overnight with a single song in a musical comedy—My Heart Belongs to Daddy. The press turned cartwheels. What followed was the usual Hollywood contract. She was booted briskly about the Paramount lot and finally gave up in disgust. By this time she was married to Richard Halliday, an agent, and both of them decided Hollywood could survive without them. Halliday had his income up to $35,000 a year and Mary was making $117,000. They tossed it all in an ash can and departed.

"I didn't learn a single, solitary, blasted thing out there," says Miss Martin, "and I'm still sore in other parts besides."

But that brought them up against the future and it was not rosy. They had a new baby and that kept them occupied in their new home at New Canaan, Connecticut, but it was getting Mary nowhere artistically. However, there came a break. She had a choice of two shows: one by Hammerstein and Rodgers called Green Grow the Lilacs and a second by Vinton Freedley, who had given her the chance to sing Daddy. She turned down the first, which had been retitled Oklahoma! and took the second, which opened and died in Boston.

This was progress in reverse and they were still sadly contemplating their acres when Cheryl Crawford sent Halliday the script of One Touch of Venus. He thought it would be great for Mary, and Mary was horrified.

"Why, honey chile," she said, putting it on thick in self-defense, "you know I can't play no goddess with this yere Taix-as accent."

She most certainly had a Texas accent but Hollywood has cured her of the worst of it and now she spoke up in front of her mouth in a most un-Texanly manner. There remained the matter of looking like a goddess and Mary had no illusions about herself. She turned the proposition down with some vigor. It was later when she heard Zorina was about to get the part that she perked up again. It was because of a Kurt Weil song called That's Him.

"If anybody else sings that, I'll die," she said to her husband, but added grimly, "but, doggone, I don't look like no Venus de Milo."

With that, Halliday got her in a car and started for the Metropolitan Museum to show her that there was more than one Venus. They looked over a roomful of them and Mary finally took heart. She found one example in a corner that entranced her. She circled about it slowly.

"Look at this, Dick," she cried eagerly. "Look at this fanny. Just like whose?"

That settled the argument; they went around to Cheryl Crawford and now demanded the part. The show was a great success. It was generally agreed on Broadway that nobody else could have kept the show from collapsing. It required months of learning how to walk and posture. Her teacher was Yeichi Nimura, the choregrapher who had also worked on Lute Song.

"In Hollywood," Mary explains, "they make you walk from here (business of rounding off the hips), but a goddess walks from here (patting the tummy). You learn to rear yourself up from that point till you look half a foot higher. Everybody who saw me in Venus thought I was tall, but I'm not. In Lute Song it's something else again; the Chinese walk with the shoulders, sort of letting them cave in like this."

The metamorphosis of Martin is remarkable. She came from a well-to-do family in Weatherford, Texas, her father being a lawyer and judge, but she was no intellectual.

"I'd never seen a show before I came to New York," she said. "I never listened to any music but swing and I never read anything."

Her life really began when she was going to school at Ward-Belmont in Nashville, Tennessee. At Christmastime of the first year she decided that education was tedious and she got married to escape it. That marriage lasted five years and ended in divorce. Her son by that union is now fourteen and goes to school in Woodstock, Vermont. Her daughter is four and is named Heller Halliday legally, because that was how she acted when young.

Back in Weatherford after the first marriage, she started a dancing school and built it up until she had three hundred pupils, full and part-time. In the summers she would go out to Hollywood and get new routines from the Fanchon and Marco school. The Fanchonettes fascinated her and she came back and formed her own group to be called the Martinettes.

"Prettiest girls you ever saw," Mary reports proudly. "Just a bunch of Texas girls. I got so interested in them I spent all my time and money making them costumes. It turned out finally the school didn't make a cent."

At this juncture the fabulous Billy Rose arrived to put on a show at Fort Worth. Mary had never heard of Billy Rose but there was word of an audition to be held in a Fort Worth hotel, so she bundled her girls into cars and went down, only twenty miles away. The girls wore slinky gowns with a fluff at the bottom so they could kick and Mary was fixed up in white tie and tails.

A Sad Reception for Gloomy Sunday

"The place was a madhouse," says Mary, "but we pushed our way up to Billy and said, 'When are you going to watch *us?*' He said, 'Who are you?' and I said, 'The Martinettes.' So we went into our act and I could see Billy sinking lower in his chair. When that was over I said, 'Now, wait a minute; I'm going to sing.' 'What?' asked Billy and I say, 'Gloomy Sunday,' and he yells, '*Why?*' I tell him because I like it and launch into the thing, and before I get through, he's sunk so far down he's on the floor."

Mr. Rose said he would take their names and let them know and Mary knew what that meant, so they went home and forgot about it. In a few days a phone call came from Mr. Rose.

"For the *girls,*" reports Mary indignantly. "He never says a word about me. I forget about it again and in a few weeks a call comes saying he wants to see me. What he wants to see me about is to give me a lecture. He's found out all about me and now says I ought to give up this silly business about the stage and settle down. He also mentions the pitfalls in the profession. I get mad and say I know all about the pitfalls and can look after myself all right and why doesn't he keep his nose out of it. I also say that someday I'm going to be a great artist and then he will be very sorry. I go out, haughtylike."

She went home and informed her father she was going to Hollywood and he agreed she could go if she took Mildred Wood along and for three years Mildred and Mary lived together and suffered in unison. She got a job with a radio show, The Gateway to Hollywood, almost as soon as she hit town but that paid nothing.

"And I mean *nothing,*" says Mary. "I sang on radio two years out there and never even got a five-buck note."

But she picked up a job singing in the grill at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood and later went on to the Casanova, a place that opened around eleven and went on till four and five. She liked night-club work and still likes it, but in those days it got her up to $60 a week and marooned her there. Also it hurt her voice because she was singing blues songs way down in her chest, and she had to give it up. On the street one day she met an old voice teacher from Texas named Stetson Humphreys and he talked her into studying again. For weeks she just learned the words of foreign songs but later she started to sing again and now the voice was much higher.

"I can sing French like mad," says Mary, "but I don't understand a word of it."

Naturally, she was breaking her neck to get into the movies. She had tests all over town and they were discouraging. The nose was out to here, the brow was something else; she needed a remodeling job. But she made a little money on the side dubbing in songs for ladies who couldn't sing. She did one for Margaret Sullavan and another for Gypsy Rose Lee. Two hundred bucks apiece but no fame.

"For Gypsy I'm singing away down here in my gullet," says Mary. "Whah, whah, whah. She was supposed to be a night-club blues singer."

Also she got herself a very official-looking card saying that she was a dance director at Universal. This was from being hired to teach a song and dance to Danielle Darrieux, the French star. She worked it up in a hurry around a song number by Jimmy McHugh and was ready to impart her information, but Buddy De Sylva, who had wangled it for her, called her off.

"Take it easy, kid," he said. "Coast a bit. You're getting two fifty a week . . . spread it out."

Hotcha Discourages French Artiste

She didn't have to worry about that because for weeks she never had a chance to talk to Miss Darrieux. Finally they called her up on the set and she put out with the hotcha. Mary heard an agonized wail and a sound of sobbing and Miss Darrieux ran off the set.

"I thought it was because I was lousy but it turned out that Miss Darrieux thought it was a plot to show her up. She said she couldn't possibly do anything like that and they were just trying to humiliate her. It was flattering and it was also the end of the two fifty."

Among the favorite numbers she was working up under Mr. Humphreys' tutelage was Il Bacio (The Kiss). She got tired of doing it straight and one night at home she started swinging it a bit.

"Now, if you ask me—" began Mildred Wood in a relieved tone.

"I'm not asking you," said Mary, "but you like it, huh?"

Mildred said she liked it indeed, and that encouraged Mary to try out at one of the famous Sunday evenings at the Trocadero. She turned up in a short red skirt, a white waist and a bow in her hair. She first did a topical number to polite applause and then started on Il Bacio.

"I sang it straight at first and I could see the audience doing that Billy-Rose-sink-down stuff. Then I broke into the swing version and the first thing I knew there was a lot of yelling and I thought maybe they were giving me the razz. They tell me now it was the greatest sensation they ever had at the Troc. People stood on the tables and cheered."

Next day she had offers from every studio in town, a radio offer of $250 a week and a contract with Laurence Schwab for a show in New York.

She went back to New York for the Schwab show, which he decided not to do and then along came Leave It to Me and the Daddy song, and her fame was made. During the tryout run in Boston she also sang the Il Bacio thing and it stopped the show, but it was yanked because somebody more important wanted the spot. She blew up at that and had her only spell of temperament, throwing a jar of cold cream at Louis Shurr, her agent.

She was the toast of the town at that time and the boys really rushed her. She was fond of one very wealthy young man but gave him up because of his table manners.

"I was always ashamed going out with him to dinner. He'd hold his fork in one hand and push the potatoes on with his knife. It was just like old country boys down in Texas. It was only later I found out that was how the upper-class English eat."

The furor over Daddy brought her real screen offers, so big she couldn't refuse them. She told them about her queer face and to make sure about it, Paramount gave her the most expensive screen test ever devised. They said they were satisfied and she gave in, not too reluctantly.

When she arrived at Paramount for her first picture, the red carpets were out. She remembered the place well because she had waited around in reception rooms there for years trying to get somebody to see her. Before she left New York, Laurence Schwab had given her some advice.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "don't go out there and let them make a fool of you with those publicity pictures—cheesecake art, running around (*Continued on page* 33)

Mary Martin in a Chinese setting, all wrapped up in rehearsals for Lute Song—and vice versa

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

Mountain Time

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Jo was in the mood to sing but for once Cy was out of sympathy with singing. "What's the matter?" she demanded. "Have I lost my audience?"

The Story:

The strong link between ex-Doctor Cyrus Kinsman and medicine could not be completely broken. Having been discharged from New York's Mercy Hospital for openly accusing his superior of a lack of integrity in his surgery, Cy had fled to his home town of Custis, Colorado, where, determined to give up his profession, he began working as a mechanic and, on the side, bootlegging for Art Ricco. All of Custis was in arms against him, but Cy, stubbornly ignoring the town's indignation, refused to stop even for the girl he loved, Josephine Willard, who, divorced from her author-husband, Sam Willard, had also left New York for Custis, where she lived with her young daughter, Deborah, and her parents, Asa and Hattie Caneday. Reasoning with Cy to no avail, Josephine finally broke with him entirely, considered going back to Sam, who, having made a success of writing, now returned to her with pleas to marry him again. But Cy was resolute: his concern for Deborah, dangerously ill of an unexplained anemia, provided his only connection with medicine. Then tragedy came when Deborah's illness brought her near to death. Working desperately against time, Cy knew only one chance remained: Ezra Bartlett, renowned scientific researcher, believed that a serious lack of vitamins could cause actual starvation; forgetting his pride, Cy offered to join the Custis Hospital Staff, and as a last resort, ordered enforced feeding of vitamins. That done, Josephine and Cy waited together in despair and hope, knowing now that if this experiment did not prove successful, the child must die. . . .

Conclusion

CY GUESSED those tears of Josephine but had no emotion to waste on them. He had no emotion at all except the intense helplessness he had seen innumerable relatives of patients display. Like those helpless ones he paced the corridors, went outside to light cigarettes and throw them away unsmoked, pound a palm with his fist, start up at the passage of someone outside the door, find himself muttering meaningless words. Morning and evening he took a single drop of blood from Deborah's finger, begrudging even that minute loss, made a smear of it, and peered at it under a microscope. He prepared the dose himself. He slept by half-hours occasionally. But mainly he sat watching Deborah, who was mostly unaware of him; sometimes talking to her, who mostly did not hear him. . . .

He remembered that prescient remark of Josephine's when her trouble had been most acute: that she and he were afraid of the dark but loved it too, holding it to their breasts. Innumerable nights at Mercy and the Base and the Mobile and Peter Bent Brigham—innumerable nights Cy Kinsman had felt a hospital grow quiet and fall asleep, had felt the eternal conflict waged silently round him while some of the sick faded out to sea and some of them made backward, borne on the unknowable strength of nature and health, while pain was overcome in sleep or gathered and broke through sleep. Now he sat in a hospital silence made vaster by the silence of the peaks, and in the light of a hooded lamp kept burning lest Deborah wake and be frightened, he watched her small breast rise and fall under a sheet, watched her eyes open sometimes and look at him with the distant unconcern of the helpless.

And himself quite unconcerned, he wondered if he were going to come through this sane. By dawn his soul was always running terror-stricken along the edge of destruction —in a phantasmagoria that was most kindly called a waking nightmare. It was a nightmare of ignorance blacker than the night, and atrocious struggles were waged in it by nightmare creatures that looked like grotesques of Wes Kinsman, Sandy McAllister, Ezra Bartlett and Frank Bramwell.

In his clearer moments Cy damned Ezra Bartlett. He damned him for not answering his original telegram of inquiry or any of those he had sent after it. He damned the detachment of the great scientist, for whom the passage of a child's life was only a dot made with a pencil, a notation to be worked into a graph. And, damning Bartlett, Cy would go out to prowl the predawn corridors of Frank Bramwell's small hospital and read the charts hung above floor desks. He translated their notations into cases as customary and familiar as his own thoughts. An appendectomy making a normal recovery. A septicemia that would have worried Dr. Kinsman if it had been his case. An odd fluctuation in a gall-bladder case—Better give number 4 glucose; number 7 makes more trouble than is justified.

But the truth was, Cy Kinsman was afraid to believe what he saw before his eyes. There had not been any discernible change in Deborah since her first day. The tests, the records, the observations did not vary by a hairline—except that no change at all was a momentous change.

Thursday evening, following the six-o'clock dose of what he was bitterly calling Cy Kinsman's Patent Indian Snakeroot Elixir, he took the usual drop of Deborah's blood, smeared it on a slide, and carried the slide up to the laboratory. This was the end of the seventh day and nothing whatever had occurred that a mind honed and harried to an edge could observe. And now this smear appeared to be like all the others. But at the very edge of the field were two—well, two what? He turned the high-power objective on them and lost them altogether, then revolved the slide under the low-power again without being able to decide.

He called the intern, whose name was Armstrong. "Up there at the upper right edge of the field—what do you see?"

Armstrong focused the mike, went through the same routine of trying to center the edge of the smear, looked long, and said, without raising his head, "You mean a couple of red-cell buds?"

"Is Dr. Williams in the hospital?"

"Not at six-thirty. Probably home for dinner."

"Phone him. Tell him I said to come on the run."

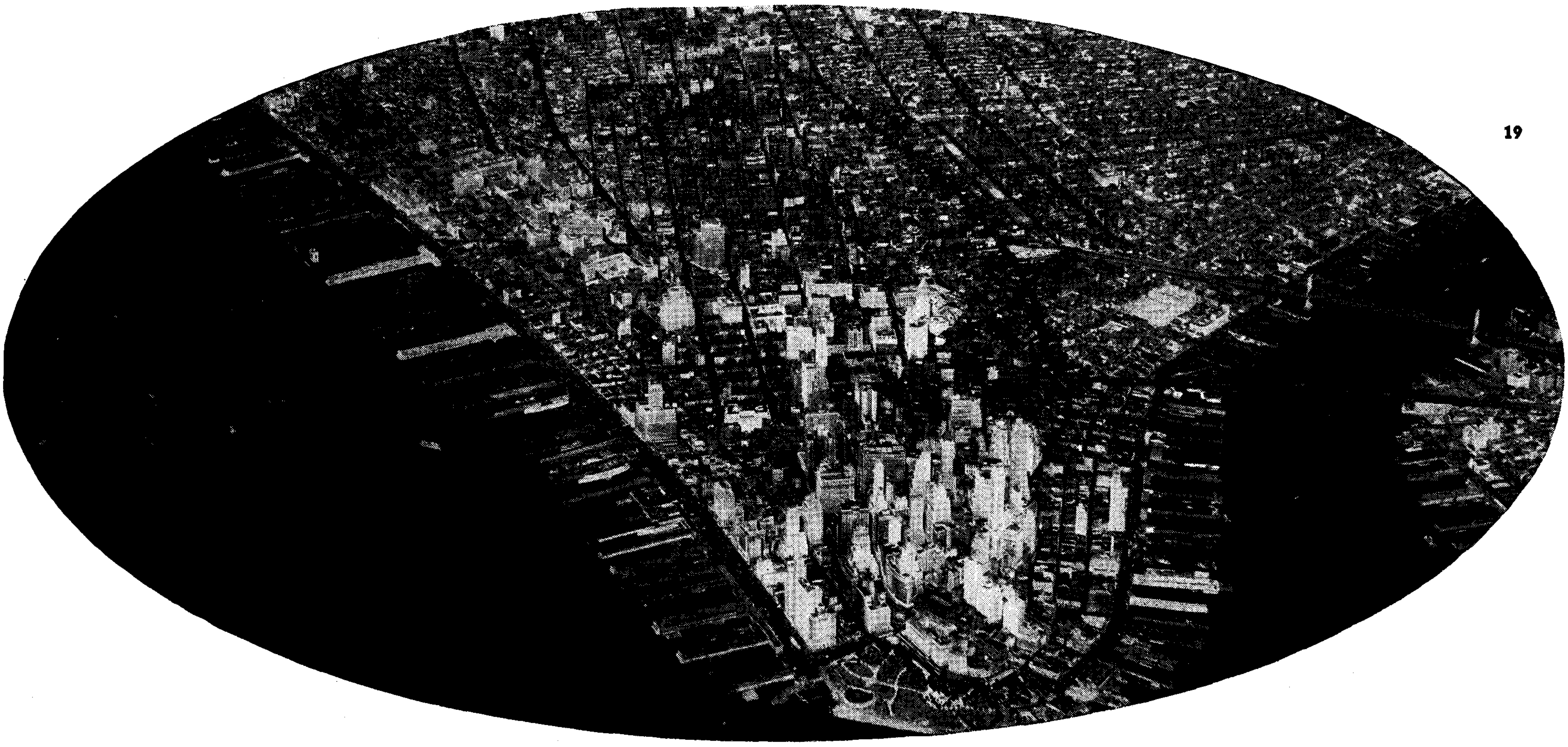
CY HURRIED down to make another smear. By the time Rulon Williams got there he was sure and he silently waved Rulon to the microscope. Rulon would see two large clusters and a smaller one, clusters of new blood cells. And also, beyond any doubt, at his first glance, at the indefinably skilled glance of a man who had looked at much blood, he would see that, in an equally indefinable but quite unmistakable way, the blood had improved.

Williams grunted, gaped, looked incredulous, looked wild, looked scared to the verge of panic. He started up. "Good God, Cy! She's making blood!"

Cy said, "Ezra Bartlett is the greatest man in the world," and, as never before in his life, wanted to bawl.

Yet this made ignorance even more intolerable, for it might mean anything at all, or indeed nothing at all, and it left intelligence and guessing alike powerless. So this Thursday night was the worst yet. By midnight it was clear that he had frightened the night floor nurse by pacing the corridor, stopping to look over her shoulder at the novel on her

(Continued on page 44)



This photograph, taken by Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., shows a congested area of some seven square miles in lower Manhattan south of Twenty-sixth Street

WHAT THE ATOMIC BOMB REALLY DID

BY ROBERT DE VORE

As a result of investigations made in the laboratory and at the scene of the explosions, scientists now know almost exactly how hard the atomic bombs hit Japan. They have also calculated what would happen were a similar bomb dropped on Manhattan Island

CATACLYSMIC forces released by atomic explosion were measured in the ruins of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by scientists who helped make the bomb. Now they know with some exactness how hard this weapon can hit and what destruction it can cause at various distances from the point of explosion. They know this in terms of modern cities.

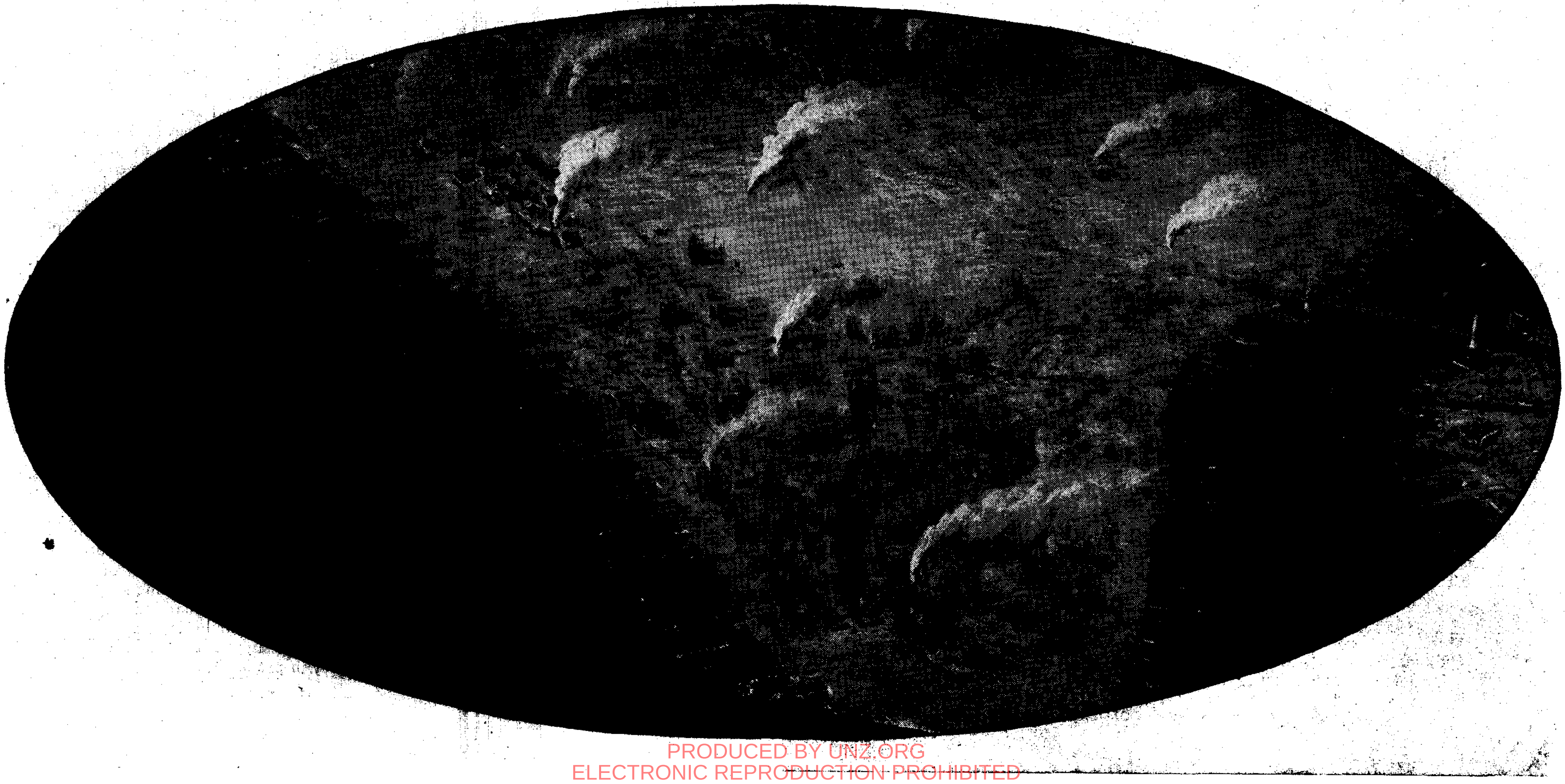
The Japanese cities, generally, were not as strongly built as Western cities. But in each of them, particularly in Nagasaki, some structures were more toughly made than any in this country. The scientists calculated the tensile strength of blast-damaged materials, measured how far they were from the explosion centers and thus put together the story of the power and range of the atomic bomb's wallop. And the story astonished even them.

An American mission that surveyed destruction in two cities last September began the studies. Its findings were checked against similar examinations by two subsequent missions, and conclusions reached in the field were re-evaluated after laboratory analysis of damaged materials flown back to the United States.

Many of the figures compiled by the scientists are still secret. But some of their computations are available. They were made by the September mission. They are preliminary, but they will not vary much from the final figures. Over Nagasaki the bomb struck with such force that the pressure of the concussion against a building 2,500 feet from a

(Continued on page 36)

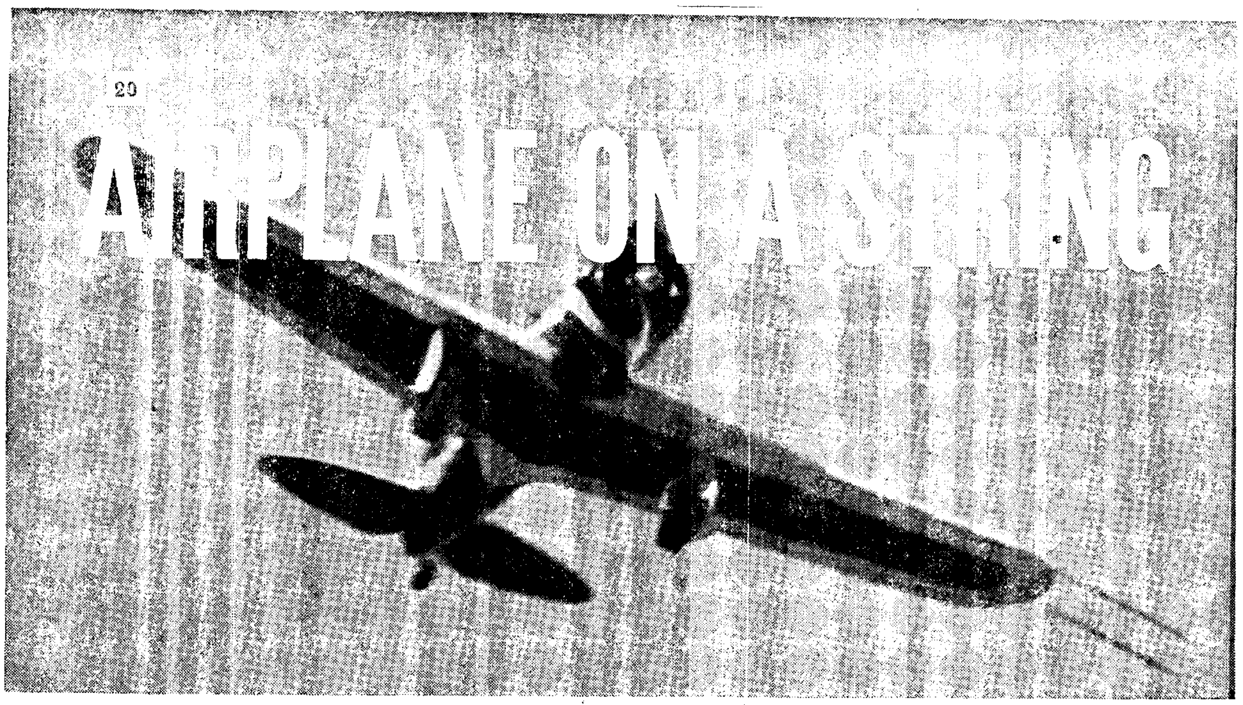
The same photograph retouched by Kenneth Thompson shows what the area would look like soon after an atomic bomb had exploded a few hundred feet in the air



AIRPLANE ON A STRING

BY DORIS AND ED YULKE

New wrinkles in model-airplane building have produced planes which dogfight, fly in formation and make precision landings. The result is a new business fast becoming big



An Altair, owned by Robert L. Palmer of the Burbank Gas Model Club, is shown in flight. Note two control wires leading from left wing tip. Manipulation of these causes the plane to climb or dive

THE bright red plane suddenly nosed downward and roared into the green turf of Philadelphia's huge Fairmount Park. Yet no onlooker gasped and dashed to aid a pilot who might still be alive in the wreckage. Instead, there were 50,000 shrieks of delight from people who had swarmed over the park hoping for just such an accident. It was no great calamity. The gasoline-engined plane that crashed had a wing span of a mere four feet, and was an entry in a model-aircraft racing meet.

Enough miniature craft plunged into the park sod or the waters of the bordering Schuylkill River that October day to satisfy the most avid thrill seeker and give the contest judges cause to pat their crash helmets reassuringly. But if there had been no disastrous dives at all—as there frequently are not at such meets—the throng would still have had a whale of a show.

They saw slick little model planes, controlled from the ground by long slender wires, flash around a circular course at 120 miles an hour, setting up a clamor like a thousand enraged hornets. They saw pairs of models zooming in make-believe dogfights, other baby craft flying upside down, making precision landings, picking up glider towlines, and one which looped the loop 64 straight times. They watched a model Superfortress, with a six-foot wing span and four engines throbbing smoothly, take off beautifully only to become entangled with a photographer and come down.

The most astonishing achievement, however, was not any of these feats. It was the simple fact that a one-day sectional meet, the first major model-plane event since the war, could attract 800 contestants and 50,000 spectators. That event shouted at the top of its lungs what a good many people have been quietly aware of for some time: Millions of Americans young and old, but mostly young, are fanatically and single-mindedly absorbed in both building and flying model aircraft of all types, and new thousands are joining them every day.

In basements, playrooms, living rooms, garages and back yards all over the land, an estimated four million young boys, not to mention their kid sisters, big brothers, fathers and grandfathers, are leaving a trail of wood shavings, tissue paper and glue as they carve out and stick together uncounted millions of models resembling everything from up-to-the-minute fighters and bombers to strange birdlike craft and throwbacks to the Wright Brothers' day.

Pioneers of an Adolescent Industry

And these back-yard Donald Douglases and Glenn L. Martins have fattened the undernourished infant that was the model-plane industry until today it is a bouncing adolescent with a cocky assurance that the coming of age is the day after tomorrow. One of the reasons for this is a comparatively new development in the field.

It has always been considered impossible to build exact-scale models of real planes that would fly with any degree of success. This has been due primarily to the need for human control—free-flight models must be inherently stable, for there isn't a pilot to correct stalls and sideslips.

In 1938, Nevilles (Jim) Walker of Portland, Oregon, proposed a method of controlling model airplanes by means of two steel piano wires that operated the elevators to make the model climb or dive. The model was set to fly in a 50-foot circle at the end of the wires and Jim soon proved that such a model could easily loop, land, and take off again by tilting the control handle he held. Jim patented the idea and today some fifteen other manufacturers are licensed to produce kits using his "U-control" feature.

The first model produced in 1939 by Jim and his American Junior Aircraft Company under the name "Fireball" stirred the imagination of most modelers throughout the country. Accurate records aren't available, but the experts believe there are well over one hundred thousand people in the country who have built U-control models from kits and magazine plans, in the last four years.

Victor Stanzel, down in Texas, had preceded Walker in flying models in a circle on a line, but his models did not have the control feature. Records show that controlled models without power were flown by Wayne Norman and other modelers as early as 1927 in Little Rock, Arkansas. These were pulled behind bicycles and were named Aeronettes (after Marionettes).

Nevertheless, design was comparatively slow during the war years, due to the scarcity of model engines and balsa wood. Since both are now available and many of the boys are back from the war, the hobby is reaching startling proportions. A three- to four-million-dollar industry in 1938 has become a twenty-million-dollar business for the manufacturers of kits, engines and supplies for these models. One manufacturer is already in production of a thousand minia-

Barbara Swanson holds a buzz-type kit plane which is not patterned after any real ship. Most flying models are not, because without pilots to handle them, they have to be much more stable in flight

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF-PIX AND WALL-KERLEE

ture engines *per week*, and this schedule is planned for the entire year of 1946. He is only one of the thirty-odd model-engine manufacturers in the United States.

Literally dozens of kits for various types of control-line models have appeared on the market in the last six months. "Modern design" is the keynote of one in particular—the wings, fuselage and tail are molded of plastic. Another has the wings and fuselage stamped from sheet aluminum, with plastic wing and tail tips as well as a plastic three-bladed propeller complete with spinner. Other kits on the market employ more conventional design, making use of balsa wood for the framework with harder wood for the engine mounts.

These kits range from the simple, nonscale "trainer" types around $3.50 to the exact-scale models and racing-type model that sell for around $10.00. The complete models, ready to fly with engine and all accessories, represent an investment of from $22.00 to $45.00 for materials. Engines come ready to install and run, and the complete investment figures include ready-made wheels, propellers and such parts as the spark coil, condenser, batteries, control wires and control handle.

These miniature power plants have developed steadily in efficiency since their introduction in 1935. Although they are available with as little as one eighth of a horsepower, the best today produce three fourths. In speed contests they may turn up 15,000 revolutions a minute.

Everything about the motor is on a midget scale. The fuel tank holds less than an ounce; spark plugs are pencil-thin and batteries are often two tiny flashlight cells.

These models are not toys—they're precision miniature airplanes. Proof is the fact that commercial-airline pilots are forming clubs and going back to fussing with the tiny counterparts of the ships they handle. And in 1950 the U.S. Census Bureau will list the model industry separately from the toy field. The two wires running out of the wing tip of the model are where the control lines attach for flying. Pulling one, then the other, will move the elevators up and down. The control system is housed inside the fuselage in the form of a flat plate, pivoted in the center. The wires running in from the wing tip attach to the ends of this plate and by pulling one or the other wire, the plate is rotated. Attached at another point on the plate is a rod or stiff wire running back to the hinged elevator, so that the motion is transmitted back to the tail, controlling the dive and climb of the model.

Controls Perform Duties of a Pilot

The controls are rigged so that tilting the control handle back pulls the top wire, tilting the elevator up and putting the plane into a climb. The other wire causes the plane to nose down. In flight the plane is constantly pulling on the control wires, which act as a "radius guide," making rudder control unnecessary. Engine control is accomplished through a third line to the spark timer of the engine. A spring on the timer pulls it to the advanced position, speeding up the motor. Tension on the third line retards the spark, slowing the motor down. In this way, the plane can be landed and taken off again at will.

Control-line flying is not to be confused with radio-controlled model planes. With radio control the model flies free, and its maneuvers are directed by radio impulses sent from a transmitter in the modeler's hands to a receiver in the plane. This system is far more complicated and expensive than control-line models and flying them requires a radio "ham" license.

The more ardent modelers have added retracting landing gears and flaps on the trailing edge of the wings to slow the plane down for landings.

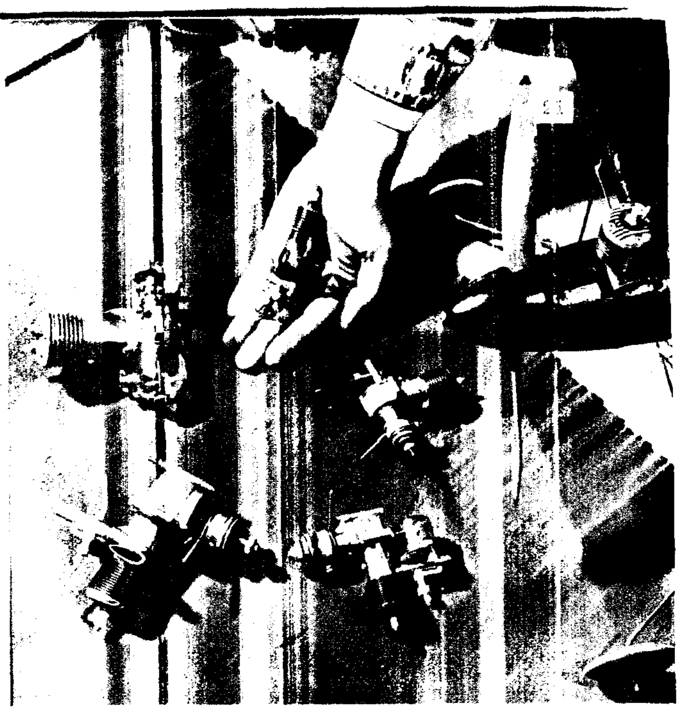
All control-line models are not miniatures of the full-scale aircraft. As the sport has progressed it has developed into two branches: one for the modeler who was after realism with the flying-scale models and the other for the fellow primarily after speed. Contests for both types of flying have been run all over the country. Lakewood Stadium in Long Beach is the scene of two of California's largest meets each year, with as many as three thousand paying spectators and several hundred contestants. The Chicago area is another hotbed of the sport with major annual events.

But speed alone often becomes boring and modelers turn to other tricks. The result has been that recent examples of precision flying, including spot landings, balloon bursting, and flying with more than one plane in a circle have left the spectators gaping. Dogfights are held in which each plane trails a paper streamer and the pilots try to cut each other's streamers with their plane's propellers. The most amazing event we've heard of had three overlapping circular flight paths in which six models flew at one time, two to a circle. The stunt had the spectators dizzy until one plane inadvertently left its assigned altitude with disastrous results to the whole pattern.

Chief builders and fliers of these model planes are boys 12 to 18, but no supply-shop owner shows surprise any more if his customer is a towhead of six, a girl of 15, a gaffer of 65 who protests he didn't have a chance to make things when he was young, a dentist who wants to work with his hands even when he doesn't have to, or a young married woman who wants to keep herself and her husband busy and happy in a cramped one- or two-room apartment.

During the war, men and women (*Continued on page* 62)

Larry Kosby and his son, Dick, work on their nonscale beginner's model in their Hempstead, L. I., shop

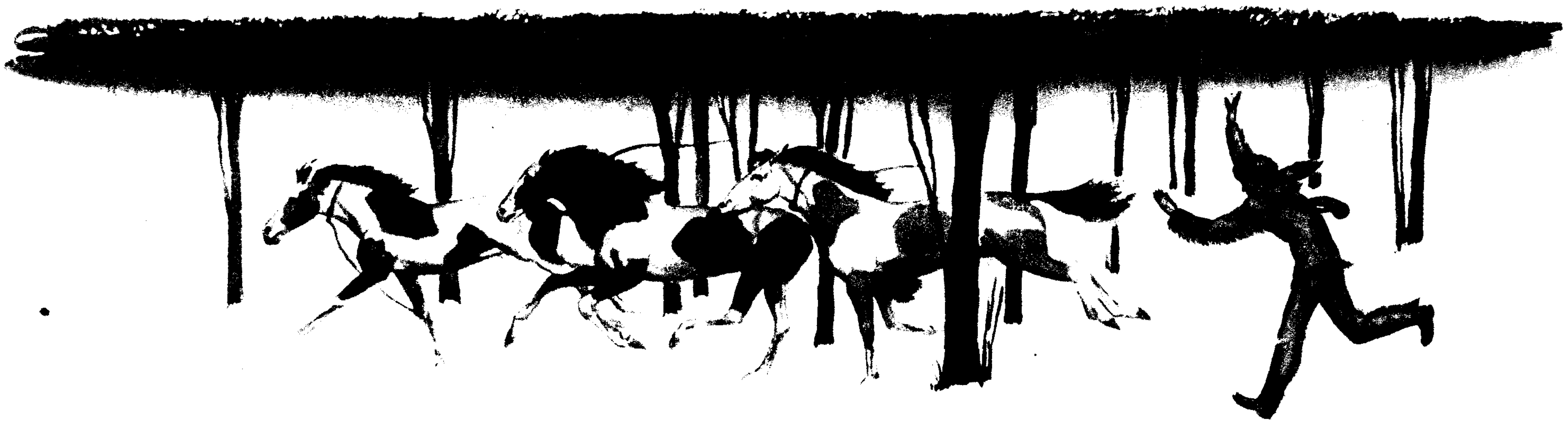


In Ed Yulke's hand is the Atom, smallest engine made. Next to it is the largest, a twin-ignition job

Boys examine flying models at North Hollywood Park. Southern California has 20 clubs, 10 to 12 meets a year

George Meyers sets a plane for flight while Joe Granai (background) holds wires. Ed Yulke is at right

Frank Greene, designer of models for kit manufacturers, gasses up his BT-7 which can travel 45 m.p.h.



Kiona

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

"When did the Indians take you?" he asked the girl. The silence deepened in her. Then a question gnawed at his mind: They had stolen her once; was this any different?

HE HAD sailed his canoe across five miles of empty water and beached it on the snow-streaked sands. Now it was good to hear the ring of Jacob Stow's anvil and to see the forge glowing through the half-open door. Beyond the blacksmith shed stood the clustered log houses of Sandusky, each with a feather of smoke bending from its chimney. His long stride quickened. It was weeks since he had heard any voice but the wind in the cedar trees and waves on the ledges.

He stood in the door, a lean man in deerskin clothing, a little fur cap cocked on his black head and his wind-darkened face breaking open with pleasure. Inside, at the forge, the smith turned his bellows and the sparks fanned upward. His eyes went over his shoulder.

"Abel Hazard," he said in a voice that filled the low, dim room. "I thought you'd be holed up like a bear on your island."

"Not yet, Jacob." He strode forward, leaned his rifle against the anvil and stretched two stiff hands above the rosy forge. "There's not a scum of ice on the lake, nor enough snow yet to track a gopher."

"The Indians say there's a big snow coming." The smith tilted his bald head upward. "What brings you ashore, Abel?"

"My rifle," he lifted the blue-black barrel, "needs a new gunsight."

"A Deckhard." The smith's eyes ran over it, from the walnut stock to the tip of the slender barrel. "I haven't seen a gun like this since I left Pennsylvania."

"Captain of the steamer brought it," Abel said. "I loaded sixty cords of fuel wood for him."

"A gun like this is not for prying rocks with," the smith said, frowning over the broken sight. "Maybe I can't fix it."

"You can fix it," Abel said easily, glancing at the walls hung with horseshoes, plow irons, harrow teeth, whiffletrees and trace chains. "You can fix anything."

"I hate to hammer a rifle barrel. A Deckhard rifle barrel."

"Just hammer it lightly," Abel said.

Then he forgot the smith and the rifle and everything else except a fair-haired child coming in the doorway. "Elsie!" In one swooping, sweeping movement she was perched on his shoulder, high above the wagon wheels, the ox yokes and the egg-shaped horse collars leaning on the wall. He set her down and reached into his shirt pocket. "Here, Elsie." He slipped a white rustling bracelet on her wrist. "I made it for you."

The child ran to her father at the forge. "Look! Look! It rattles like the Indians."

The smith frowned over her hand. "Bears' teeth," he said. "You'll make a savage of her, Abel. First it's beavers' tails. Then bobcats' claws. Now bears' teeth."

"He was a big one," Abel said. "He dragged my trap till the chain wedged in the rocks. That's all that stopped him."

"Like an Indian!" the child cried, running out the door.

"Yes, like an Indian," the smith repeated solemnly. "That's you, Abel. Young and strong and smart enough to prosper on a farm, and living out there like an Indian." His eyes went out to the whitening shore and the flat waste of Lake Erie showing a low green mass on the gray November skyline.

"This rifle—" Abel said.

The smith stared at the slender barrel. "Maybe a horseshoe nail," he said, "hammered thin and cut off at the end—"

While he worked he said, "The Storrs family on the Portage Road went back to York State where they came from. Good house and barn there. You could buy it cheap."

"What for?"

"Live like a human."

"I've got a whole island," Abel said. "Four thousand acres, eighteen miles around." Pride and independence sounded in his voice. He had been a boy in the tight, close, stone-walled fields of Connecticut; he was a man in the free, unbounded country.

Jacob Stow tonged the cherry-red nail from the forge. The heavy hammer rang and flat flakes fell away from the iron. "Time you were tired of it," he grunted. The hammer fell again. "Even the Indians—"

From the house a dog began to howl. Abel went to the door. Past the hitching rack came an old Wyandot and two blanketed women, with a string of five ponies, two colts, and a pair of bony, slinking dogs. The old man slid down from his horse and slumped past Abel into the shop.

"Hello, Onaquit," the smith said, raising his hand Indian fashion.

The old Wyandot pulled from his belt a broken knife and a blunted hatchet. "Fix knife," he said. "Fix hatchet."

"Bring your women in," the smith said. "It's cold waiting."

They got down and tied the string of ponies to the hitching rack. The dogs, sniffing around the open door, scattered at a grunt from the old woman. Inside, she seemed to melt into the shadows. She sank down, shapeless as a pile of horse blankets, on a broken wagon wheel. A strong smell of smoke, dogs and horses had followed her into the shop.

Beside her the younger woman stood, and Abel could not take his eyes away. She had fair skin, even in that dimness. The wind had brought a brightness to her face with its clear small features. From the dark shawl on her head there escaped a mass of hair as light as November cornhusk. While Abel stared, her eyes came up, gray-blue like a pigeon's breast. Quickly her gaze fell. But in Abel the disturbance had begun. Her glance and her presence stirred something sleeping in him. He wanted to hear her voice, to touch her hair.

He heard his name spoken above the bellows' roaring. "It belongs to Abel Hazard," the smith said.

He turned to find the old Wyandot handling the Deckhard rifle. The Indian looked up at him. "How much?"

"Not for sale," Abel said.

"Give pony."

He feared she was [illegible] than a white Indian, [illegible] the ways of her [illegible]

Abel shook his head.

"Two pony."

"No."

The Indian raised the rifle to his shoulder and laid his lined old cheek against its polished stock. "Good hunting gun," he said. "Give three pony."

Abel said, "It's not for sale."

While the Indian fondled the gun, Abel turned to the gray-eyed girl. "What is your name?" he asked.

She stared at the ground. "Kiona."

"No," he said. "Your Christian name."

"Kiona is my name." Her voice had the toneless inflections of Wyandot, but it was not an Indian voice. Even in those blunt syllables it held a faint vibrancy, a hidden warmth like an ember gray with ashes.

"Where are you going?"

She kept her head down like a shy or sullen child. "We hunt for deer."

The old woman muttered something in Wyandot and the girl went to the door. As she passed him her eyes came up, and what he saw started some vague memory that was gone before he grasped it. The old woman followed her outside. Soon Onaquit stalked out with his knife and his hatchet. They mounted their horses, tugged at the lead lines and started away, the dogs trotting after them. From the barnyard Jacob Stow's coon hound set up a triumphant yelping.

THEN, watching them ride off through the thin November snow, Abel remembered. He had seen that look in the eyes of a silver fox in a trap, proud and helpless and unbeseeching.

He turned to the blacksmith. "Who are they, Jacob?"

"The old man is a Wyandot, belongs to Ottobee's village. He stops every year to get something fixed—kettle, ax, hatchet."

"The girl?"

"His daughter."

"She's not an Indian."

"No. She's a captive. She has been with them for years."

"Why doesn't someone claim her?"

The blacksmith looked up. "Who?" he asked.

Abel's eyes wandered away from that blunt question. He raised his rifle, squinting down the long barrel. "You put a good sight on it, Jacob. A good true sight."

"Not to pry rocks with," the smith said.

"Where do those Indians hunt?"

"In the big woods." He jerked his head toward the west. "They make a camp on Portage River. We can see their smoke all winter."

"Like an Indian!" came the child's excited voice. She skipped in, rattling the bears' teeth on her wrist. Her mother was beside her, a small, smiling woman with snowflakes glistening in her dark hair. Abel pulled the fur cap from his head as she spoke to him. She pushed the child forward. "Give it to him, Elsie."

The child held out a folded cloth. "A present," she said.

"For me?" Abel said. In his hands the cloth fell out, a red-checked square—too big for a neckerchief, not big enough to sleep on. "What is it for?" he asked.

"A tablecloth," Elsie cried.

"When we wanted to give you something," her mother said, "I was just sure you didn't have a tablecloth out on your island. Elsie hemmed it all the way around."

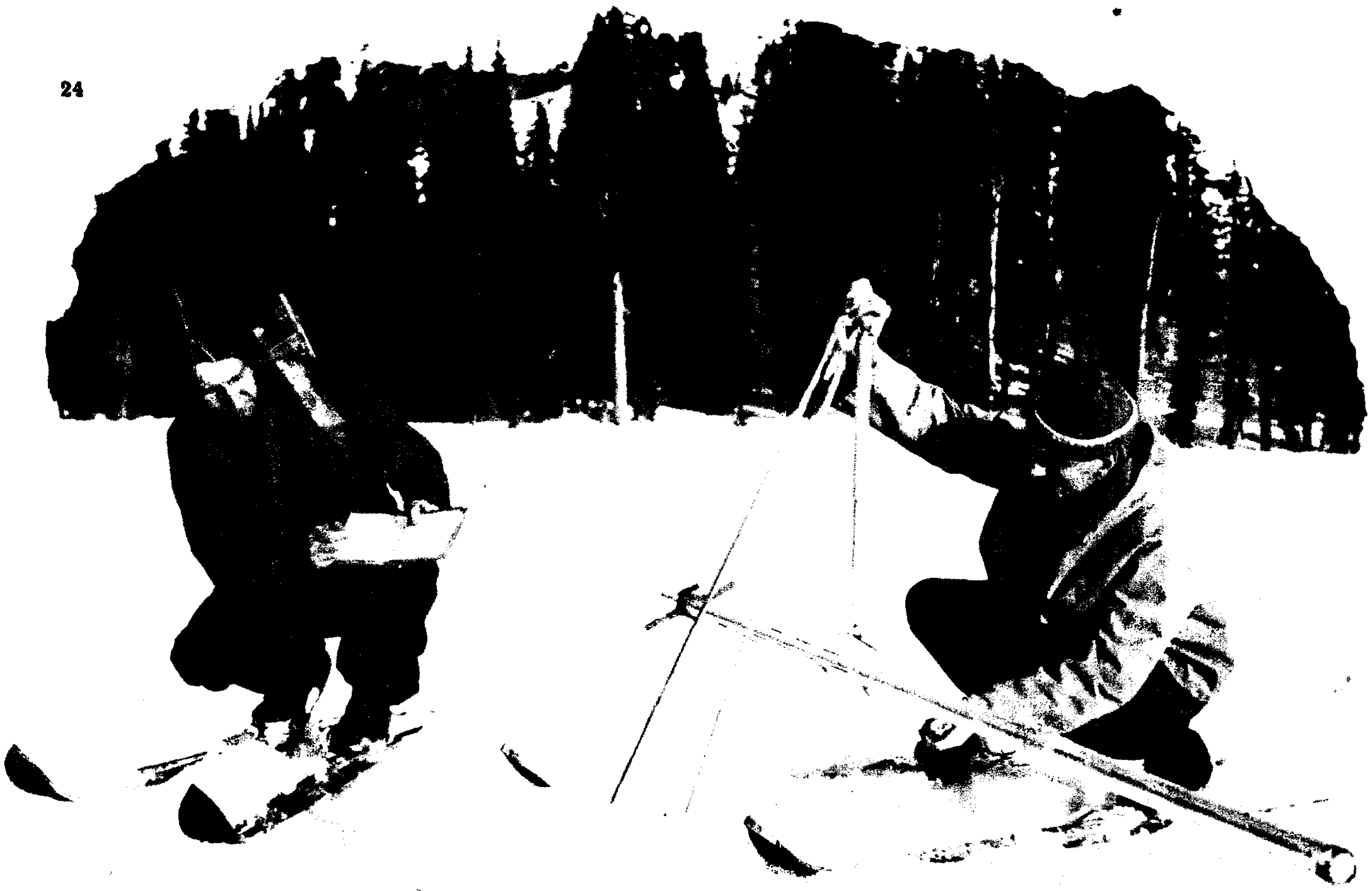
"Well, now," Abel said, "I thank you." He stared at the cloth with a puzzled pleasure.

"You'll sit down to dinner with us," the woman said.

"There's weather coming," Abel said. "Next time, ma'am, I'd be pleased to stay. Goodby, Elsie." He rolled the cloth tight and stuffed it inside his shirt. "I'll take good care of this." He took his rifle. "Goodby, Jacob."

From the door the smith called after him. "Be careful of those Indians, Abel. They're sly as weasels."

Abel crossed the empty beach and pushed his craft into the choppy water. It was a big, sturdy canoe framed with red cedar, carrying a short mast (Continued on page 28)



Water content of snow, which may vary from 15 to 65 per cent, is determined by weighing snow core in the hollow sampling rod. The sampling rod, graduated in inches, also measures depth of snow pack

ROBERT B. BRANSTEAD

MONEY IN THE SNOWBANKS

BY GEORGE A. SHAFTEL

Our Western states keep an alert eye on their most precious asset—the deep snows of the high mountain ranges

EVERY spring, more than 2,000 men climb to the remote, cold and barren peak lines of the North American Continent, from Southern California to British Columbia, to survey one of the most important resources of the Western United States—the snow pack. They are the field experts sent out by a wide variety of agencies—private, federal, state and municipal—to measure the winter snowfall in the high passes.

This snowfall is, in a very real sense, a crop. When the vast white drifts melt in the spring, the runoff backs up behind the great dams to fill irrigation ditches, generate power, and nourish the underground springs that fill wells. This crop of water makes possible California oranges and Oregon peaches and Washington apples, Idaho potatoes, Utah celery and Colorado sugar beets. It supplies power for the klieg lights of Hollywood, for the steel mills of Fontana, for the salmon canneries of Vancouver and the atomic bomb plants along the Columbia.

From the Cascades to the Canadian Rockies, 850 "snow courses" are measured each year, and from these measurements variations in the water supply of eleven states are forecast with astonishing accuracy.

On these 850 snow courses, all during the winter months, great storms lay down a thick snow pack. By April, the crop has reached its full depth of from ten to twenty feet, and as much as a hundred feet in the drifts. After April, sun and warm winds begin melting the snow. Through May and June, the harvest is in full spate: plunging down the gullies and out from under glaciers, roaring white into the canyons and piling up behind the dams—and sometimes squandering over the spillways in miniature Niagaras that are a lavish waste of a national resource. For it is in these two months that the Coast states' supply of water for the whole ensuing year must be impounded.

For estimating this harvest, April 1st is the important date. Most of the snow has fallen and a minimum has been lost by melting. At the end of March a thousand teams of surveyors go out with their samplers to measure the snow pack. In some districts, surveys are made once a month throughout the winter.

The experts who study the snow-surveyors' reports and sum them up in forecasts do a remarkable job. For instance, one year it was calculated that 875,000 acre-feet of water would flow into Klamath Lake; 873,000 acre-feet *did* drain in! The slide-rule boys made less than one fifth of 1 per cent of error. Another time, the forecast of the level of Lake Mead, which is 115 miles long, was figured to within a half inch of exactness.

A professor of Greek started this business of snow surveying. Dr. J. E. Church, who taught the classics at the University of Nevada, had the vision to foresee the importance of advance knowledge of the annual runoff. His *practical* neighbors considered him a mild crackpot, but today no rancher or engineer or forestry man would dare blueprint a season's work without the guidance of the water forecasts that began back in 1907 with Dr. Church.

Consulting the Greek Oracle

In that year melting snow sent Lake Tahoe on a rampage. Houses were flooded and roads washed out, and the outcry was prodigious. In 1910, the Sierra Pacific Power Company was fearful of a repeat performance. They came to Dr. Church. Could he tell them whether Lake Tahoe was going to rest calmly in bed like the sleeping beauty she was, or would she bloat up in June and go busting out all over? Dr. Church told them not to worry, and showed them why.

Dr. Church has been telling them ever since, and his snow-surveying methods are basic to the standard operating procedure today.

To watch the snow surveyors at work, let's follow a couple of field experts up to the high peaks. We'll call them Mike and Bill, because they're the kind of fellows who prefer to be called Mike and Bill. They are employees of a light-and-power company and they've driven into the mountains as far as the highway was kept clear—to the 5,000-foot elevation. There the big power company's sno-motor was waiting for them. They piled their skis aboard and climbed into the cab.

The sno-motor is a tractor with an immense caterpillar tread out in front that will haul it over soft snow at speeds up to twenty miles an hour. Mike and Bill stayed aboard until the steepening pitches proved too tough for the sno-motor, then they strapped on their skis and hefted their packs and mushed for the high peaks. Some 45 per cent of the Big Creek-San Joaquin drainage comes from above 10,000 feet, so Mike and Bill had to push on to the roof of the Sierra, staying overnight at shelter cabins.

They started work at the highest snow course, an alpine meadow upon which the snow fell uniformly. First, they located the marker, which is a sign set upon a tall two-inch pipe planted in concrete.

Then Bill took the federal sampler from the canvas case on his back. The sampler is a slotted tube of duralumin, one and three quarter inches in outside diameter. It comes in 30-inch sections which can be threaded together to a total length of twenty feet. In the lower end is a steel snow cutter.

While Bill assembled the sampler, Mike took the spring scale and hung it from a thong around his neck. They weighed the empty sampler on the balance. Then they sighted from the first snow marker to the far sign at the end of the course; and, with a tape, they measured exactly fifty feet from the first marker.

Carefully Bill thrust the long tube straight into the snow, turning it slightly as it went down. He did not plunge it, and did not stop its progress. When the snow is very deep, Bill may fasten a driving wrench onto the tube and stand upon the wrench handles so that his weight will force the sampler clear through to the ground. Reaching bottom, he pushed the tube a bit deeper to get an inch of soil into the cutter to "cork" it.

Carefully, then, Bill lifted the sampler and cleaned the mud from the end of the tube. The outside of the tube is scaled in inches. Staggered slots in the sampler show how far the core of snow reached.

"One hundred and thirty-two inches," he read. "That's pretty low. Maybe a warm wind blew a while."

They laid the tube in a wire cradle, and weighed it on the scale. From the total they subtracted the empty weight of the tubing. The answer was 75 ounces. "That's it," said Bill. "The snow has packed down here, and it's heavy."

It's not the depth of the snow that is important, but its content of water, and that is measured by weight. Light new snow may contain only 15 per cent of water by volume; while older snow may run as high as 65 per cent of water. An ounce on the scale indicates an inch of water level. So the 132 inches of snow core would melt into 75 inches of water.

The notations made, Bill turned the long tube upside down and tapped it upon the rubber plate of a ski. The core of snow slid out. Then he lifted the sampler and glanced through it to make sure that it was empty. Surveyors do their work with painstaking care. There must be no dents in the tube; full weight must be constantly checked against empty weight; samples must be taken in the same order, in the same place and at the same time, each year, for trifling errors can grow into costly blunders.

Measuring fifty feet from the first site, they took the next sample . . . then the next. And when they finished this course, they traveled on down to the next one. Two weeks later they were working the last snow course when a storm hit the range. They took one look at the blizzard boiling down from Deadman's Peak and set out on the double for the nearest shelter cabin, six miles away.

Safeguards on the White Trails

Shelter cabins are built ten miles apart. Surveyors travel in pairs and never get beyond earshot of each other. Each man carries a sketch map of the route. Short cuts through timber are marked by tree blazes every eighty feet. And at least one member of the team has familiarized himself with the route during the summer.

Even so, accidents can and do happen.

On the high snow fields you can sunburn by day and congeal in forty-below cold at night. You can go snow-blind, or you can double up with cramp from drinking snow water. You can mush along blindly through a whooping gale of snow and slide over the edge of a cliff and break a leg. Or you can fail to get out of the way of a snowslide; and if you dig yourself out of that, you can faint with exhaustion and shock as you slog along.

When Mike and Bill came around the bend and searched along the foot of a high slope, they saw a shovel wired in the top of a tree that was now just a few feet above the snow, and near by, a pole sticking up out of the deep drift.

With the shovel, they dug down beside the pole, uncovered a wooden trapdoor and descended a ladder that led down a vertical tunnel of wood into a snug, stoutly built house of logs.

Down here the whoop and holler of the blizzard was just a whisper. The lantern light showed bunks, and sleeping bags wired up out of reach of rodents, and a stove and fuel all ready. They lighted a fire, made coffee, and took cans of food from the frost-proof pit. For supper they had tomato juice and pork and beans and Vienna sausage and hominy and peas and biscuits and canned peaches.

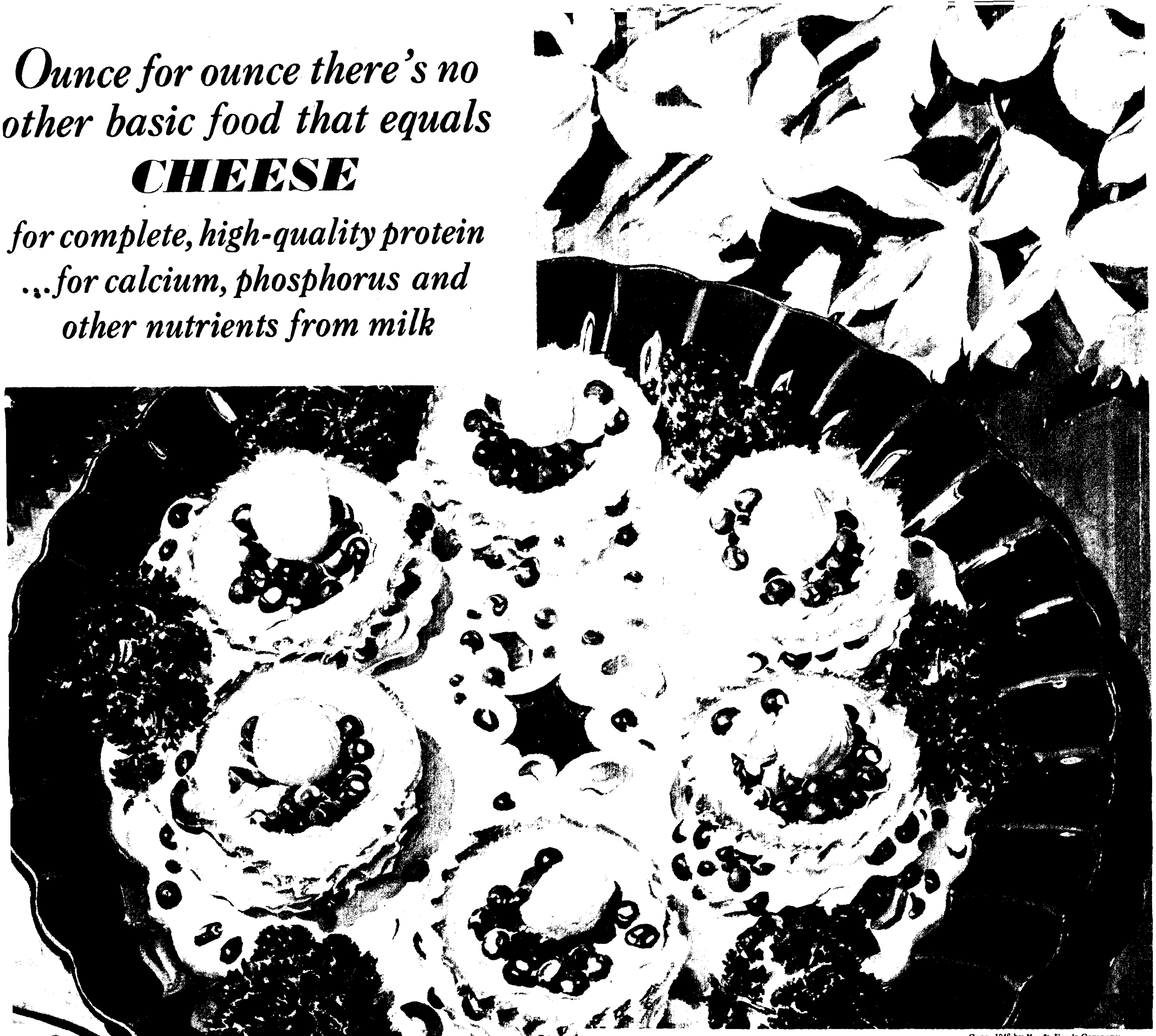
"All the comforts of home," Bill said.

From the notes taken by field men, hydro engineers work out a forecast of the runoff

(Continued on page 59)

Ounce for ounce there's no other basic food that equals CHEESE

for complete, high-quality protein ... for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk



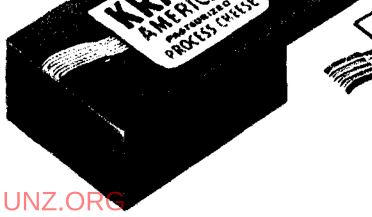
Copr. 1946 by Kraft Foods Company

DOUBLE-DECK DELIGHT—a "different" and wonderfully nutritious main dish that's perfect for *right now.* You can make it with deliciously sharp "Old English", the medium-mellow Kraft American—or easier-to-find cheese food, Velveeta, with the rich yet mild cheddar flavor. *All* of these Kraft cheddar varieties melt to perfection.

With a 2½" cookie cutter, cut circles from ⅓"-thick slices of day-old bread. With a smaller cutter, remove a center ring from two-thirds of your circles. Brush with melted butter or Parkay Margarine and toast under broiler. In the top of the double boiler melt ½ pound of Velveeta. Blend in ⅓ cup of milk. Add 1 cup of cooked peas and 1 cup of cooked, sliced carrots. For each serving use a toasted circle for the base with two rings for the "decks", filling generously with the Velveeta mixture. Garnish the top deck with a small, cooked onion.

That's a glorious way to *make use of* America's "wartime discovery" about the remarkable food value of cheese!

KRAFT FOODS COMPANY, CHICAGO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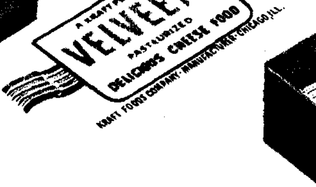
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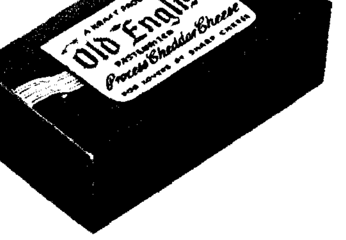
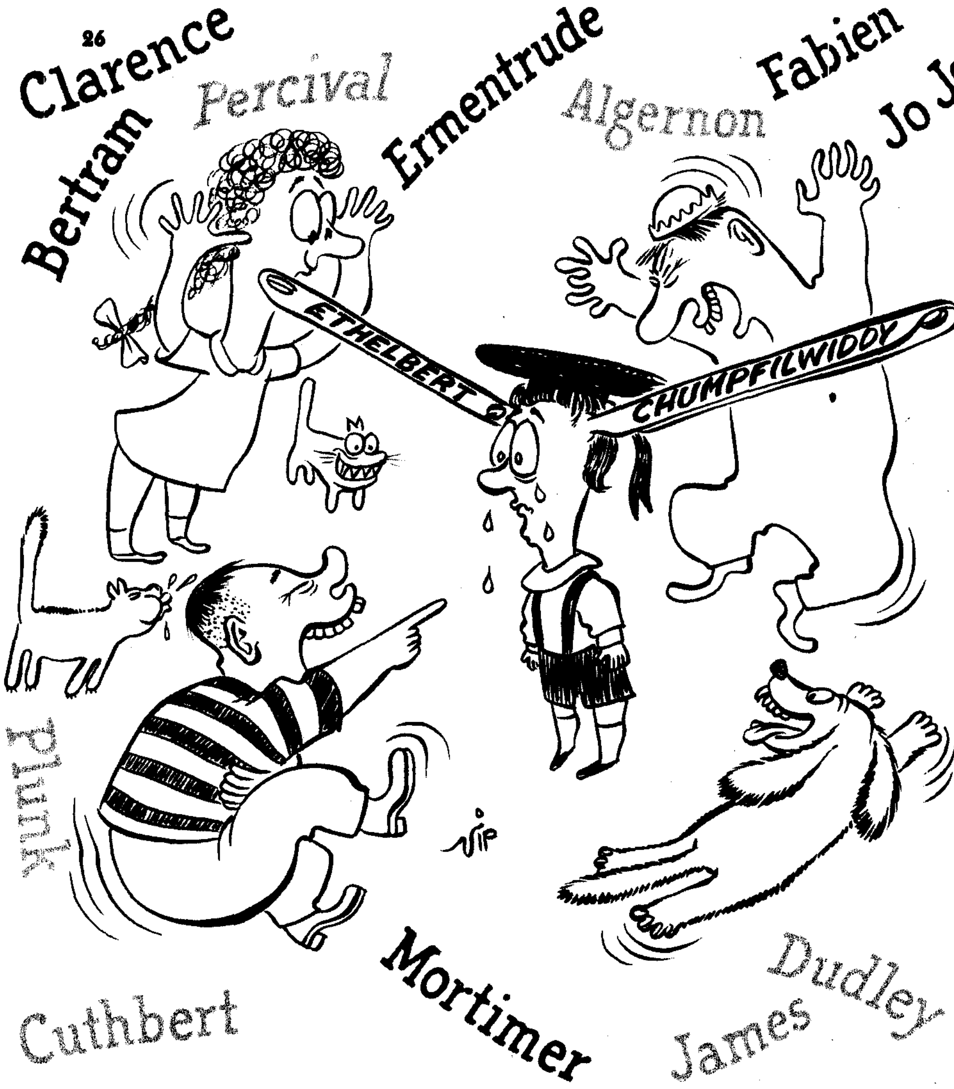
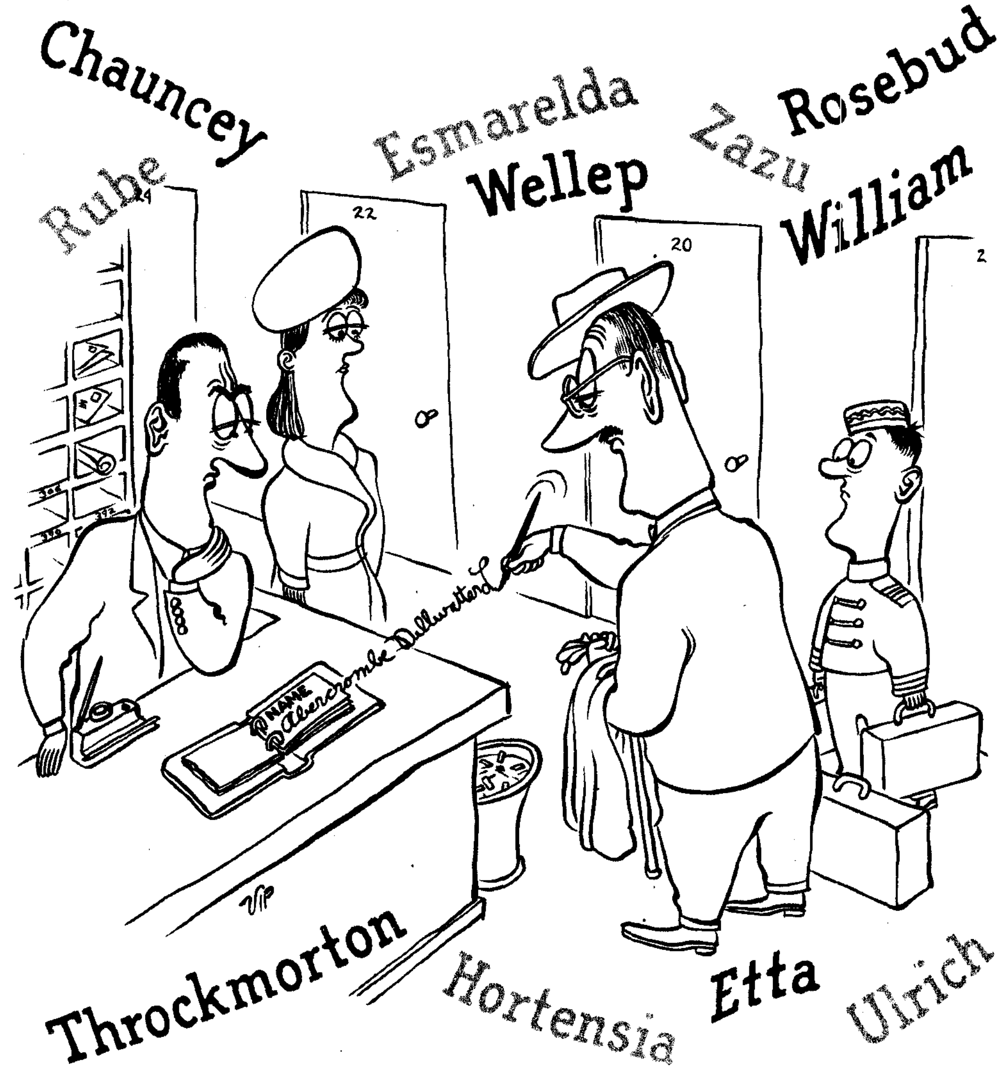

Watch for it
A KRAFT PRODUCT
Old English
PASTEURIZED
Process Cheddar Cheese
FOR LOVERS OF SHARP CHEESE



NAMES
WE GIVE OUR CHILDREN

BY GREER WILLIAMS



ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL PARTCH

Some parents are inclined to go a bit gay when naming time comes, and this author wishes we'd pause a bit before hanging the handle on the kid

EVER since the woman in Washington, D. C., responded to world events and a husband in the Navy by naming her twins Iwo and Jima, I have brooded over the names people give their children. It is time to shake some sense into these parents who, when the christening crisis is upon them, are seized with fits of caprice that only a court can undo.

In itself a name is a small thing, like the handle on a frying pan. Yet, too often, the handle gets in the way simply because the parents forget two facts. First, the purpose of a name is to permit them to get a good verbal hold of their child. Second, they expect the poor kid to live with the choice they make.

We can blame our ancestors for some of our bad naming habits. They made the name a commentary on current events. Thus Basuto children in South Africa are likely to be running around with weighty names like Famine and War. The more cultured races didn't do much better by naming individuals for what they looked like, where they worked, or how they acted. The Hebrews produced such specimens as Caleb (faithful as a dog) and Reuben (Behold, a son!).

Although the Romans worked out a system of given, middle and surnames to indicate the person, the clan and the family, they didn't always do the bearer a favor, e.g., Julius (soft-bearded), Caesar (having much hair), Dominic (born on Sunday), Cecil (dim-sighted), and Fabian (bean grower). The French gave us Algernon (with whiskers) and Fraser (hairdresser); the Scots, Campbell (crooked lip); the Saxons, Wilbur (wild boar); and the English, by way of the French, good John Bunyan, meaning nothing more than "good Lord's grace good Lord's grace."

Because descriptive names were good enough for our forefathers does not mean that they should be acceptable today. It is not likely that modern parents would be naïve enough to name a son Wild-Boar-Born-on-Sunday Brown, yet they make mistakes almost as inept.

Hollywood Has the Right Idea

The publicity agents of Hollywood are among our greatest exponents of the right-sounding name. They induce the newcomers to shed their family names like old shoes. Gladys Smith became Mary Pickford, Lucile Langhanke became Mary Astor, Virginia McMath danced to glory as Ginger Rogers, and Lily Chauchoin quickened hearts as Claudette Colbert. Edward Arnold was a Schneider; Marlene Dietrich a Von Losch; Edward G. Robinson a Goldenberg; and Cary Grant was named Leach. Loretta Young was christened Gretchen; Bing Crosby was Harry; Gary Cooper, Frank; and Bette Davis, Ruth Elizabeth. The Hollywood publicists seem to have no rules for manufacturing names except that they be easy to remember and short enough to spell out in bright lights.

It is possible, nevertheless, to arrive at a clear understanding of the good and bad in names and then lay down some rules. I can think of five types of names which in one way or another strain their purpose of telling who we are.

The first and probably the worst is a pun. Jay Byrd, for example, diverts us from the identity of the person to a raucous species of bird. Moon Tydings, Manly Fellows, Helen Highwater and Olney A. Mutt present the same problem. The only thing for the owner of such a name to do is have it legally changed.

Simple justice also dictates this course of action in the tongue-twister type of name. This one forces a person to go through life endlessly spelling out his name. He finds his name mutilated on the laundry ticket, and even his friends mispronounce it. When Mr. Smychievokavicz has his name changed to Smyth, the court performs an act of mercy which might as well have dated from the day his immigrant father reached Ellis Island. There is no excuse, of course, for making the given name a tongue twister.

A third source of complaint is the lack of individuality resulting from combinations of common names. Take John Smith or William Johnson or take my own. I was named George Greer Williams. Throughout my youth I was mistaken for someone of the same name. A school nurse insisted that I was the George Williams with the heart murmur; I was accused of cashing a bad check; I was reported injured in an automobile accident in college; in my meager athletic ambitions, I was confused with a much more successful and better-known colored track star; George Williams is the name of a Y.M.C.A. college in Chicago.

Luckily for my tender ego, I had a distinctive middle name. When I started getting a by-line as a cub reporter, however, I fell into a trap which claims many who fight their names: G. Greer Williams. This is called parting your name in the middle, and it didn't take me long to detect the aura of the phony that others commonly notice about the hanging initial. One more bit of surgery gave me a satisfactory identification—until the Army, which discourages individuality, put me back where I started. The regulation says that a soldier will be known by first name, middle initial and last name. Until mid-war, if a man had no middle initial, the Army automatically gave him three—N.M.I.—meaning "no middle initial."

Short Phonetics—Sweet and Sour

Then there is a fourth type of unfortunate name, which can be classified as the short and unsweet. Like Dubb or Plunk. Such names are not obnoxious, but they strike an amusing note. Depending on the choice of first names, these can be made into fairly serviceable or patently ludicrous tags. It's a matter of phonetics. Thus Patsy Plunk is an ugly duckling but Rosemary Plunk is passing fair. Dudley Dubb falls with a thud, but Anthony Dubb has a homespun dignity.

How the name sounds when repeated, parrotwise, makes all the difference in the world, and that is also the difficulty with the fifth type—the fancy names. It should be obvious, but isn't to everyone, that to saddle a man-child with any of the well-known sissy names or, worse yet, a girl's name is a major calamity. It's names like Archibald, Ethelbert and Percival that make some men hide behind initials, refusing to divulge their shame. While it requires good judgment to prevent the individual from sounding like a snob or a fop, fancy names are not necessarily anathema.

Edward Everett Horton, for example, is a dolled-up name but quite a pleasant one. Clarence Budington Kelland is a mouthful but definitely sound. One of the most perfect names I ever heard is Edna St. Vincent Millay, and it illustrates the rhythm essential in a good name: ED-*na-Saint*-VIN-*cent-Mil*-LAY. We can find this same undulating rhythm in a nice short name like HEN-*ry*-FORD or GAR-*y*-COO-*per*.

The thing that's wrong with a name like Charlotte Lott, in contrast to, say, Catherine Lott, is the repetition of the syllable *lott*. Juxtaposition of rhyming syllables spoils the meter and makes the name hard to say. It sounds like a stutter. Even when the syllables are merely similar, as in Rose*bud Dud*ley or *Her*man *Sher*win *Cur*wood, the sounds may trick the tongue and confuse the ear. One syllable of its kind in a name is enough. This is one reason why *Dud*-ley *Dubb* is an inadequate name and An-tho-ny *Dubb* a good one. But there is more to it than avoiding rhyme. Thus ROSE-*mar-y*-PLUNK is inoffensive whereas PAT-*sy*-PLUNK is like hitting a sore thumb with a hammer. A good naming rule would be: Seek rhythm and shun rhyme.

The use of monosyllabic first and last

(Continued on page 39)

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PM
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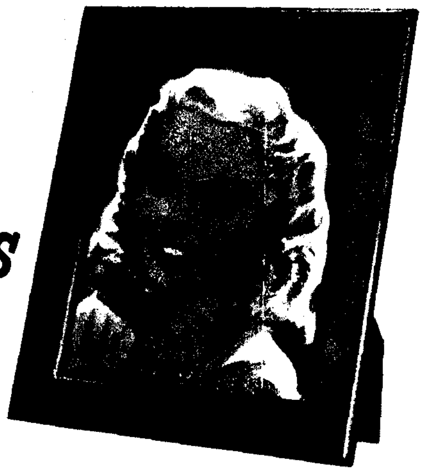
Who said, "Beautiful blondes are dumb"?



I'll admit that when I married Connie I was dazzled by her beauty, but I soon found out she had plenty of brains, too. One day we were talking about the future, and I remarked that the present was so pleasant, the future could take care of itself. She gave me an odd look, and the next evening I found out why.

For when I got home from the office, there she was . . . smiling and as beautiful as ever. "Here, Braintruster, read this," she said with a quick kiss, as she handed me a small booklet. In five minutes it showed me that our future would never take care of itself. Because if anything happened to me, Connie's Social Security benefits would scarcely cover her minimum needs! Social Security might be an ideal base on which to build financial security, but a second, dependable source of income would certainly be needed!

Connie had the answer to that one too! She suggested we call the Mutual Life Representative in our community. So that same night the three of us got together. We discussed our minimum needs and determined our probable Social Security benefits. Then this friendly Representative showed us how a few dollars a week invested in Life Insurance would provide an "Insured Income" to bridge the gap between a bare existence and comfortable independence.

So blondes are dumb?

Not my blonde, mister not mine!

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Kiona

Continued from page 23

braced between the cedar thwarts. He raised the tanbark sail and held it quartering in the wind. The canoe pressed on; in that wind he could travel as fast as a man on horseback. He steered out into the bay and then veered west between the wooded Catawba promontory and the gray barrens of Sandusky plain.

Whenever he passed along that coast Abel Hazard felt a deep, possessive pride in its emptiness and silence. He knew that the country would change in the years to come. He had seen Clinton's big ditch creeping across New York State, under the Mohawk Hills; on the fuming Walk-in-the-Water, as she rolled in Lake Erie's swells, he had heard men talking of the future trade—in plows, fence posts and wagons, in pork and fish, in lumber, corn and wheat. That early America, wild and dark, would become another. But he was there before history, in a waiting country.

A FLURRY of snow was whitening his tanbark sail. Now the wide gray plain gave way to a leafless forest on the shore. In another hour the dark shore line opened to the mouth of Portage River.

Between the wintry banks the water was still and dark, with a skim of ice along the edges. The sail crackled as he pulled it down. With his paddle thrusting, the canoe passed silently up the narrow river. On either side maples stood skeletoned against the sky and dry leaves clung to the crowns of oaks and beeches. Soon he saw the campfires flickering. It was a small camp, no more than a dozen wigwams pitched among the trees. He beached his canoe, shattering a web of shore ice, and screened it in a thicket of willow.

As he climbed the shelving bank a troop of dogs came rushing through the woods. At a gesture of his gun they slunk back to the camp. The wigwams were huddled in a small clearing. Beyond the camp he saw horses tethered to the trunks of trees.

"Onaquit," he said to a woman throwing wood on a fire. "Where is Onaquit?"

He followed her pointing to a wigwam where the shapeless old woman crouched beside a pile of snow-whitened sticks. A curl of smoke wreathed her wrinkled face. She rattled a seed gourd, muttering the Wyandot fire charm, and waited for the yellow flames to flower. She looked up as Abel stood beside her and then bent to the fire again, rustling the gourd in the reluctant smoke.

"Onaquit?" Abel said, making a question of it.

The old woman paid no heed, but behind her the deerskins parted and the old Wyandot stooped from the wigwam.

Abel held out his rifle. "You want to buy this gun?"

Onaquit's brown hands reached out. "Yes," he said. "Two pony."

"The gun for the girl," Abel said. "Kiona."

The old man dropped his hands. From the fire the woman looked up, the eyes white in her leathered face.

"Three pony," the Wyandot said.

Abel said, "I want the white girl."

The old man looked hard at the rifle. He turned to the wigwam and spoke in Wyandot. The skins parted and the girl stepped out. For an instant Abel saw again the look in the fox's eyes.

"Give gun," the old man said.

Something drew Abel's eyes over his shoulder. He saw dark faces peering at him from the campfires and the wigwam entries. The camp was silent and watchful. Even the dogs were still, crouching in the thin, scuffed snow.

"Not here," Abel said. "Come with me."

He strode out of the camp, through the bare maple trees, his feet rustling on the curled brown leaves dusted with snow. When the fires were out of sight behind him, he stopped. He waited there until the old Wyandot came shambling through the woods, pulling the girl beside him.

"Give gun," said Onaquit.

Abel looked back through the empty trees. "All right." The Wyandot took the rifle and Abel turned toward the river with the girl beside him. But his way was barred. From behind the maple trunks a circle of Wyandots appeared. They stood around him with dark and wary faces. One of them strode forward.

"Ottobee," he said, thumping his chest. "Chief Ottobee. Give Ottobee present for girl."

"I bought her," Abel said.

"Give present," Ottobee repeated.

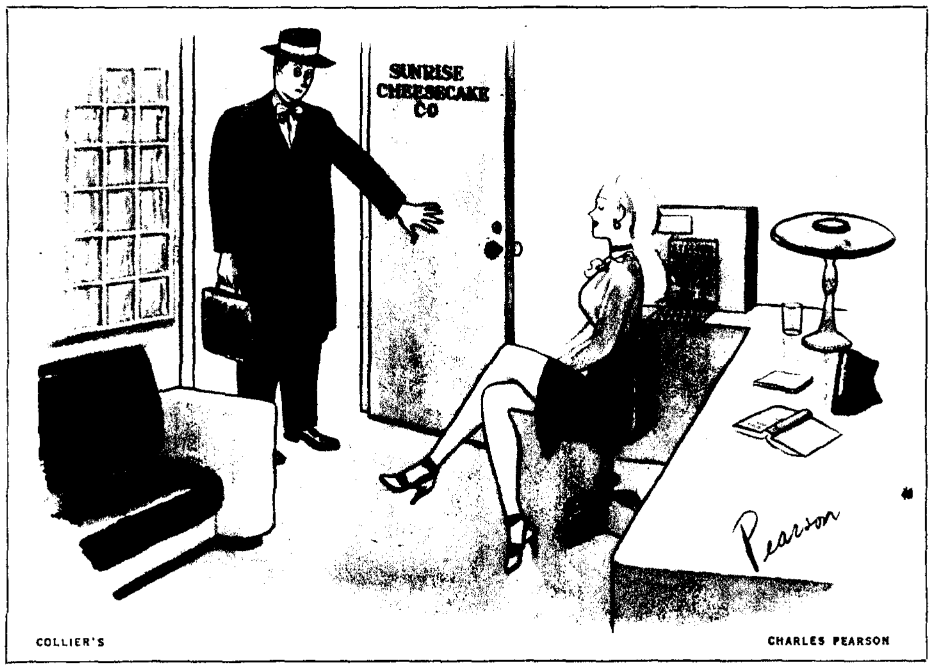
Already the old man Onaquit was gone, slouching back to camp with the rifle on his shoulder. Ottobee gave an order and the Wyandots were around the girl. They scuffed away, making a crashing sound through the frozen leaves.

THEN Abel was alone, staring at the campfires flickering through the trees. "Sly as weasels," Jacob Stow had said. Abel stood in the gray woods with a thin snow sifting on him, feeling contempt for himself and anger at the Indians. They had his rifle and he had nothing. "Three ponies," the old man had said. *Three ponies. . . .*

Walking carefully, his steps whispering in the fallen leaves, he approached the camp. Raised voices came to him and he saw the men all gathered about Onaquit, arguing over the rifle. On the far side of the camp the horses huddled among the naked trees. *Three ponies. . . .* He moved faster now, making a wide arc through the woods. He heard the wrangling voices again as he drew near the horses.

He could have cut twenty of them loose. But three had been offered, and three were enough. He slashed the rawhide tethers and spurred the animals with the point of his blade. They galloped through the camp. In a raucous chorus the dogs took after them.

The circle of men scattered to head them off. The ponies turned. Ottobee's voice cracked like a whip and the women jumped up from the fires. They fanned out in the



COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

woods. Soon Abel saw the figure he waited for. He raced after her. "Kiona," he called.

When she stopped he seized her arm. "Hurry!" He pulled her down the shelving bank to the screen of willows. He put her into the canoe and shoved it through the skim of ice. His paddle drove in the black water. Slowly the curve of the river closed behind them.

His breath was hard in his throat when he pushed out of the wooded entrance into the open bay. The tanbark sail hung stiff and out of shape until the wind blew it flat. Behind them the gray shore fell away. On the horizon, beyond the tossing water, rose a low green contour.

"I live on the island," he said. "I built my cabin on the cove."

The girl was a dark shape in the canoe. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Kiona."

"Don't you know your rightful name?"

She was silent.

"Who were your people? How long have you been away from them? When did the Indians take you?"

The silence deepened in her.

Again Abel remembered the wild, unbeseeching eyes of the trapped animal. He thrust his paddle deep to keep the craft headed into the quartering wind. And now a question gnawed his mind: They had stolen her once; was this any different?

"Did you want to stay—with them?"

The only answer was the quick repeated slap of water on the gunwales.

He tried then, leaning to the paddle, to think of what her life had been. From somewhere, from some safe, warm childhood, she had been carried off. Blindly and numbly, into the darkness and cold of the forest, she had trudged between the savages, from village to village, from camp to camp. She had eaten their parched corn, roasted dog and the broiled noses of deer. With dark faces around her she had cowered under rock ledges from the thunderstorms; amid hideously painted faces she had watched the leaping light of council fires. She had fled with them in time of war, fasted in time of famine, wandered with them to the bone-whitened salt licks by the O-hi-yo and the wild rice meadows in the northern marshlands. Abel Hazard knew something of the Ohio country. She must know it all—its darkness and cold, its loneliness and silence, the long lake road through the forests of the Senecas and past the rivers where the fishing camps were pitched in spring, the dense spread of the inland counties. She had become homeless, with a homeless people. Her shoes had fallen to pieces on the stones, her clothes had been shredded by thorns and briars. She had put on savage clothing and learned a savage tongue, and night had darkened on her memory.

OVER the gunwale a wave crest broke. She did not move as the cold spray drenched her. He saw the hopeless stolidity in her face. Perhaps she was eighteen years old, but she was ageless.

As they rounded the point of land she had no eyes for the upthrust shore and the sheltered cove where the cedars stood up darkly. With a last prod of the paddle he drove the canoe upon the sand.

The sky was low and heavy and the wind smelled damp. "We beat the snow," he said.

She stepped out. He dragged the canoe across the beach. Like a dog she followed him up the curving path to the cabin. Inside, she stared without curiosity at the log walls hung with stretching boards, the deerskin-covered bed, the table of hewn cedar, the cold stone hearth and the dried gourds on the chimney shelf. Like an Indian woman, unbidden, she crouched at the chimney mouth and began to lay a fire. She said something in Wyandot and went outside. When she came back she carried an armload of split cedar.

The fire was slow to kindle in the frost-rimed wood. She reached up to the chimney shelf; the seed gourd rattled as she touched it. Then she was kneeling in the slow smoke, shaking the gourd and uttering a singsong savage phrase.

As he watched her, Abel felt a change in everything around him. It was not his cabin now. It was an Indian camp. It was dark and cold and savage. When a curl of smoke set him coughing he felt something bunched inside his shirt. He pulled it out—and stared in surprise at the red-checked cloth. He tossed it toward the table and went out to look at his traps.

Dusk was blue among the cedars and when he came out at the point, a wan light lay on the water. He stood there, staring at the low dark winter sky, hearing the tired wash of the lake. Dimly across the channel rose the other islands. It was all his, farther than he could see. In time to come the island forests would be fields, the harbors would be ringed by settlements, the channel would be white with sails. But he was the first man, the first to mark trails in the cedar woods and to send his smoke into the sky. He filled his lungs with the wintry air, but the exultancy was gone. Around him were the darkness and silence of the land, the emptiness of the water. Now it seemed a savage place.

He plunged into the woods again, following by habit the south branch of his trap line. But he didn't see the dead mink freezing in the stiff alder thicket, he didn't see the fox prints circled about the unsprung trap beneath a fallen cedar tree. He was thinking of a gray-eyed girl with hair as pale as cornhusk, whose mind was closed and dark and smoky like the tents of the Indians.

WHEN he came back the trail was dim and the wind was still. Through the cedars came the ruddy light from his window.

Through the window he saw her. The shawl was gone from her head and now the soft hair fell to her shoulders. When she turned, he saw the red-checked cloth. She held it against her like a skirt, she wrapped it over her shoulders. She held it away from her, frowning, and all her movements told him of a groping in her mind. Her eyes went to the rough-hewn table. There she spread the cloth, and stared at it. She found the plates and spoons on the chimney shelf.

Standing in the quiet dusk, Abel did not see the white flakes falling, tenting the cedar trees and blanketing the ground. He saw a girl placing a lighted candle on the red-checked table, between the pewter plates. Then her head fell in her arms.

She was crying like a child, with deep long breaths and heaving sobs, when he stood beside her. Something had broken in her. Something had dissolved and left her sobbing.

He put an awkward hand on her shoulder. "Kiona," he said. "It's a mistake. I'll take you back to them. Don't cry, Kiona."

She looked up, the tears spilling from her eyes. "Not Kiona," she said. "Rachel."

She stood up, blinking her eyes clear. She looked around in a slow wonder at the walls, the hearth, the candlelight.

"Rachel?" he repeated.

Her words came rushing. "We lived in Pennsylvania, at Rhymersburg. My father was a miller there—until the Indians came. My name was Rachel Province."

He looked gravely at her. "I am Abel Hazard."

She reached up and brushed the whiteness from his shoulder. Her eyes went to the window. "Look, Abel. It is snowing."

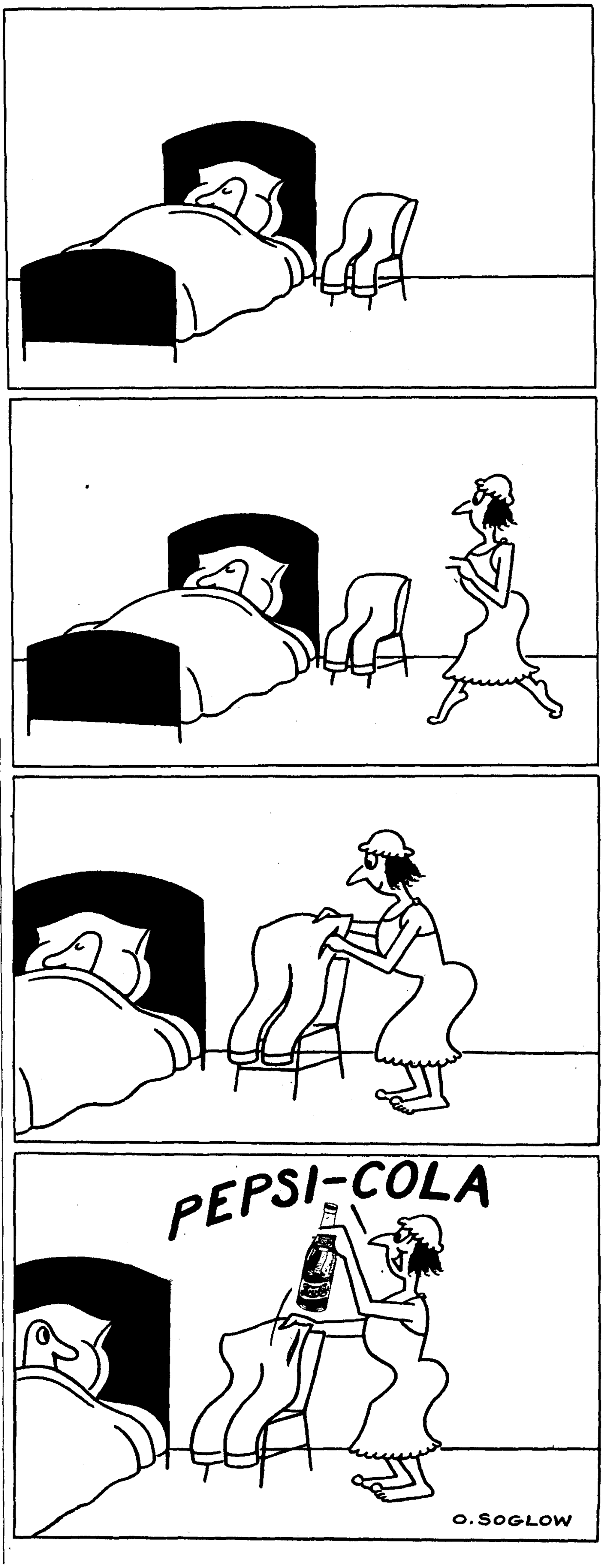
Together they peered out at the winter dusk. The snow had come. It was falling thick and silent over all the island and the lake. It was falling on the unseen shore, on the cabins of the settlers and the tents of the Indians. It was falling over all the forests of Ohio, softening the trails and traces, blanketing the trampled salt licks, erasing the charred circles of the savage council fires.

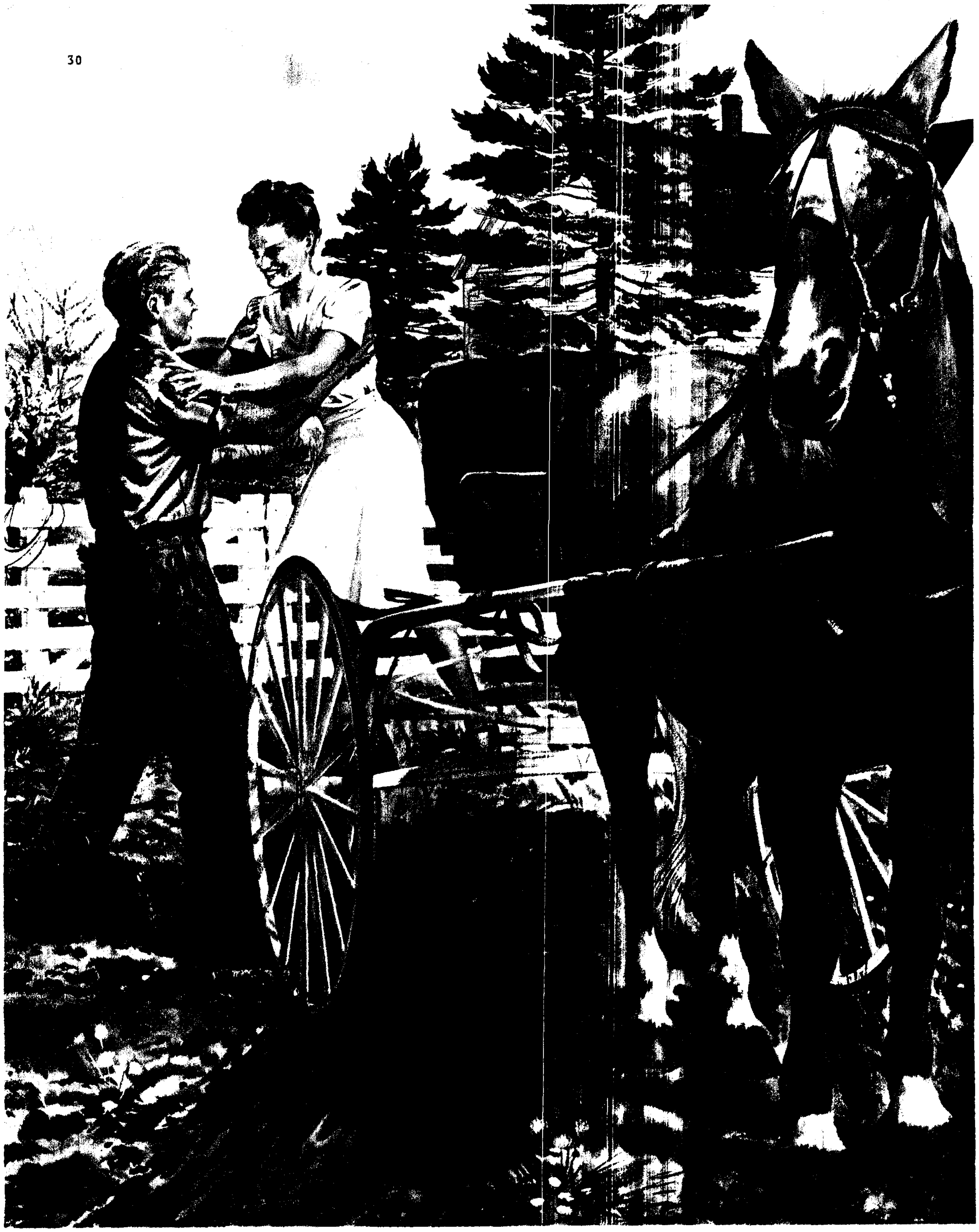
"Once," Abel said, "I missed the island in a snow storm. I sailed all night and landed in the morning on Pelee, in the middle of the lake."

"At Rhymersburg," she said, staring at the snow, "my brother and I carried ground meal to the people up the mountain. One night we came back in the snow. We—we lost our way till we saw the candle in the window. My mother had a red tablecloth—it brightened the candlelight."

She talked hesitantly, eagerly, like one going over a once-familiar path. A Wyandot word came to her tongue and she corrected it. Then she was crying again, her head on his shoulder. But it was another crying, like a lost child who has found the way home.

THE END





I was about to get out of the cart when Richard put up his arms and lifted me down. It was the first time he'd held me

In Her Own Way

A story of an impressionable young girl whose concept of love turned out to be more grown-up than her emotions

BY JEAN E. TURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEHR

When we were kids in Australia the first one to wake on Sunday morning would rouse the rest of us by yelling, "I bar the big chair. . . . !" In America the word would have been "dibs," or something like that—"Dibs on the big chair!"

This was a winter ritual that dated way back to when we were very small. I forget who started it, but it came about because on Sundays we always had the fire in the best room. Mother said it was good for the piano and anyway it kept the room aired.

It wasn't really as cozy as the sitting room, but it was grander. There were bronze horses perpetually plunging on the mantelpiece, and the table had a blue serge cloth with gold pompon fringe. A curly gold-brown rug on the hearth kept us in a fever about sparks.

There were only six straight chairs in the best room, so to seat the seven of us, and rather than bring in a kitchen chair, the big leather chair was drawn up to the table and one of us would sit on the arm of it.

I don't know why this should have seemed such a privilege, but it was, and somehow the scheme was made up that whoever thought of it first on Sunday "barred" it and so got the honor. It was just one of those silly things that belong to childhood, but I'll remember about it as long as I live.

The last time I barred the big chair was the first time Richard came.

Afterward, what I remembered as my first impression of him was his feet, under Dad's chair on the kitchen floor. As I opened the door from the veranda I remember catching sight of them, those two strange male feet, long and strong-looking in brown brogue shoes with thick rubber soles.

The Sunday roast dinner was sputtering away in the oven, the red glow of the stove showing through the chinks in the firebox door. There was a rich, hot smell of roasting meat, boiled cauliflower, and baked apples with cloves.

I suppose I was a bit shy, just a kid of seventeen, with my eyes on the floor, but when I looked up and met his glance, I knew then that I'd got beyond childish things—that I'd grown up.

His eyes were blue. That light, bright blue that seemed to go right through you, and he had a way of putting his chin up as he spoke, and looking at you through his thick, fair lashes. He was really the first man in my life. Of course there was Andy. But there had always been Andy, and because he'd grown up with us I didn't count him. He was only four years older than me, and of course beside Richard who was twenty-eight, he seemed a mere boy.

After that first Sunday, Richard was always at our place, especially the week ends when I was home from business college.

Mother used to say to relations and friends that of course the poor boy was lonely over there, across the creek, on his grandfather's huge old farm. He was helping out there before he took over some land of his own in the Mallee. The old man was getting past it all these days, and too crochety to be much company for Richard. The children in our family amused him. Seven-year-old Lottie adored him and treated him as her especial property, the twins, Max and Jack, brought all their home-work problems to him, and Ron was old enough to play a good game of draughts.

Sometimes an aunt or someone would say something about Vivvy getting to be at an interesting age, too, but Mother would laugh and say I was only a child. A very different kettle of fish to the women he'd be used to down in the city.

But I knew different. I came to learn what it was to have your whole being keyed to the sound of a man's step. To have your heart leap sickeningly with hope when the dogs barked out by the slip rails where he came across the paddocks. I found how the smell of a man's tweed coat could make a girl feel warmly, strangely, weak, and something in me came to life that delighted and frightened me at the same time. And I knew he was aware of it in me.

He would look up from the draughtboard, or his talk with Dad, with that bright, oblique glance of his and I felt he saw what I couldn't even find the words for, written in my face.

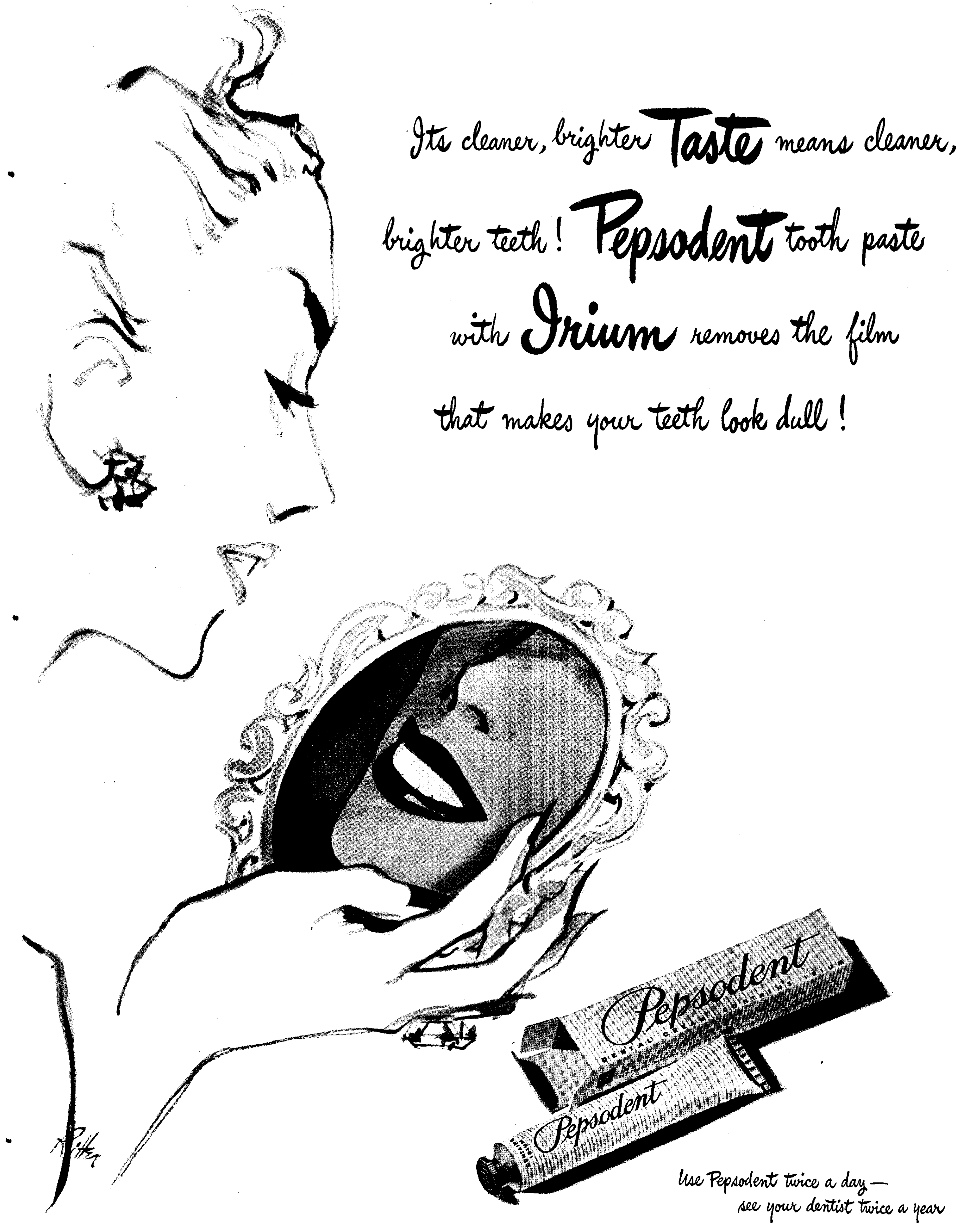
Quite often we spent time alone together and talked books and work and people and even sometimes about ourselves. When he talked of me I felt my soul in his hand, turned to the light and examined, and it was thrilling.

He would say, "You're a strange child, Vivienne. I haven't quite decided what is in your face. Your expression puzzles me, my Mona Lisa. Can it be experience, or is it just these?" And he would trace my eyebrows that slanted up sharply. My eyes, too, are set that way. I would quiver under his touch, and close my lids against his gaze, and peep at him through the curtain of my lashes.

One day he said, "You're a little witch. You know that, don't you? I'm beginning to think you know it well. More than I've suspected." And then he said, very slowly, "You know if you were a woman, I'd worship you. As you're not, we'll let it go at that. Your good luck, and my misfortune." He pushed me, lightly, away from him, the tips of his hands against my shoulders.

I stumbled a bit, back against the mantelpiece, and as I watched him walk away, I

(Continued on page 39)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Mary Had a Little Talent

Continued from page 17

naked on beaches pushing silly red balls up in the air, and sprawling around a swimming pool."

No, sir, said Mary firmly; she was certainly not going to do anything like that. However, it happened that her coming coincided with a meeting of big Paramount executives on the lot, and the cameras were popping in all directions.

She tried to get away but somebody kicked her and said, "Don't be a nut; do you want to make all these newspaper people sore at you your first day here?"

So Mary turned around and there was a bear standing up on its hind legs acting coy. The trainer assured Miss Martin that the bear was trained to the eyeballs and was as tame as a kitten. All she had to do was shake the bear's paw and the picture would be shot, and editors all over America would be begging for it. Then the trainer departed, because it wouldn't be good if he was in camera range. "I put out my hand to shake with the bear," says Mary, "and he lifted up his paw and hit me right on the head and knocked me flat on my back. Then he got down and started giving me a real neighborly hug. I could hear girls screaming all over the place. That was my introduction to Paramount."

Her career at the studio started well with The Great Victor Herbert, in which, in addition to singing, she did ballet numbers. That was followed by several Bing Crosby epics and a group of others that never achieved fame.

Her best chance was Holiday Inn with Crosby and Fred Astaire but she was having a baby at the time and couldn't take the part. When nothing followed of any importance, the Hallidays left Hollywood.

"There are two types in Hollywood," she says; "the girls who take what is given to them and get along fine and the others who fight for every inch and also get along fine. I seem to fall somewhere in between. If they give it to me, it turns out bad, and if I put up a fight it upsets me so badly I'm a wreck for weeks."

The one thing Miss Martin got out of Hollywood was a husband. Halliday had been story editor for Paramount in New York when the question of hiring her for pictures first came up. He was against it.

"What's all the excitement?" he asked heatedly. "A girl comes in here and sings one song and strips a little bit and you all go crazy."

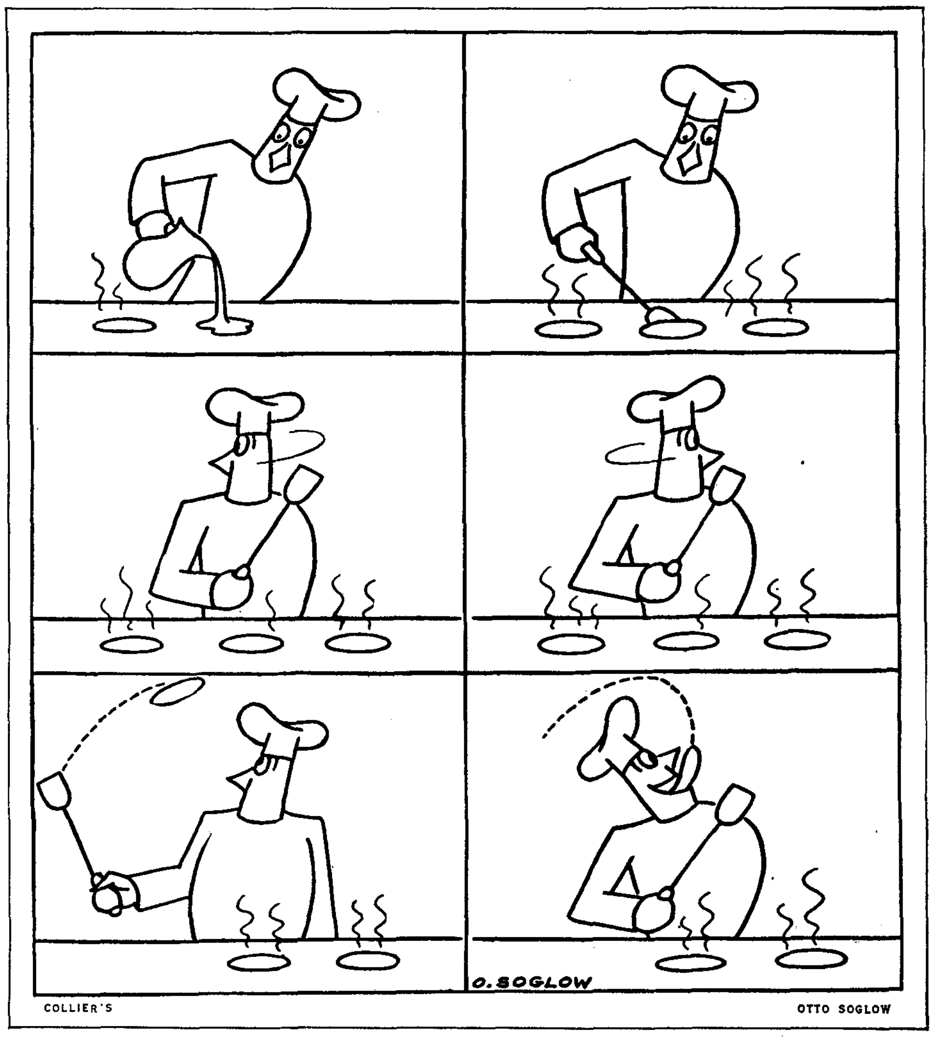
He was transferred to Hollywood at the same time Miss Martin arrived and met the bear. Halliday heard all the rumpus over the bear and said, "What kind of a bear is it that can't keep a girl that size down?" They began meeting at parties but Halliday invariably allowed her to go home with somebody else.

Things were not helped much when he gave a party for the bigwigs of Paramount, and Mary showed up an hour late and in a green sports suit when everybody else was dressed in crown jewels and hard shirts.

A Date She Waited Two Years For

According to the Martin version, she had made up her mind to thaw this patrician gentleman but at the end of two years she had never had a date with him alone. Then one night he asked her to dinner at his house. She went. After discussing the matter until two in the morning, they decided to go to Las Vegas and get married. They each had new cars of their own but Halliday had just that day had an agency send out another because it was a convertible coupé with the top bouncing up and down by the mere press of a button.

Naturally, in the excitement they took that car and were halfway to Las Vegas when he discovered his mistake.



COLLIER'S OTTO SOGLOW

"Now isn't this a lot nicer and smoother than those other trails?"

COLLIER'S JOHN M. PRICE

"Now you got me and a car you don't need," said Mary calmly, "drive on."

There was one slight contretemps when Halliday signed the marriage application.

"Are you nervous or something?" asked Mary. "That isn't your name; you've spelled it wrong."

"I ought to know my own name," answered Halliday. "I've been using it thirty years."

"Ye gods," she said, "I've been chasing you all over the place for two years and I always understood that your name was Holliday."

The clerk intervened. "Irregardless," he said, "would you mind sticking your name on here? You'll probably find Mr. Halliday a hell of a fellow when you get to know him."

Recently the Hallidays were invited to dinner by Cheryl Crawford, who called later and asked if they would mind if Margaret Webster also were there. Since Miss Webster is the greatest living authority on Shakespeare and has noteworthy productions both here and in England to her credit, they certainly didn't object. What followed was startling because Miss Crawford and Miss Webster asked Miss Martin to be the leading woman of their new repertory venture called Theater Repertory Company. This is comparable to asking Betty Grable to head the *Comédie Française*.

Taking a Runout on Shakespeare

Miss Martin was floored and remains floored to this day. She had the excuse that she was already committed to Lute Song, but in reality she was terrified.

"Shakespeare," she said tremblingly when she got home. "What do I know about Shakespeare? What do I know about anything?"

This started her studying, however, and in the past year she has read all of Shakespeare's plays and everything by such men as Strindberg, Shaw and Ibsen.

"What she'd really like to do is teach," says Mr. Halliday. "She has a perfect passion for it, and nobody was ever better at making people understand and like what she's interested in. And studying's just as bad; she never lets up on it. She's like one who's been asleep for twenty years and wakes up and tries to get it all back in a week's time."

At the moment she is wrapped up in Lute Song, the quiet, simple treatment of an old Chinese play. Because it has little drama in the American sense, there were doubts about its reception on Broadway. Producing it required great courage on the part of Michael Myerberg and from the first rehearsal it was clear that only Miss Martin could make it possible. How it comes about that a Texas dancing teacher is the only American actress who can bring grace, dignity and voice to a Chinese legend is a matter for the *cognoscenti* to decide.

She Can't Explain It Herself

Miss Martin has no idea how it has been done and her record as a performer provides no precedent for it. That is to say, her record before One Touch of Venus, another minor miracle.

In a few years she has become not only a star but an unique personality in the theater. The future may prove that she is merely a musical-comedy figure with a slightly different manner, but there are New York managers of the greatest importance who are willing to back her in anything she wants to try.

The Hallidays divide their time between their home in New Canaan and a New York hotel suite. Except on the rarest occasions they get to New Canaan after the show every night, an hour's car ride. The suite is only for bad weather and sheer collapse. Miss Martin has her hands full with Heller but her present worries center about her son, Larry.

"He hears us phoning Hollywood and has conceived the idea we're millionaires. The other day he was home on vacation and decided to call his girl in Boston. I said, 'Go ahead, but when you're through ask the operator the charges because you'll have to pay them.' That stunned him for a minute but he's a fine kid. He tells us that he wants to work on a farm this summer. I've stopped worrying about him now. I guess girls are easier to raise."

"Not at all," somebody interrupted. "Girls are much worse. When they get to high-school age, they're worst of all. They never have the right date because the boy is too tall or too short or he's a drip or a jerk or a Joe Prep."

"Oh, Lord," wailed Miss Martin, picking up her worries all over again.

THE END

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W. F. Young, Inc.,
Springfield, Mass.

★ABSORBINE Jr.

The Beezlebub Blast

Continued from page 12

woke me up and told me about it, so I got out of bed and went right over there. But by the time I got there the car and the driver had been hauled away. I talked to a man who lived right near, and he said Morganquist had busted in the whole front of the car. He said the driver was screaming around there like an eagle. He said the car had a special body on it and that the driver said it would cost a thousand dollars to fix it."

"So what did you do next?"

"I ran home, too," Petey admitted. "I didn't leave my name or anything. What else could I do? Morganquist—the big hamdonny—was completely to blame, but I haven't got any thousand dollars. We've been scared green that driver would trace Morganquist. We thought you were from him, so that's why we tried to scare you off."

"Doesn't Morganquist have any money?"

"No. Never. He has bad luck with managers. Either they gyp him out of his money, or else they give it to him, and either way it's the same. Say . . ."

"What?" Tait inquired.

"Look," said Petey, "how would you like to be Morganquist's manager for a while and sit around here and watch him?"

"I don't think I'd be—"

Petey tapped him on the chest with her forefinger. "It's not hard work. Morganquist will do what you tell him, or otherwise I'll break both his legs with a hammer. Do it as a favor just for a while. I've got to get back to work and earn some money, or I never will be able to pay the rent I owe that stinker of an uncle of yours. I mean, the thing is to your interest just as much as it is to mine."

"Hello, hello!" a beautifully modulated voice shouted from the living room.

"In the closet!" Petey snarled at Morganquist. "Move!"

Morganquist scrambled out of the breakfast nook and ducked into the broom closet.

Petey kicked the door to make sure it was shut and then called belligerently, "Who's in my house?"

"Baldwin B. DeVries, attorney and counselor at law."

BALDWIN B. DEVRIES was as round and bland as a butterball, and he came marching fearlessly into the kitchen with the gimlet-eyed character in the black slouch hat trailing him like a furtively shrunken shadow.

"That's him!" said the character, jerking a thumb in Tait's direction.

"You, sir," said Baldwin B. DeVries, "may imagine that the practice of forgery and false pretenses is a minor and unimportant matter, but you will find that the courts of the sovereign state of California will take an entirely different view when I call the facts to their attention."

"What facts?" Tait asked.

"You, sir, falsely signed the name of . . . Wait just a moment. There is something out of focus here. What is your name, sir?"

"Jonathan Tait."

Baldwin B. DeVries turned his head very slowly and looked behind him.

The slouch-hat character cried, "He told me he was Morganquist! I mean, he led me to believe he was! I called 'Morganquist' at him, and he said, 'What?' right back at me."

"What would you expect him to say?"

" 'What?' "

Baldwin B. DeVries drew in a deep breath. "Does this man look like a wrestler?"

"Sure."

"This man here?"

"Certainly," said the character. "I mean, there are all kinds of wrestlers—big ones and small ones and middle-sized—"

"Leave us, please," said Baldwin B. DeVries.

"Eh?"

"Get out of here before I personally strangle you. And consider yourself discharged, provided I can find another detective in this town."

The character slunk out of the room dragging his overcoat behind him.

Baldwin B. DeVries sighed. "Sometimes I wonder seriously how I keep from going mad. Now, sir, I want to ask you a fair question. Have you ever heard of John O'Malley Jones?"

"No," said Tait.

"Frankly, sir, you astound me. John O'Malley Jones is one of the most lustrous of the cinema luminaries. He is a director with an international reputation. I have the honor to be his legal representative."

"He's to be congratulated."

"I thank you, sir. You seem to me to be a man of rare judgment and fine perception. Now I'm sure you'll understand that I consider any monies John O'Malley Jones entrusts to me as a sacred charge upon my conscience. The two hundred dollars which you received from that cretin who was formerly and probably will continue to be in my employ under the misapprehension—"

The closet door burst open, and Morganquist landed scratching in the middle of the floor.

"There's termites in there, Petey," he said. "I ain't gonna stay—"

"You're Morganquist!" Baldwin B. DeVries roared. "Morganquist, the Magic Mangler, alias Horatio Temple!"

"Aw," said Morganquist.

Baldwin B. DeVries whirled dramatically. "And just what is *your* business here, sir?"

"He's Morganquist's manager," Petey said quickly. "Isn't he, Morganquist?"

"Huh?" said Morganquist.

"I said Jonathan Tait was your manager. Did you hear me, or should I clean out your ears with an ice pick?"

"He's my manager," said Morganquist. "Yup."

"That's excellent," said Baldwin B. DeVries. "I'm happy to do business with a man of such obviously superior background. Now, sir, you already have two hundred of John O'Malley Jones' dollars, and I will state that I consider two hundred more of them a fair settlement. What do you say?"

"No," said Tait.

"Consider the facts," urged Baldwin B. DeVries. "The radiator ornament on John O'Malley Jones' car was completely shattered. That was an original—made of genuine crystal—sculptured by Pascal. It, alone, was worth five hundred dollars. His radiator grill—bent completely out of shape—was genuine, pure, unalloyed copper—hand-decorated in impressionistic bas-relief. Worth another five hundred. The left headlight, torn clear off and dropped on the paving, contained a hand-ground fused quartz fog-piercing lens. Another hundred dollars. I won't even mention the fact that John O'Malley Jones suffered severe shock and had to go home and sober up—er—I mean, go home and rest three days before he could go back to work."

"I refer you to my previous answer," Tait said.

"You're being unreasonable," Baldwin B. DeVries informed him. "What do you consider a fair settlement?"

"Two thousand dollars," Jonathan said firmly.

"Ugh!" said Morganquist. "Two thousand! Petey, we can't never pay—"

"Shut up," said Petey, very pale. "He's your manager. Let him handle it."

"Two thousand dollars!" said Baldwin B. DeVries. "Now, sir, I ask you in all conscience to have some regard for reason and sanity."

"Morganquist," said Tait, "smile at the man."

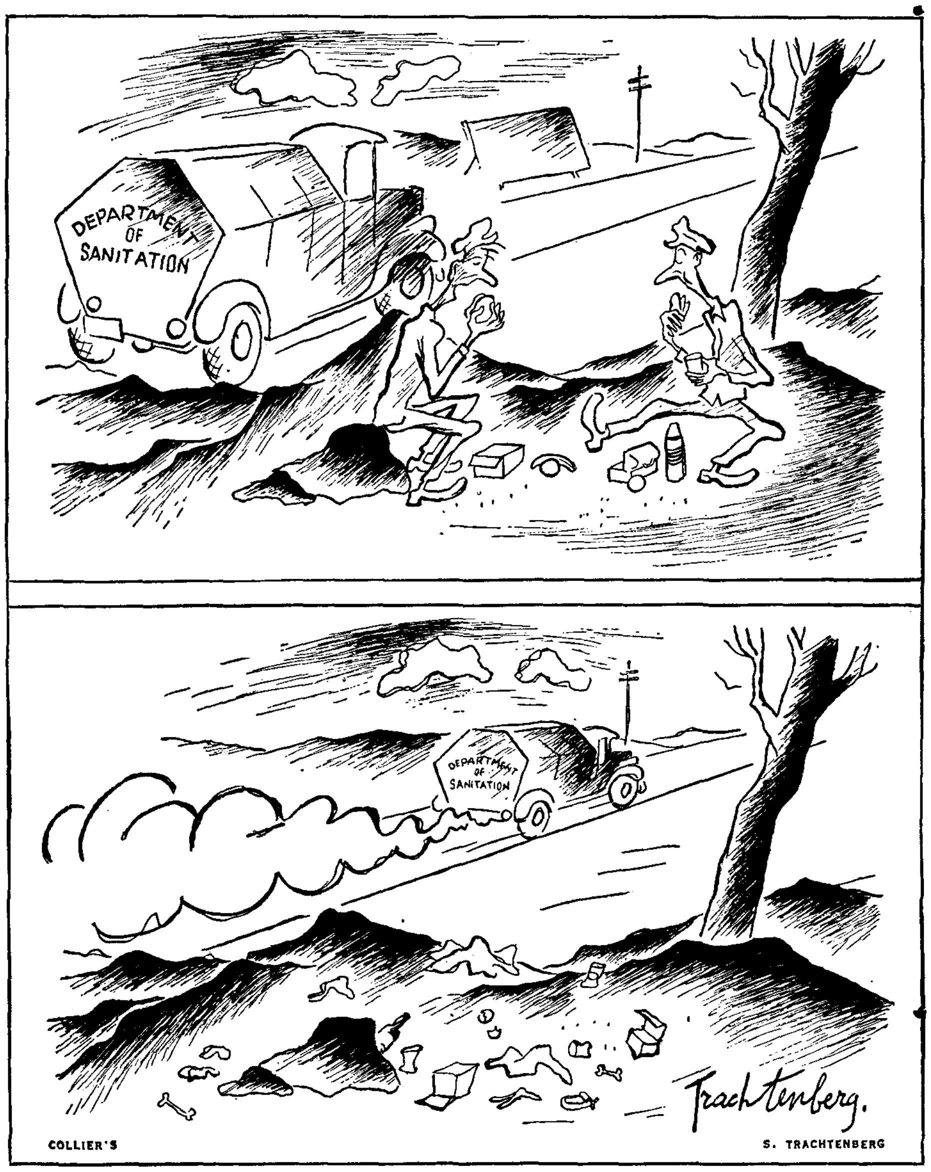
Morganquist smiled, and Baldwin B. DeVries shuddered violently.

TAIT said, "Think of the effect of that on a jury. Make it eighteen hundred cash. I'll consider the two hundred a down payment in advance."

"You have me," said Baldwin B. DeVries. "I capitulate unconditionally." He took a legal form and a fountain pen from his pocket and filled in the figures in the blank spaces. "Here."

"Sign it, Morganquist," Tait ordered. "Use all your names."

Morganquist scribbled reluctantly. Baldwin B. DeVries folded the form and put it



away and then sighed lengthily and began to count bills out on the drainboard.

"There, sir," he said. "You'll find the sum correct to the penny, and quite frankly I hope I have no further business dealings with you. I bid you adieu."

"Adieu," said Tait.

There was a dead silence in the kitchen for quite a while after the front door slammed, and then Petey said very slowly, "*He* paid *us* money?"

"Certainly," said Tait. "John O'Malley Jones was drunk or dreaming or lost in the fog—or all three—when he collided with Morganquist, and he figured it might tarnish his international reputation if that came out in the newspapers or in court. As long as he wanted to give money away, you might as well have it. Now you can pay the rent."

"Gee," said Morganquist, "and all the time I thought *we* was gonna pay *him* money."

"That's because you're so stupid!" Petey snapped. "I picked Jonathan Tait for your manager, didn't I? And is he smart or not? Remember, he got that dough just for having you smile and write your name. Did you ever have a manager like that before?"

"Gee, no," said Morganquist.

Petey looked at Tait. "Have you got a small bill on you? A one?"

"I guess so," said Tait, getting out his wallet. "Yes. Here."

Petey took it and gave it to Morganquist. "You can go down to the corner and get yourself some ice cream. But only one quart, remember. You come back here loaded down with two quarts, and I'll tear your arms off and beat you to death with the bloody ends."

"Okay," said Morganquist. "So long, Manager."

"So long, Morganquist."

Petey watched Tait with an air of earnest admiration. "You know, when you were sitting there and catching all those big words that lawyer bird threw at you and tossing them right back in his puss just as calm and cool as you please, I said to myself: 'Now there's a fella I'm going to know a whole lot better,' and so—"

THE telephone rang in the living room, and Petey padded in and answered it. "So, hello! . . . Who? . . . Sure, he's here. . . . Yes, he collected the rent, but that's the last he's going to collect for you, you old stinker, because he's now got a good job managing a wrestler, and don't you call up here and pester him any more, or I'll tear your ears off and feed 'em to you fried!"

She came back into the kitchen. "That'll hold him. Listen, Tait. You know that nice, soft way you talk . . . Can you talk that way to girls, too?"

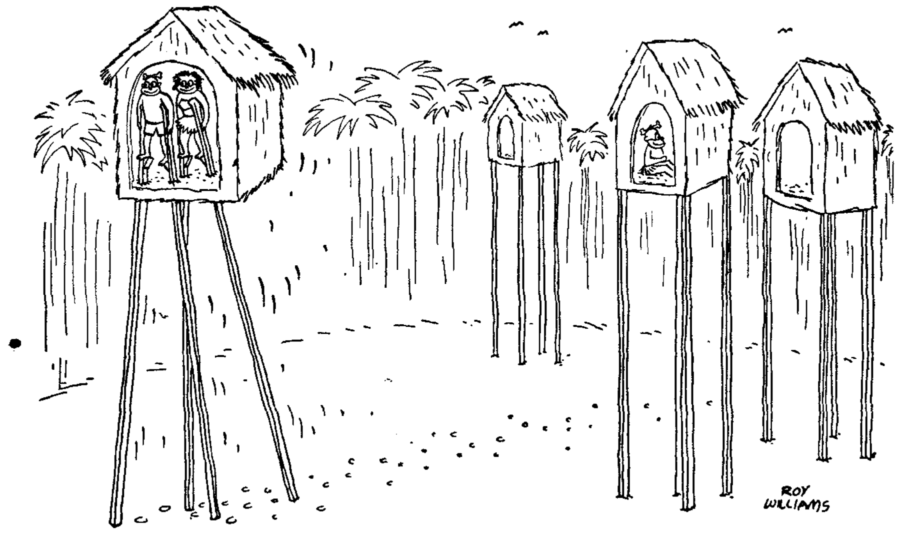
"Oh, yes, indeed," said Tait.

"Well," said Petey, swallowing hard, "could you talk that way to *me?*"

"Petey," said Tait, "it would be very difficult to talk any other way to anyone as neat and nifty and luscious and lissome as you are."

"Oh, boy!" said Petey.

THE END



COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

Any Week

Continued from page 4

up at our next Editorial Council along with other important subjects.

AND Mr. Frank Kavanaugh of Kansas City, Kansas, takes time to write no more nor any less than this: "I have been very lucky in that no one has ever tried to steal my wife. Moreover no one has ever tried to steal her husband. Maybe there's a reason. Maybe there are two reasons."

BUT Mr. Vic Caton of the Minneapolis, Minnesota, police department reports that after a much-wanted suspect surrendered in that city the Star-Journal announced it under the following headlines: "Bandit Suspect Gives Self Up. Denies Holdup. Was Busy Prowling, He Alibis." Minneapolis is divided into two camps about it. The more liberal element is insisting that things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't go out on a good prowl without having to put up with police interference.

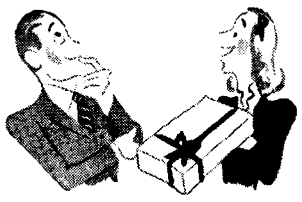
MR. E. E. COARK of Chicago, Illinois, is convinced that servicemen are not likely to become overgarrulous about their experiences. He met one who, minus one leg and bearing a considerable number of scars, had just been demobilized. The young fellow had been in uniform three years and had survived, in a manner of speaking, five Pacific landings. "Son," said Mr. Coark, "you've had quite an experience, haven't you?" And the G.I. replied: "Yes, sir, very educational."

"MY PAPER," says Mr. Clifford G. McSpaden of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, "tells me that the Steel Heads have been meeting with the President. It says nothing about the Meat Heads, but of course Mr. Truman has been surrounded by them ever since he took office."

AND Mr. Ord Cassaway of Nashville, Tennessee, after three pages of bitter criticism of our government, demands to know, "What would Andrew Jackson do?" If it weren't for Mr. Cassaway's next line we wouldn't have the vaguest idea. "Somebody," Mr. Cassaway goes on to explain, "would of ketched hell."

SOME time ago we published in this column an educational item beginning, "Overheard from a lady toward the end of a cocktail party." A lady in Collingswood, New Jersey, now writes: "I protest the word 'lady.' No lady would go to a cocktail party," she chides. "Maybe the new female, war-mannish toughs do, but no lady. By paying attention to such creatures you prove that you are—" Whereupon the lady in Collingswood ceases to be a lady. . . . W. D.

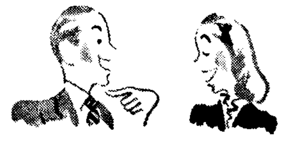
"FIRST—try to guess! Is it Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral?"



"Lemme see the box! I'd say . . . Vegetable!"

"Y-e-s, I guess so, hon. At least it's made of cotton—and cotton grows in the ground. Try again."

"Well . . . would my Birthday present just *possibly* have a collar, too?"



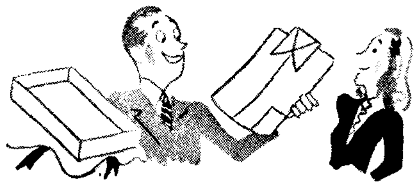
"Why, darling—you're clairvoyant! It just so happens that it *does* have a collar. The best-looking collar I've ever seen! But go ahead, continue the cross-questioning."

"Let . . . me . . . see. It wouldn't be a sailor's uniform—I'm just out of that.

Would my Birthday present—this is sheer chance, of course—have a *very special cut?* One that flatters a feller's figger?"

"It has! It absolutely has! My goodness, I didn't know I'd married a Mind Reader. You may as well proceed."

"This is just a shot in the dark. But could it bear a marvelous Sanforized label—and never shrink even 1%?"



"My, but my husband is *smart!* And your Birthday present's buttons are *anchored*, too. Honey, I scoured this town from end to end, and I finally found ONE of these stunning Arrow Shirts! Dealers say they're terribly scarce—and will be for some time yet. So treat this one with due respect—and Happy Birthday!"

"WHAT a wife! WHAT a Birthday! WHAT a shirt!"

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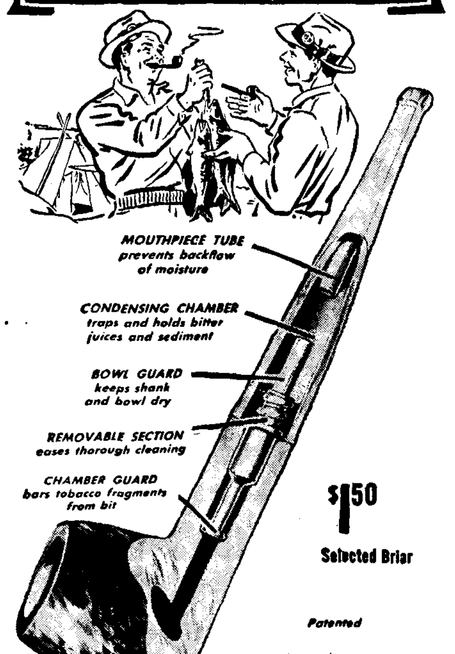
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What the Atomic Bomb Really Did

Continued from page 19

point on the ground directly below the explosion—nearly a half a mile away—was 11,952 pounds per square foot.

That meant that every square foot of the building exposed to the blast was slapped with a weight of nearly six tons. At a distance of 4,200 feet—about eight tenths of a mile—the pressure was 2,160 pounds a square foot. At nearly two miles, the blast was 201 pounds per square foot and at 2.65 miles, 144 pounds.

The United States Weather Bureau in Washington says that a 150-mile-an-hour wind, or a wind having a velocity 30 miles greater than the speed of the disastrous Miami hurricane of 1926, attains a pressure of 90 pounds a square foot. Thus, the atom bomb at Nagasaki exerted a pressure at 2,500 feet that was nearly 133 times the pressure that would be developed by a 150-mile wind. At 4,200 feet it was 24 times that pressure. At nearly two miles, two times. And at 2.65 miles, one-and-a-half times.

An atom bomb has two principal agencies for death and destruction, one nearly as formidable as the other. The first is blast. The second is heat. All bombs, conventional as well as atomic, exercise force in those forms. All of them blast and kill with a swift release of energy. But no conventional bomb of any size releases energy of the magnitude and with the speed of the atom bomb. The latter frees the power that binds the universe. It strikes the air with that power, and the air transmits the shock of this blow to the earth. It sets up a shock wave which is like a tremendous sound wave; or, in miniature, like the jar you feel at one edge of a table when you strike the other powerfully with a hammer.

The explosion of an atom bomb occurs in less than a millionth of a second. The chain splitting of its Plutonium atoms begins and ends in that tiny flicker of time. And for the instant of the burst, the temperature at its center is something like four million degrees Fahrenheit, or more than 700 times the temperature at which iron boils. This temperature rapidly cools, but remains very intense for comparatively long distances. Combustible materials and human flesh were burned and blistered in Japan at distances up to 1.5 miles.

Lethal Range of Atomic Blast

Investigations made in Hiroshima and Nagasaki showed that the wounding or killing range of atomic blast was about 6,500 feet. Blast has a three-way action. First comes the shock wave, then the sustained high pressure of hot air expanding and, following immediately afterward, a period of low pressure created by the dispersal of gases. All three actions injure human tissue. Casualties caused by radioactivity—that is, by the bombardment of the body cells by gamma radiations—are very low in proportion to those caused by other forces of the bomb. Persons close enough to the center of explosion to have received this kind of injury, in most cases, suffered lethal wounds from blast or heat or both.

Blast acts upon the body like the squeeze of an angry giant. The ribs are sharply pressed against the lungs, causing hemorrhages, followed by bleeding from the mouth and nose. In the high-pressure phase, organs of the body are quickly and heavily compressed, and for a considerable period of time in comparison with the blast action of a conventional bomb. In the low-pressure period, gases in the stomach and intestines tend to expand with explosive force, causing rupture.

Temperatures on the ground below the burst in the two Jap cities have been calculated, but the figures still are classified as secret by the War Department. That they were very high, certainly more than 1500 degrees centigrade, although cool in comparison with the sunlike temperatures in the fire ball, was evident from the instantaneous charring or combustion of black surfaces on buildings, dark clothing and flesh.

Japanese in dark clothing suffered gravely, since the darker shades of cloth, absorbing more heat than the lighter shades, were charred or set ablaze and the flesh beneath burned. Men in black-striped shirts were burned in strips. Heat stenciled dress figures onto the bodies of women. Colonel Stafford L. Warren, of the University of Rochester, Lieutenant Colonel Hymer L. Friedell, of the University of California, and other medical officers saw branded into the skin of many bomb victims the silhouettes of the little black identification patches worn by the Japs. Colonel Warren estimated that clothing, particularly if black, was burned 2,000 feet or more away from the explosion.

A Major Kukow, who identified himself as chief of staff of the Hiroshima military district, reported that the area of instantaneous combustion extended for two kilometers (1.2 miles) from the explosion center. Ripe wheat fields and pine forests were completely burned over, water was instantly consumed and fish were "totally burned" in a small shallow pond. Such was the heat at Nagasaki, that a man standing a mile and a half away received a severe burn on his face, and wooded hills 7,000 to 8,000 feet away were scorched.

When an atom splits, it is something like a shell bursting. It sprays out infinitesimal fragments and radiations at unimaginable speeds. Scientists call these radiations neutrons, infra-red rays, gamma rays and beta rays. Like tiny bullets, they strike the atoms and molecules of the body, imparting to them energy in the form of killing heat. The effect of these salvos, especially those of the gamma rays and some neutrons, is slowly to destroy certain body cells, particularly those of the bone marrow, spleen and white blood corpuscles.

Bone marrow is essential to the replenishment of new blood cells. Injured, it cannot perform this function, with the result that when ray-damaged blood cells die, the body's "blood bank" is unable to supply new ones. Bone marrow also contains the bodies that have to do with the ability of blood to clot or congeal. Lacking its clotting facilities, blood tends to seep out from its vessels into adjoining body tissues.

Often the first external evidence of radiation injury is reddish splotches on the skin indicating where blood hemorrhaged from its vessels. The pallor of the skin and a general weakness indicate destruction of blood cells. When a man is in this condition, the bite of an insect becomes a serious wound and to stop its bleeding is a problem. When the white blood corpuscles which attack bacteria die faster than they can be replaced, a sore throat or a fever blister is a dangerous infection.

Gamma radiation, like infra-red radiation, or heat, causes an almost instantaneous injury. The damage is done before the victim hears the explosion, as soon as he sees the light of the bursting bomb, before he feels the blast. A man in a house could suffer a fatal radiation injury and not know it. He could run out of his house before the blast knocked it down, thanking his lucky stars for his escape, only to die a few weeks later.

"Death or permanent injury need not be an inevitable consequence of exposure to gamma radiation," Colonel Warren said. "A healthy person, moderately exposed, should recover if the probability of his exposure is realized early enough and proper treatment given. But the average Jap civilian was not healthy. He was overworked and half starved. And he generally was not aware that gamma radiation can penetrate even heavy concrete walls, that anyone within 2,000 feet of the burst was likely to become a radiation casualty.

"Since radiation damage is cumulative, it is slow acting. It takes from four days to two months for its symptoms to appear. For that reason, the Japs at first thought the ground and rubble in their wrecked cities had been made radioactive by the explosions and that secondary radiation was injuring their people."

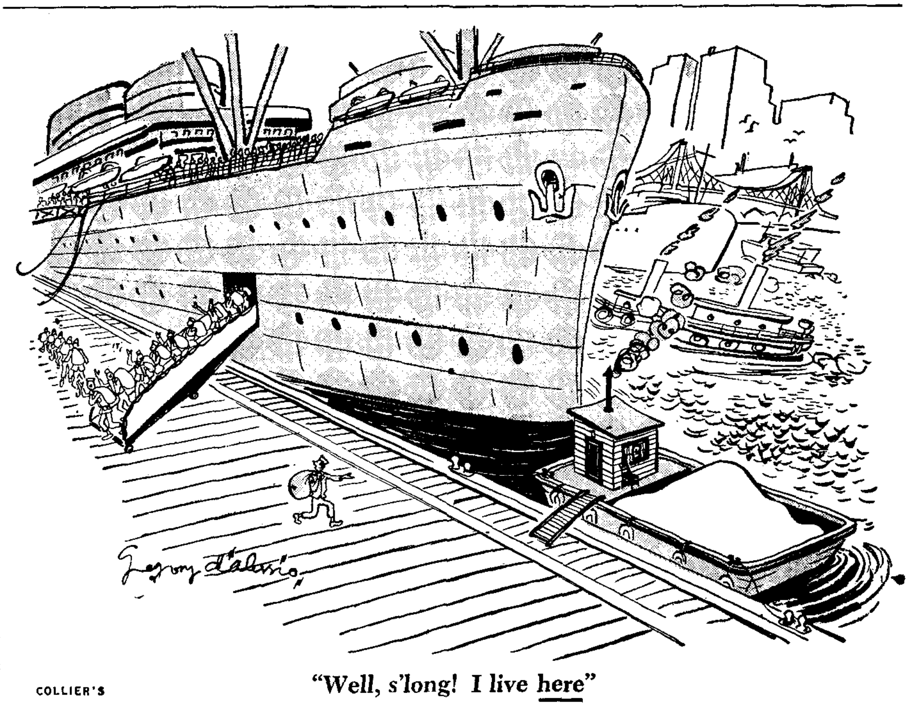
Altitude Still a Secret

Colonel Warren and his associates found that radioactivity left by the explosion was too light to harm persons remaining in the area. Japanese scientists confirmed this finding. Clearly, the atomic bomb is primarily a blast weapon. It was dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki to explode at an altitude that was calculated to produce the widest possible damage. That altitude is still a secret. Japanese observers estimated that the bombs were detonated at 550 meters, or about 1,800 feet, from the ground.

What the bomb will do to shipping, particularly to warships, will not be known until actual tests are made at sea this summer. Some physicists, however, have evolved theories of what the bomb would do at sea. A blast equivalent to that produced by 20,000 tons of TNT, some of the scientists said, might produce, if exploded over the water, a tidal wave measuring 100 feet from trough to crest and running to a distance of more than 1,000 feet from the explosion center. Others thought the range might be greater than 1,000 feet. The size of the wave would be ample, it was thought, to capsize the largest ships.

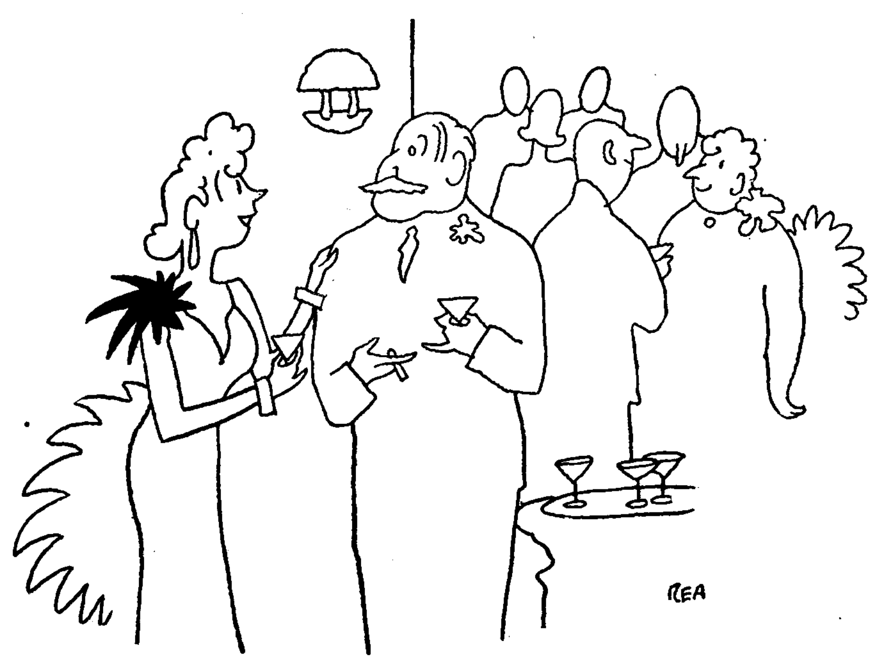
In shallow harbors with wide entrances, such a wave might push the water out to sea and drop ships to the bottom, breaking their backs. Blast and heat, it was reasoned, certainly would wreck warship superstructures and put out of action most of the personnel

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



COLLIER'S

"Well, s'long! I live here"



"I knew you were English, the second I heard you try to talk!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

not below decks. Possibly, some of the dangers of atomic assault on a naval task force could be minimized by widening the distances that now commonly separate fighting ships in formation.

Good results from underwater blast, it was thought, could not be expected unless bombs could be made to explode at water depths in proportion to distances from their targets. At depths of a half mile, it was believed, the blast might be lethal to capital ships at that surface distance.

Since the type of fuse now used in the bomb is extremely delicate, most experts agreed that it would be apt to detonate at or close to the surface of the water, thus expending some of its force in the air.

The bomb probably will have to be redesigned before it will be fully effective underwater against ships, or before it can be made to penetrate and blow up heavy military fortifications of steel and reinforced concrete, although heavy casualties could be expected among their garrisons. Our authorities decided to use it against land targets rather than against the Jap navy, as they originally had hoped to do, partly because of the limitations of its present design and partly because most of the Jap fleet had been sunk by the time the bomb was ready.

Against industrial areas or against military installations—barracks, supply depots and particularly air bases—where construction generally is similar to that in the factories of Nagasaki, the present bomb is a one-punch, knockout weapon.

If an A-Bomb Blasted New York

Major General Thomas F. Farrell was in charge of preparations for the atom bombing of Japan, and headed the September survey party as the deputy of Major General Leslie R. Groves, chief of the Manhattan Engineer District, the War Department agency that managed the bomb's production. General Farrell is convinced that an atomic explosion over a city like New York would "blow nearly everything to bits within a mile and a half radius and kill or wound all but 15 per cent of the people in the area."

That would be a circular area of approximately seven square miles. It would cover most of Manhattan below Twenty-sixth Street. At the tip and on the sides it would overlap into the Hudson and East rivers, and on the west it would cover a thin strip of the Jersey City shore. On the east it would take in the Brooklyn Heights and part of the Borough Hall sections of Brooklyn, and the Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg bridges.

The economic heart of the nation beats in that area. There are the Bank of Manhattan, the Woolworth Building, once tallest in the world, the old Singer Building, the New York and Metropolitan Life buildings. There are the Municipal Building and the City Hall, seat of the city's government. Just outside the area stands the helpless cluster of ancient brick buildings of Bellevue Hospital. The center of this area would be a little east of Broadway and a little north of Canal Street. That would be the ground center of atomic explosion.

The bomb would burst hundreds of feet in the air as did the bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It would explode in a blaze of light as brilliant as a thousand suns. The light and a wave of heat would strike throngs in the streets at the same instant. The clothing of thousands would be charred without catching fire, as an overheated flat iron would consume a delicate fabric. The clothing of many would blaze and their flesh would be horribly and mortally burned.

When the Shock Wave Strikes

Thousands yet unhurt would have about ten seconds left to live since the bomb would have a second, and more terrible, blow to deliver. That would be the shock wave. It would come with the speed of sound, more leisurely than the light-speed of the heat. It would be followed by a rush of air, and this also in multihurricane pressures as superheated atmospheric gases would swiftly expand, pushing air away from the point of burst in 1,000-mile-an-hour winds.

Thus the momentum of this blast would not quickly expire as in the explosion of conventional bombs. It would drive around corners and up side streets. It would hurdle obstacles.

The vast majority of the great, modern buildings in this area—or in any American city—would suffer far more severely from atomic punishment than did the best Japanese structures whose frames and walls of heavily reinforced concrete were stoutly tied together to resist earthquakes.

New York's buildings—as in all big U.S. cities—generally are of steel frame with relatively thin, curtainlike masonry walls. They were made to endure several hurricane pressures, but not ten or twenty or one hundred. They would fly apart as though they themselves were bombs and someone had lighted their fuses. Most of their walls would vanish to flying fragments of brick and stone, and the bomb would use them as missiles and stone people to death. Only the structural steel would be left, and in some cases, not all of that.

Some of the taller buildings would be broken near their tops. It is probable that the Woolworth Building, above the fiftieth floor, would be reduced to a twisted skeleton of steel, if indeed a part of it were not torn away completely. The balance of the building would be without walls, except for a few panels in isolated and shielded sections. Similarly, the Municipal Building might lose its tower; certainly its stone facing would be ripped away. The older buildings, with many

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of their structural members in masonry, would virtually disintegrate.

Some of the buildings of Bellevue Hospital are of brick, unsupported by frameworks of steel, and brick and mortar alone do not well withstand blast. It is likely that a number of them would be knocked apart from a distance of more than a mile and a half.

Since enormous reserve strength is a characteristic of suspension bridges, the Brooklyn, Williamsburg and Manhattan bridges probably would escape critical damage, but a mile or more of the Third Avenue Elevated would roll over with its trains and their passengers.

A Dead Land Ravaged By Fire

Manhattan below Twenty-sixth Street would be a nearly dead land with many fires burning in wooden parts of the wreckage. In the major blast area alone, according to census figures and traffic counts, a million and a quarter persons would have been living and working. Probably over a million of them would be killed or injured. But death and destruction would extend well beyond this region. The Empire State Building, nearly two miles away from the explosion center, would probably be damaged. Roof damage to Pennsylvania Station would be likely, and not even Grand Central Terminal, nearly two and a half miles away, would wholly escape. In this area of lesser damage, casualties from flying building parts would be high.

The only hope for cities in a world without atomic power control, General Farrell believes, is to rebuild them of heavily reinforced concrete, or, better, to put them underground. Concrete structures in Hiroshima and Nagasaki stood up against atomic blasting, but their interiors were eaten out with fire and many people in them died. And a concrete wall three feet thick would be barely heavy enough to shield a man from the atomic rays, released by the bomb, that injure body tissue.

Furthermore, the bombs that exploded over the Japanese cities were among the first three atomic bombs ever made. They were experimental bombs, since science is only at the threshold of atomic discoveries, and they may contrast with atomic bombs twenty years hence much as the first feeble flight of the Wright Brothers contrasts with the performance of today's aircraft.

Before the morning of August 9th, Nagasaki was a modern industrial community built around a concentration of heavy industry operated by the Mitsubishi firm. For about two miles along the Urakami River stretched the Mitsubishi Steel and Arms Works of light steel-frame buildings, similar to United States factories. This was a huge aggregation of war plants—open-hearth furnaces, a rolling mill and ordnance shops.

About two miles to the north, past the baseball park and the stadium and up the narrow valley the river has cut through the hills, was the Mitsubishi-Urakami Ordnance Plant where torpedoes were produced for the Imperial Navy. This, too, was a major industrial assembly with buildings of light steel and brick and one of heavy reinforced concrete. Nagasaki was a city of 280,000 persons, but only the most essential workers remained in the industrial area. These numbered 120,000. Atomic cataclysm came to Nagasaki at 10:58 A.M. on August 9th.

It was more than a half mile from that point to the beginning of the steel works to the south and about 4,000 feet to the edge of the sprawling factories to the north. The steel works was a total ruin, a litter of corrugated metal roofing and walls and entanglement of steel frame, as though it had been trampled by some monstrous animal from the north end to the south, 3,000 feet farther from the blast center. The ordnance plant suffered as badly, save for the reinforced concrete building, a torpedo research shop.

The Nagasaki Medical School is the oldest and biggest in Japan. It is an assemblage of 12 five-story concrete buildings of the highest quality in the island, situated from 200 to 400 feet above the valley. Its nearest structures were about 1,400 feet from the explosion center, its farthest ones about 2,000 feet. From a distance, it did not appear to Colonel Stafford L. Warren, University of Rochester radiologist and chief medical officer of the Manhattan Engineer District, as though the buildings had been damaged very much—if at all.

"But when you got up there," he said, "you found that some of the interiors had the hell knocked out of them. Big bronze doors with bronze hinges had been ripped away. Glass in windows had held just long enough for the blast to bear against steel window frames and tear them out of the concrete. Fires had sprung up in dozens of places and had swept through the wooden ceilings and floors after the blast had torn and short-circuited electric wiring.

"Combustible materials of all sorts—parquet floors, wood wainscoting, ceilings and auditorium stage floors—had been consumed with no charred fragments or ashes remaining."

Not all of the concrete buildings in Nagasaki endured the blast without major external damage, as did the medical school structures. Some were wrecked or severely damaged within a half-mile radius. Nine-inch reinforced concrete walls were destroyed 2,000 feet from the center, while a prison with eight-inch concrete walls was utterly demolished.

The closest prison structures to the blast were 1,000 feet away, the most distant 2,600 feet. Concrete chunks from the farthest walls were carried 70 feet by the blast.

The Holocaust of Nagasaki

This is how the Japanese summarized the extent of the catastrophe: Not an inhabitant of the city survived in an area with a radius of one kilometer (.621 miles) from the center. If they were outside buildings, they burned to death in the explosion's direct heat. If inside, they were either crushed by falling buildings or trapped to die in fires. In an area with a radius of from one to two kilometers (1.2 miles) from the center, almost all persons were killed, either by concussion or heat. All buildings in the two-kilometer area were knocked down and burned. From two to four kilometers away, about half the inhabitants were killed and about half injured by fire and flying fragments, and nearly all the buildings were destroyed. In an area with radius of from four to eight kilometers from the center (2.48 to 4.9 miles), about half the populace was injured and approximately half the buildings were destroyed. Up to 15 kilometers (9.3 miles), a few were injured by splintering glass. Casualties among the 120,000 persons in the industrial area of Nagasaki were found to have been nearly 90 per cent.

Such was the sustained power of the Nagasaki blast that, blocked by hills in some directions, it turned and pushed up ravines and even fought its way over smaller rises. Mogi is seven miles from the center. It was sheltered by a series of steep hills, at least 600 feet high. Ten per cent of the glass in Mogi's buildings was blown out.

Kamigo is about four and a half miles from the center. It, too, was shielded by steep hills. About 15,000 Mitsubishi workers lived in barracks there. Several lightly made buildings collapsed.

No Adequate Word for the Terror

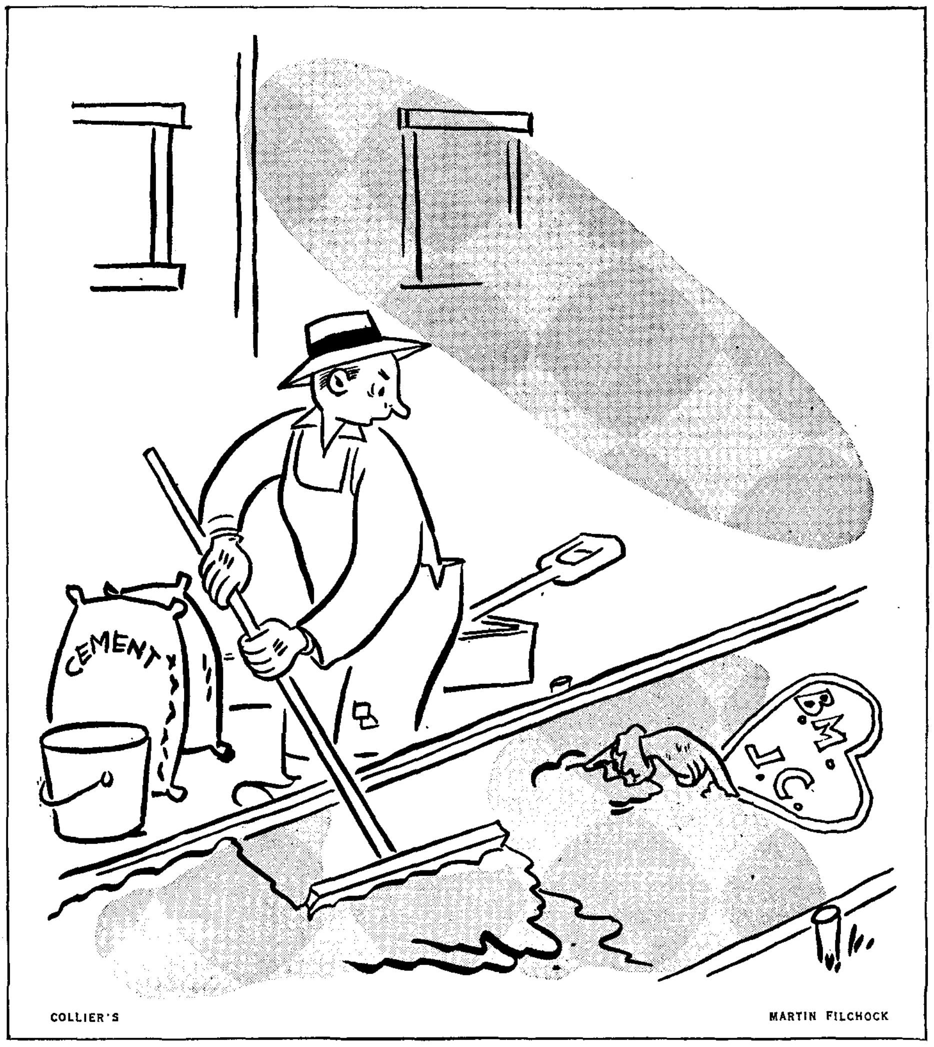
The damage done to Japan by the two atomic bombs, and the knowledge of what similar bombs would do to American cities, have impelled General Farrell to search for a new word for the weapon. He wants a word strong enough to describe the terror of atomic power.

"This isn't a bomb at all," he said. "The use of the word bomb carries with it a completely inaccurate idea of what this thing does. That cataclysmic package we delivered at Nagasaki carried the wallop of more than 20,000 tons of TNT. Can you imagine anyone making and using a bomb with an explosive charge weighing as much as an aircraft carrier? Can you imagine any conventional bomb that could take a city of 350,000 persons, destroy it, kill outright more than 58,000 of its people, fatally injure 75,000 more, according to Japanese estimates, and wipe out, almost instantly, its facilities for defense and combating disaster?

"Suppose it were possible to make a conventional bomb with all of its weight in explosives. It would take 2,000 B-29s to carry 20,000 tons of TNT. It would take more than 112,000 men—maintenance crews, communications, engineering, photographic and intelligence experts, medical officers, etc.—to provide the services necessary to put 2,000 B-29s into the air. The planes alone would represent an outlay of one billion dollars.

"One B-29 atom-bombed Japan."

THE END



COLLIER'S MARTIN FILCHOCK

Names We Give Our Children

Continued from page 26

names requires a little thought to avoid disagreeable sounds. Grant Wood and James Joyce are excellent, but Maude Wood and Joel Joyce may be challenged as unpleasant to the ear. It seems more desirable to link a one-syllable name with one that is polysyllabic, e.g., Clark Gable, Emily Post, Dorothy Dix.

This suggests a simple method for dressing up a common surname. Smith, Brown, Johnson, Williams, Jones and the like, call for distinctive first names—like Isham Jones or Hiram Johnson. Conversely, a common first name of the John or Charles order helps bring an unusual surname down to solid earth, for instance, John Dos Passos or Charles Kettering.

In reality, all it takes to give a child a name of which he can be proud is a little forethought. Some parents wish so hard for a boy or a girl that they make only one choice and are left with a good name for the wrong sex in the christening crisis. Then they try to convert feminine to masculine or vice versa, sometimes with horrible results.

Were it not for the question of what to put on the birth certificate, it would be better to postpone the christening until the child is old enough to choose for himself. This was the custom among some ancient peoples, puberty or manhood becoming the time for decision rather than birth.

If you must name your children while they are still too young to protest, you might follow this list of do's and don'ts:

DON'T

1. Make a pun.
2. Make the name a freak.
3. Make it a tongue twister.
4. Make it too commonplace.
5. Make it rhyme.
6. Make it too fancy.

DO

1. Make it dignified.
2. Make it distinctive.
3. Make it easy to say.
4. Make it last.

Naturally, if you get stuck, and it's a boy, you can always call him Junior!

THE END

In Her Own Way

Continued from page 30

swore to myself I'd be a woman for him, and he should worship me yet.

I said to Andy that night at the local dance, "When does a girl start being a woman, Andy?" He answered me idly, his eyes on the couples grouping on the floor, "Aw—when she's knocked around a bit, kitten. Had a lot of blokes hanging after her and stuff like that."

"That wouldn't be me," I said thoughtfully, "I haven't had a lot of boys."

"You could've, though, kitten." He turned on the narrow form that lined the wall, and looked at me. "It's hard to tell from *your* face whether you're still just a kid or not. Hard for other blokes, I mean. *I* know, of course."

"*You* know?" I said witheringly, but he only laughed at me, his nice brown eyes crinkling up to mere slits, the way Andy always laughed.

I drew a circle in the sawdust with my toe. "Well, how does a girl go on, a woman that is, what does she say and all that?"

He gave a bit of a sheepish grin, "Aw—you know, Viv. They talk about other chaps. You know where you are with them."

"Do you?" I said slowly, looking searchingly at him.

"Oh, for gosh sake!" he laughed. "You're the funniest kid. Come on. Let's do the Sets."

ONE day when we were all down the creek together Richard asked me about Andy. The kids had the dog at a rabbit in the stone wall, and we sat alone on the bank. That is, I sat. Richard was lying full length in the sun on his back, with his hands over his eyes. I was trying to make small, flat stones skid along the water.

"I wish I could do this," I said, talking to myself, almost, "Andy can do it beautifully. But then Andy's so terribly good at most things."

Richard took his hands away from his eyes and squinted at me. "Is he? You think a lot of Andy, don't you?"

I felt suddenly that he was jealous, and it filled me with a new sensation that was very exhilarating.

"He's nice, don't you think?" I said, slyly. "I've grown up with him, you know. But it's only lately I've realized how nice Andy can be."

"And are you very nice to Andy?" he wanted to know, half-seriously.

"Why not?" I said lightly. "He's very attractive, and I'm always nice to attractive men."

"Others besides Andy?"

I laughed down into Richard's face. It was not really my sort of laugh at all. "Cleopatra was my great-great-grandmother," I told him.

He grabbed my arm hard. "Is that what you want me to believe?"

"Believe what suits you," I said, because I couldn't think of anything else to say. And I stood up, bracing myself against the breeze, my arms stretched above my head. It was not altogether an unconscious pose.

I read a lot those days. I read everything I could lay my hands on. Every book Richard ever mentioned, plays and poetry and novels. All that was called modern and sophisticated and that I thought could teach me about life and being a woman. Especially how a woman spoke and acted when she was in love. I had a most retentive memory and there were lines, scraps of dialogue, snatches of hard-bitten philosophy that appealed to me as particularly adult.

SOMETIMES I tried them out on Richard, when they were apt, and was rewarded by the new interest that would come into his expression.

All the time the nearness of him was like a sun, warming me, and I felt brimful of the sweetness of loving, like a heavy-headed rose, rich with mysterious bloom. Sometimes I felt I could hardly bear it, the indefinable yearning toward him that I was afraid to analyze.

Richard shocked me into full comprehension of it the Saturday of the Council meeting. . . .

I drove up for the mail that morning, and as I came back through the yard gate, to my surprise Richard walked out of the house to help me unharness the horse.

I threw him the reins. "What are you doing here?" I asked, because he wasn't expected.

"I brought back those sheep that got through the gully fence."

I wished then that I'd worn something nicer up the road. It was a warm spring day and I had on a skirt I knew was too tight for me, but all right in the cart, sitting down; and an old shirt-blouse.

I was about to climb down out of the cart, when he put up his arms and lifted me down.

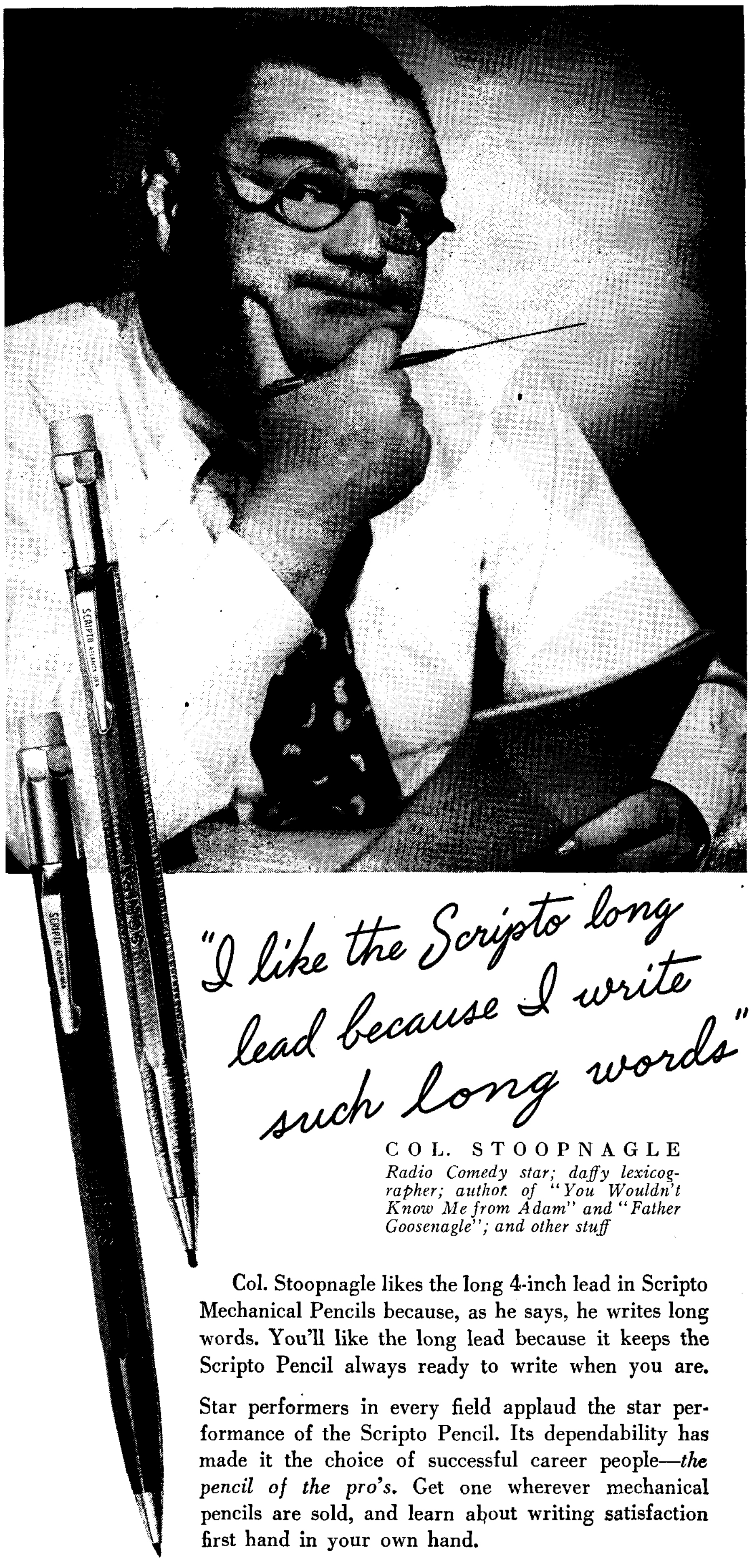
It was the first time he'd ever held me.

Richard set me down and went around the other side of the horse to unbuckle the traces.

I took the side opposite him. We moved together in silent synchronization.

We unhooked the traces from the swing bar, first to him, then to me. We looped the traces round and tied them in loose knots. I went to the mare's head and he held the shafts while I led her out.

I stooped to unfasten the girth and felt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my blouse strain across my back and the heat from the horse on my chest where the collar gaped open.

I felt Richard standing across from me and it was as though he put his hands on me then, although he never moved an inch.

We undid the reins and threaded them through the hames. He unbuckled the crupper and lifted off the harness, his arms high across the mare's back, the sun glinting on the golden hairs on his strong wrists and casting shadows under the rolled sleeves of his blue shirt.

Even now I can see the broken button at his tanned neck.

I raised my arms and held the collar up while he unbuckled it and slipped it off. We went to the mare's head together, but it was I who reached up to the bridle strap.

He put his hand on the bit and looked across at me over the horse's nose.

I felt the blood rise in my neck and face and my lips seemed full and loose. I wet them. I pushed the damp curls off my forehead.

"What is it?" I said, and my voice was a whisper.

He kept looking at me with those light, bright eyes of his. He stood very still.

I felt as though I was falling asleep on my feet, heavy, lethargic.

"Your mother and father are going to the Council meeting tonight. Are you?"

"I'm minding the kids," I said slowly, with an effort.

"Shall I come then? After they're asleep?"

"Yes," I said, almost stupidly. "Yes. Come then."

The sun struck hotly down on the cobblestones in front of the stable. The hay inside smelt sharply sweet. Down the yard a bit, a solitary magpie showed clear black and white against the short green grass, and the mare drooped lazily between us, steamy with sweat. A botfly buzzed around her hocks.

I pulled off the bridle and stood away from her, giving her a slap on the rump. The sharp clack of her shoes on the stones brought us back to normal.

Mother came, calling to me, from the dairy. I grabbed up the mail from under the cart seat and ran into the house.

THE twins were still shouting out from their room when Richard came back that night.

I went to the wire door at the back when I heard his step and cautioned him. "The boys are still awake," I whispered. "Don't talk. If they know you're here they'll want to come out. Lottie's asleep and Ron's gone with Mother and Dad."

"Let's go in the front room," he said. "We can shut the door."

It was chilly in the front room and dim with only one small lamp lighted. I moved toward the chair near the light and started to sit down.

"Come here," Richard said from the window.

I didn't want to leave the little friendly circle of light by the lamp. I felt the space between us cold, yet inside my clothes I was warm with a kind of burning.

He held me cruelly hard against his rough coat.

Beyond his shoulder, I could see through the window to the pines around the house and down over the northwest paddock. We had wheat in, that year, and it was standing waist-high and silvery in the moonlight. It looked like a picture on a movie screen. It was all unreal, like things you see in the pictures about life in America. Myself and Richard standing there in the cold, dark room, the house deadly silent now the children were sleeping.

Richard's hands were in my hair, forcing back my head.

Then Lottie cried out in her sleep. She woke, still crying, and called out. "Mumma! Mumma! Vivvy, I want Mumma!"

I stood stock-still in Richard's arms. Our two hearts beat audibly in the stillness.

I heard Lottie get out of bed and come running down the passage.

I met her at the door. "What's the matter, darling?"

She flung her arms around my knees and hid her head in my skirt sobbing.

"Baby! Baby! What is it?" I knelt down and unclasped her hands and lifted her in her long white nightie up into my arms.

"A Thing came," she sobbed, her tears falling hot on my neck. "It sat on my chest and it was heavy, Viv'enne. So heavy, and black!"

"There," I soothed her. "There. There. It's gone now. Viv'enne's got you. There. There, darling."

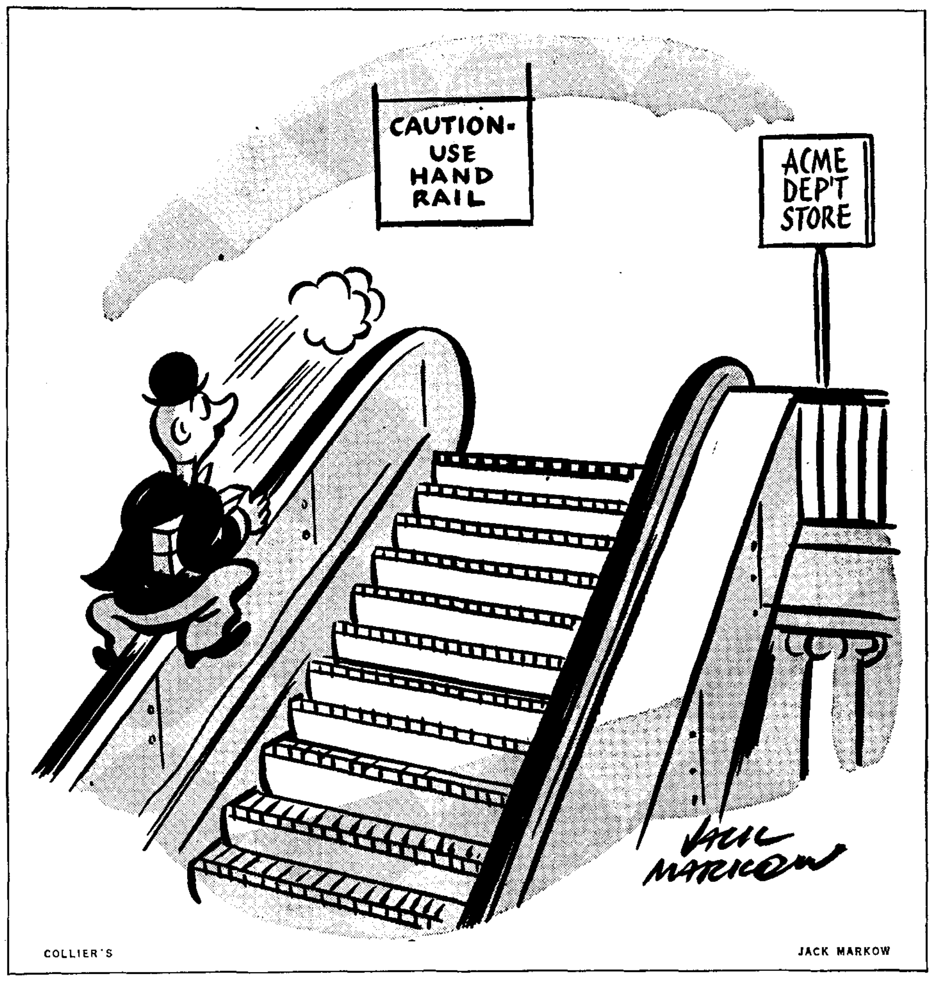
Richard moved, and abruptly Lottie gulped back her sobs and looked around her.

"What y're doing in here?" she wanted to know. "Oh, Richard's here. Hullo, Richard."

"Let's go in the kitchen," I said, "and get warm, eh?"

NOTHING would do but Richard must carry her. We went back to the kitchen and put her in Dad's old chair by the stove and pacified her with hot milk and biscuits. But she refused to go back to bed. "It's late as late," she declared. "It'll soon be Sunday. I may as well stay up till Mumma comes." Nothing would shift her.

But soon her little head drooped with sleep and she slid down into the chair.



COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

Richard put his coat over her. "Would she wake if I lifted her?" he asked.

"Better leave her," I said. I didn't really want Lottie to go. He covered her carefully and turned the lamp down to a mere glimmer.

Then we looked at each other across the lamplit kitchen. "Well?" he asked me softly.

I took my cue from a magazine I'd read that day. There was an illustration to a story of a woman in a revealing red evening dress speaking to a man in tails. The lines under it I spoke to Richard now. I don't know why, but they seemed to me appropriate.

"I'm a bad woman, Richard," I said recklessly. "But please kiss me."

In his arms again I hid my face in his neck, like Lottie had done in mine. It was strange to be loving him and fearing him together. He drew me down into a chair with him.

Richard talked to me of love, and this was easy for me, because I knew the words to match his own. There was an abandoned joy in saying them, and although I knew what I said inflamed him, I seemed to have no control of my tongue.

The fire burnt low in the open range. The room was almost dark, and the heavy quiet only broken by the movement of Richard's shoulders against the leather chair back and his breathing, quick and harsh.

The sound of that urgent breath filled me with panic. I pulled away from him.

"Don't think you can stop now," he whispered fiercely. "You can't turn me on and off like a tap, you know."

"Don't!" I gasped, "I don't want—"

"Don't lie to me." He wrenched me around and looked into my face. "I want you," he said, loudly, "and I won't be put off now. You know you want me too. Say it. Say you want me."

"Richard," I breathed. "Richard." My voice seemed to come from far away. It was not me at all. It was someone else, in a book—a play. "Richard, my darling. There isn't any little particle of you I don't know, remember, and want."

"My God," he whispered slowly. "My God."

Suddenly he frowned, and his hands dropped. "What did you say? I believe you were quoting! This is a hell of a time to quote Coward at a man. Now I come to think of it—yes, that piece you said before, about the body—I'll swear that was out of Lawrence. My God, Vivienne! Has all your fiery love talk been just quotations? I believe it has." He took a deep breath. He was staring at me with new eyes.

"You've often been just quoting, haven't you?" he accused me, slowly. "I don't know why I didn't wake up before. Now I understand why all the provocative things you've said to me have always seemed so familiarly exciting. And I thought . . ." He gave a short, mirthless laugh.

I put my hands up as though he'd struck at me. "Don't laugh. Don't laugh at me! I didn't know what to say to you—myself—about the way I feel. I wanted to be a woman for you. So you would—worship—me!"

I threw myself down in the chair and cried into my hands.

He lifted me up, but his arms were different now. "Vivienne! Child! Don't cry. Why, you poor kid. Hell, I've been a blind fool. There," he said to me, as though I were Lottie, "there, there."

I cried on, and they were bitter, unrelieving tears. My silly little pretenses had been uncovered and now he knew me for the inexperienced girl I really was. And I knew in my heart I was not adequate for him. He had no real love for me. It had just been a physical thing all along, because I'd made it so. In that moment of knowledge I suffered as I had never thought to suffer. I cried too for my illusion of him. It was no god that I had loved, just a very ordinary man.

Richard sat with me on his lap and gave me gentle little caresses, but when my tears dried I left his arms and standing with my back to him, my hand on the mantelpiece over the stove, and my face against my arm, I tried to say something to help us both.

The last red embers in the firebox threw little flickers of light over Lottie's tumbled fair hair, and cast me mercifully into the shadows.

"I'm sorry Richard," I told him stiffly. "I hope you'll forget all this. I know I've been cheap and silly. I just want you to remember I do love you. Not like you thought, but in my own way. As much as I can. Really, Richard."

He got up and put a comradely arm around my back. He turned me around to him, lifting my chin in his hand.

"Don't fret, little one," he said vaguely, "I understand how it is with you. Do you know how it is with me, I wonder. Never mind. Some day"—he put his fingers lightly over my heart—"you'll love me as well, here, as here—" and he touched my head. "Won't you?"

I looked up at him, only half comprehendingly, and then the veranda door opened and Mother came in.

She was laden to the eyes with rugs and wraps and an umbrella and a lantern, and as we went to help her we had a moment to pull ourselves together, and Richard gave some more or less coherent account of his presence.

I made a great show of bustling about putting on the kettle and stoking up the fire, and in the midst of all the confusion Lottie woke and hurled herself on Mother and began a garbled account of her bad dream.

THEN in the middle of it all there was a pause, and by one of those curious chances the silence was broken by almost everyone saying my name. Dad called to me from outside to take something, Max yelled for some supper, Mother gave me some direction as she picked up Lottie to carry her in to bed.

Everyone laughed and Lottie, looking back over Mother's shoulder, said sleepily, "Everyone wants Vivvy. Dad and Max and Mumma. And I want her to come to bed, and Richard—Richard wants Vivvy to do something too. I heard him say it, so loud, when I was asleep!"

I felt my heart had simply stopped.

"Indeed," Mother said smoothly, but her fine dark eyebrows quirked up, and she gave me that narrow, watchful-eyed look that only a mother can. I knew in that moment that nothing had escaped her when she came in. "And what does Richard want Vivvy to do?"

My heart twisted painfully, but I didn't try to speak. I knew Richard was quite capable of laughing this off himself.

He lifted his chin and looked back at Mother steadily. "I want her to marry me," he said.

This, too, is just something in the pictures, I thought wildly. It can't really be happening. I looked from Richard's face to Mother's, amazingly, wonderfully bewildered. Their glances held. It was like a duel when the swords cross and catch. Mother's eyes, that mine are so like, seemed to look into his soul and measure it.

When at last she spoke she asked dryly, "Are you quite sure?"

"Yes. Quite sure," Richard said. "Not just yet, of course. When she grows up a little. All right?"

Mother actually laughed, her light, gay laugh. She hoisted Lottie higher in her arms. "All right," she echoed him agreeably. "Now that's settled we'll put this baby down. My goodness, it's past midnight!"

Lottie suddenly bobbed up over Mother's shoulder again. "Is it Sunday yet?" she wanted to know.

"Yes, just," Mother said.

Lottie smiled, with immense satisfaction. She stiffened in Mother's arms and took a deep breath.

"I bar the big chair!" she yelled.

THE END

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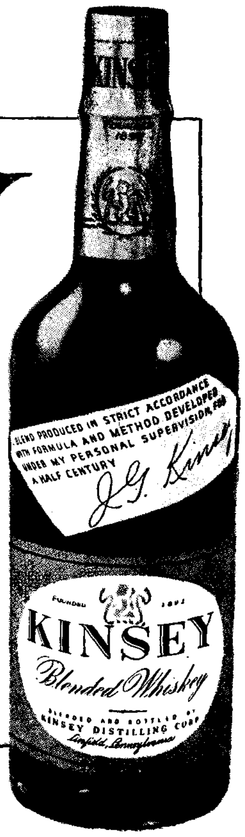
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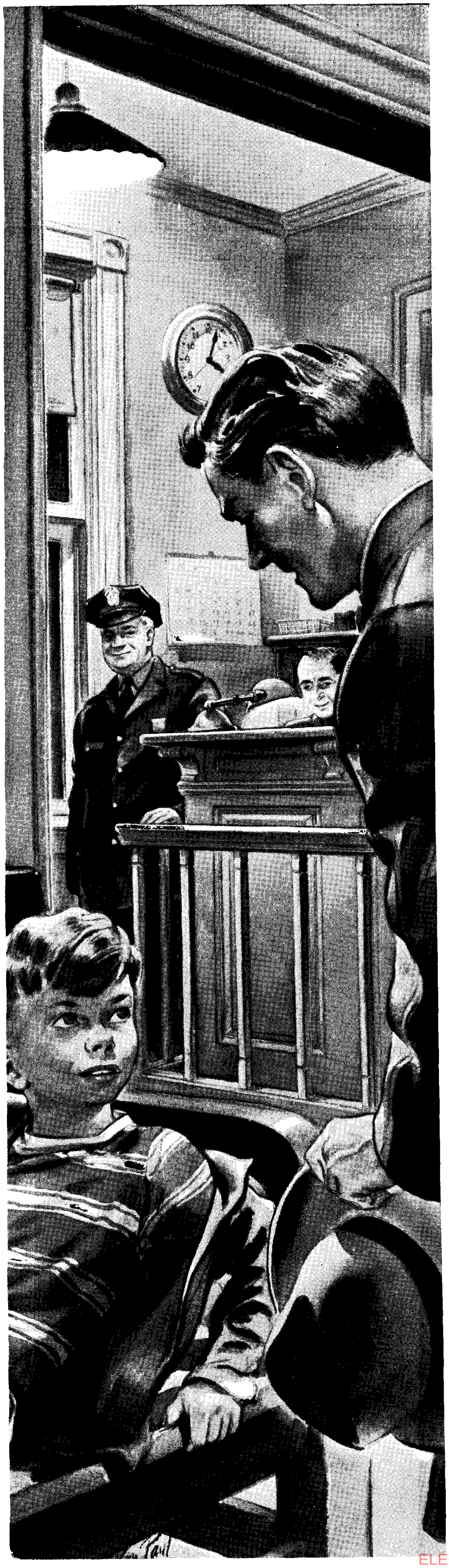


Looking for the Sky

BY CHARLES ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN PAUL

AT THIS moment, the boy had a strange sense of being two people; he could look back and see, still be, the person he had just been, and at the same time he could see and feel what he was now. He closed his eyes again, and the darkness was only a shade darker than the dawn that was stealing through Central Park.

His name was Wilberforce Trelawny Morton, but everybody called him Chuck. He hated his real names and never truly understood the family reasons for having been given them. He hated other things, too, with an intensity that sometimes made him feel sick. One of the things he hated was New York City, the long, straight streets and the towering buildings. He hated the sidewalks, too, that imprisoned the earth beneath, and the subtle choking smells. He remembered a poem that had been read to him. It started, *One misty, moisty morning . . .* He didn't care much about poems, as a rule, but he liked this one, because it brought into his mind the things he loved.

One of the things he loved best was the country. He had lived in the country almost all his life and he loved especially the very early morning, when the grass was wet with dew and cold on his bare feet. Plenty of times he had risen before dawn and sneaked downstairs and out into the dim, dark world to watch the thinning of the night as the early day flushed across the sky.

When he knew that he was going to move to New York he was interested at first. It would be something new, and new things always interested and excited him. But when he got there it wasn't any good. At first he had rather liked the apartment. It was like a dark burrow that a rabbit might have lived in, with little rooms branching off the long hall. But then it began to give him a tight feeling as though something were pressing in on his stomach so that he couldn't breathe. Outdoors it wasn't much better. There were no trees and no grass, and he could see so little of the sky that it almost wasn't worth looking at.

FINALLY he felt that he couldn't stand it any longer and he decided to go home. Even though he knew the house would be closed and the place deserted, he felt that if he could be in the country again, if only for a day, it would make things better.

He didn't tell his father, because he felt that no grownup would understand the sense of what he had to do. Perhaps he would have told his mother—she was an exception—but he couldn't because she had died. That was partly the reason why they had moved to New York, or so they said. He didn't exactly understand it. To him it made the country even more important. Because while it made him remember her, somehow it hardly hurt at all. The trees whispered and the birds sang, in a constant rustling song, so full of life that everybody and everything he loved were all mixed up in it.

He left the apartment on Saturday afternoon and started walking north. He knew the farm lay somewhere beyond the city and he thought that it would not be too difficult to walk through the outskirts and out into the open country beyond. And once in the country he could walk very quickly, or perhaps get a ride from someone. He had done it before, going from the farm to the village.

But he had walked and walked and the city had not ended; it had only grown shabbier and more crowded. The houses were not so tall but they were still pressing together in an endless line, and his feet began to hurt. Finally he got so tired that he couldn't walk any farther.

When the woman spoke to him he just said that he was walking home and that home was in the country. After a minute she went away and he sat down on a doorstep and rested his head on his arms. Then some more people started talking and a man in a blue uniform reached down and took his arm. They took him to a big room that was very brightly lighted, and he went to sleep again on a wooden bench. When he woke up, his father was there.

His father picked him up and carried him out of the bright room into the night and they got into a taxi. On the way downtown he became wide awake again and he didn't feel tired any more. Most of the way his father held his hand, but he didn't say anything, and Chuck didn't say anything either.

Finally the car stopped and his father said, "Let's get out, Chuck, and walk the rest of the way."

His father was a tall man, and when he wasn't talking he walked quickly. Chuck had to run sometimes, or take extra, skipping steps to keep up. When he got a little tired he tried to get his father to talk because then he would slow down. So now he said, "How did you know, Dad? Tell me how you knew."

His father glanced down at him, but in the darkness Chuck couldn't read his expression. He knew what it was though, sort of warm with the lines deeper around the eyes, because his father usually had it when he looked at him. In a way he felt that his father was laughing at him, but he didn't mind it, because it was the right kind of laughter.

His father said slowly, "Well, one way I knew is because in many ways you're a lot like me. Perhaps you don't understand that, but some day you will, I guess. And I love the country, too, I guess as much as you do."

Chuck asked, "And you like walking at night, too, don't you? And seeing as much of the sky as you can?"

And then he was surprised, because his father answered, "Yes, I do, Chuck. And I like the dawn, too, seeing the sun come up. See how we're alike?"

"You knew that, too? You knew I went out . . . ?"

"Oh, yes."

They had walked on through the dark streets and then turned into the Park. It was the first time he had ever been there. He hadn't known that there was country in the middle of the city. He said, "I'm glad you brought me here, Dad. Let's do it again."

His father chuckled. "Well, we can't see the sun rise every day. But I thought you'd like it."

The darkness was all around them, with heavy, black masses that he knew were bushes, and the noise of the city was far away, like a soft sighing, almost like the wind in the trees. The air was cool and damp against his face and it smelled almost the way air should smell.

The path they followed was rising, winding among great rocks, and the trees were tall and straight, silent against the lighter darkness of the sky. Finally they climbed some stone steps and his father said they were in the highest place in the Park.

His father sat down on a bench, but Chuck found a boulder and climbed on top of it. Standing up he looked out over what might have been a dark plain, with the far line of buildings like a serried mountain range against the sky. He sat down to wait.

FOR a long time he couldn't see any change and then he closed his eyes and slowly counted to fifty. Just before he opened his eyes he heard it, and his breathing stopped with a small gasp. It was like a big drum struck softly, three times in rapid succession, far away in the black valley below him, but the sound struck into his heart and vibrated. Then it came again.

He called out softly, "Dad! Did you hear it? Did you hear . . . ?"

His father answered, "Yes, Chuck. It was an owl, like at the farm. One of the big ones."

It was, it was! Even here! In his mind he could almost see the big, brown bird, floating on silent wings in the great dark halls among the trees, and he felt the hard lump melting inside him. He was changing and he didn't know how, but he knew that the city was different now and he would never again feel the way he had been feeling.

He looked up and saw that the blackness of the sky was being washed away. Then, in the east the sky seemed to crack, as though a door were opened into a lighted room, and a silver spear of light lengthened and widened and turned to gold.

It was, he thought, like a blanket being pulled away, uncovering the world below him, and now he could see the trees and they were rustling and moving as though they had been asleep.

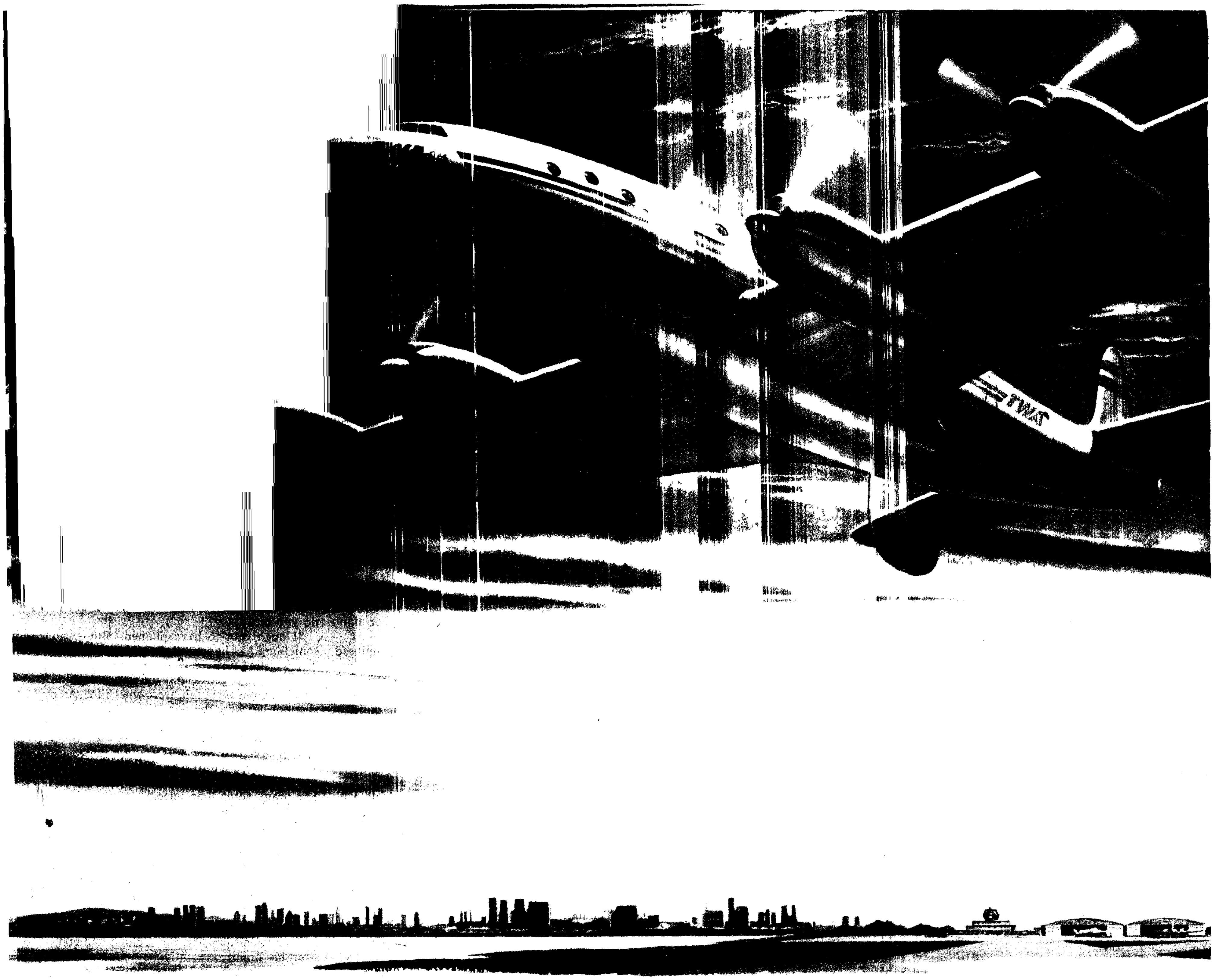
When it was almost fully light he stood up and took a long, deep breath and then he went down and joined his father. They stood there together and saw the sharp, bright edge of the sun rise above the buildings in the east.

He felt that his father was looking at him and he heard him say very quietly, "I should have done this before."

But it was all right. Because they *had* done it, and now everything was all right. Even the city. He took his father's hand.

A man in a blue uniform had taken him into a big brightly lighted room and he went to sleep on a wooden bench. When he awoke, his father was there

a short short story complete on this page



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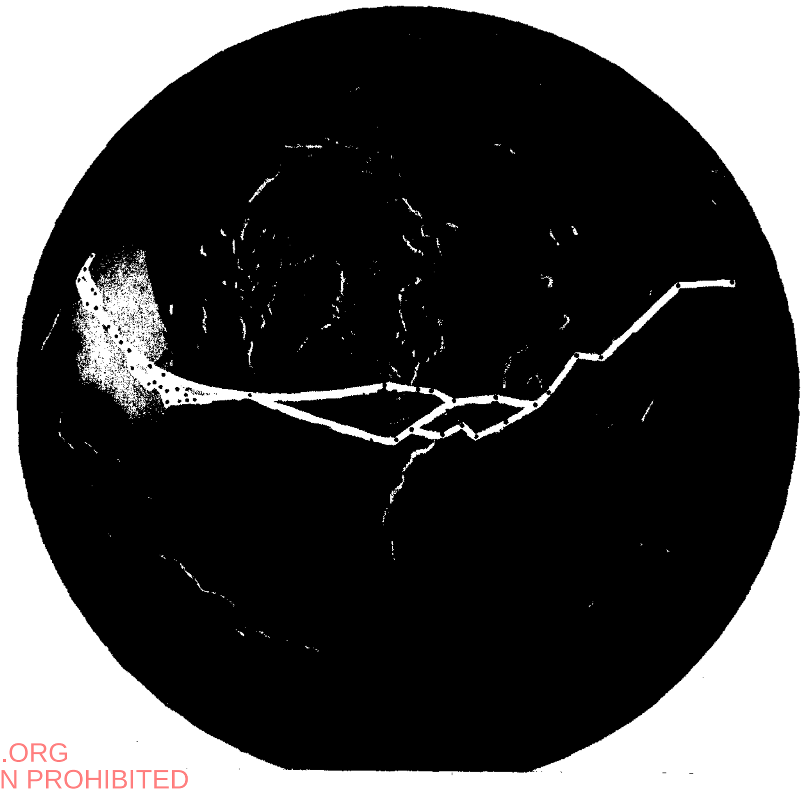

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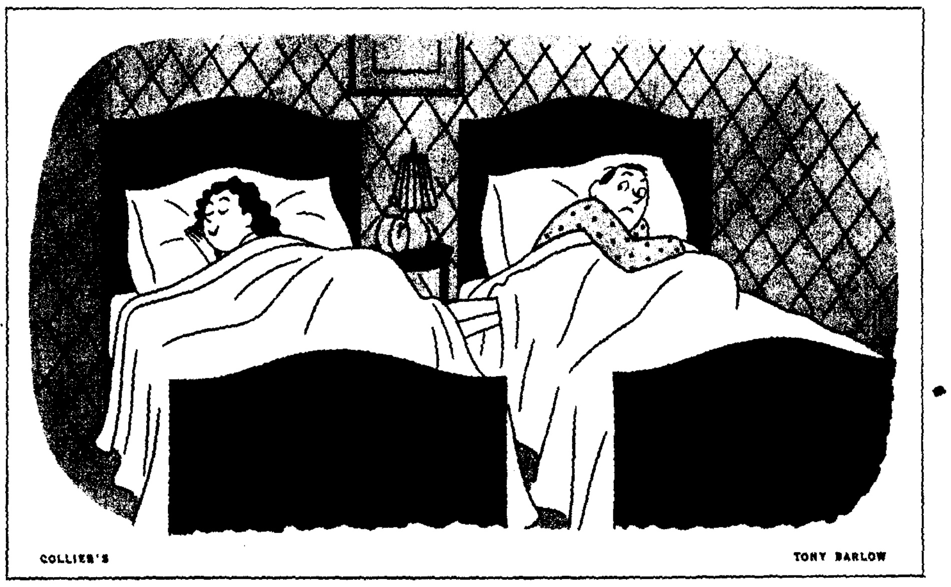


Mountain Time

Continued from page 18

desk, shooting remarks at her as meaningless as they were abrupt. She took to diving into some other room when he came out of Deborah's and at last protected herself with the only special on duty, a giggly blonde.

Cy repressed his delirium enough to say, "Look, girls, I'm not drunk and I'm not screwy. All the patients are safe. You don't need a gun."

"Yes, Doctor." They looked nonplused, then the blonde giggled. "Okay, sit down and talk." And he did—they raised a thin barrier against desolation; in the circle of light at the floor desk there was a pin point of human companionship. . . .

AN HOUR before dawn a weak cry came from Deborah's room, a wisp of fretful sound. Cy said, "She's crying!" as if a bugle had sounded, and was at her bedside with no time between. "Yes, honey, this is Cy What is it?"

He got the light on, then exclaimed to the two nurses who had followed him, "She's crying. There's a tear on her cheek." Deborah's eyes were closed against the light. "What is it, Debby? Do you want something? Everything's all right."

"Cy, I'm hungry."

A bugle had indeed sounded. A brassy note splintering the dark. Half an hour ago when he pumped the hourly dose down the tube, she had not even stirred in her sleep. She had not spoken two consecutive sentences since he brought her to the hospital. She had not cried for three weeks nor been hungry for longer than that.

"The light hurts, Cy—turn it off," she said, and that was the third sentence. And she added, "Cy, I'm awful hungry."

Cy went down on the other bed as if a charging halfback had tackled him. "Turn that light off!" The blond nurse did so, leaving only the cloth-hooded night light. "What would you like to eat, darling?"

"Chicken and ice cream." Her voice was just short of inaudible. But it was clear.

"I'm afraid *not* just now. But I'll get you something." He was staggering but he got to the pantry and squeezed a couple of ounces of lime juice. Going back, he found the floor slanting steeply upward. "Hold her up," he told the floor nurse. "You can drink this, Debby. Just like water, round the fire hose." He held the glass to her lips and watched her swallow slowly and with difficulty but not in the least abnormally. . . . Damn! He had forgotten the sores at the corners of her mouth and she winced when the acid juice touched them. But she liked the taste—she was tasting. Her lips formed a word which was probably "Thanks," and she fell asleep in the nurse's arms.

His legs were drunk and his mind was getting drunk. So, drunkenly, he got to the floor desk and telephoned the Canedays. With an instantaneous promptness that revealed the desperation of her vigil, Josephine was saying, "Yes, Cy—I understand—I'll come right over."

"No, you're wrong! I just called to say—I think she's made the turn."

"What?"

The word was a whisper, then Josephine said nothing, and in a moment he heard the receiver click. Why had he phoned her? It was reckless, unjustified, unprofessional, unscientific . . .

He was staring at the sleeping child in the gloom of the night light when Josephine came in, the floor nurse protesting at her shoulder.

She laid frantic hands on his arm. "What do you mean, Cy?"

"I ought not to have phoned. But—well, something has happened, Jo. I'm sure of it." The whirling turbulence inside him permitted a *momentary* gentleness toward Josephine. As if she, not Deborah, were the child. As if she, not he, were the one wandering in darkness. "This afternoon there were some new red cells in her blood. The first she's made in well over two weeks. Twenty minutes ago she woke up and cried. She was making tears. She talked a little. She said she was hungry. She drank some lime juice."

No layman could be expected to make anything of that, least of all a woman who ten minutes ago had heard the phone ring with what she thought would be word of her child's death. Josephine was rigid, peering through the gloom at that small, shrunken face with the ugly tube taped to it. "She looks ghastly," she said. She fumbled for the edge of a table and stood shaking. He tried to sound positive, but a cloud had come over his mind. Presently he went out with her into the breaking dawn, put her into the car, and told her to go home. He went back and prepared a new dose of Cy Kinsman's Patent Indian Snakeroot Elixir.

WHEN Josephine went back to the hospital on Friday afternoon, Cy was not there. He had put a special nurse on the job, who said that he had gone down to the railroad to get a case of limes which had come too late for delivery. Deborah was awake, thinly whispered, "Hello, Mummy," and gazed at nothing with an acquiescent languor that was just like the last two weeks. Josephine murmured something to that effect but the nurse said no.

"I don't know, Mrs. Willard. I just came on the case at noon. But Dr. Kinsman is terribly encouraged. We're giving her meat pulp every half-hour now. That's twice as often."

The nurse began to prepare the next dose. Deborah was watching with majestic impersonality when Cy came back. In the daylight, suddenly Josephine could see that he had been ravaged. Alarm leaped up in her—there was some fear that he had gone beyond safety, that this solitary battle in the dark had mortally wounded him. . . . He was hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, cavernous, he had lost pounds, his chunky body seemed dried out. But that was not the alarming thing—it was an evident excitement he was barely holding in. As if he were all springs, as if an energy within him had broken free with the design of dashing him to pieces. As he stood there intently watching the nurse shove home the plunger of the syringe, he was wholly motionless and yet seemed about to break out in water blisters. It was a scene out of someone's madness—the white-clad nurse watchfully deft, Cy standing poised as if to leap, Deborah inert and superior to all this concern.

"She's had it every half-hour since four this morning," Cy said. "The idea is, if one is good, two is four times as good. Anyway, nobody can prove I'm wrong. She's a fine child—she holds every drop of it." To the nurse, who had finished: "Get me four ounces of whatever meat broth they've got in the kitchen. Or chicken broth. Find out exactly what's in it and how it was made. Strain it. And a lab thermometer."

While the nurse was gone, Josephine said, "Cy, how much sleep have you had?"

"Now and then."

"Shouldn't you?"

"Nonsense. In my stride."

Cy was out of this world. He was far out in the dark, determined that this baby should not die. No—rather it was that for him Josephine was not in the world at all, not in this room or in the desperate, blind battle he had had to make alone. She was without existence. She was nonentity. . . .

The nurse brought in a glass of cloudy liquid and said it was chicken broth. Cy put the thermometer in it and set it in a bowl of water. "Make it five degrees above body temperature." He turned to Jo. "This chicken broth is as radical as the first appendectomy. I don't know why it is. I just know it is. I'm used to not knowing what I know."

He had the nurse raise Deborah and, speaking to her with the ineffable tenderness that only Cy's voice could have, had her drink an ounce of the broth, round that ungainly tube. Then he took her from the nurse and, in a moment, gave her another ounce. Then he just held her.

Deborah said, clearly, "Mummy! Aren't I funny with a hose in me?"

Josephine sat down and dashed a handkerchief against her eyes. She had not heard the child speak out loud since the morning when her legs would not hold her up. At this moment belief reawoke in her heart.

Cy put Deborah down. "Just like our car at the filling station," he said. He took her hands, scrutinizing the finger tips. "How's to grow some new hands for me, honey? Or a couple of new ears? I've pricked you so many times. And now I've got to do it again—Well, let's say this thumb."

In Jo's eyes he had an exquisite grace, as beautiful as ballet, when he made a swift jab with a needle, squeezed a globe of blood to the surface, caught it in a pipette. He spread it on a slide, put a cover glass over it, and started for the door. But he paused long enough to allow Josephine existence again, to acknowledge her as at least a presence. "There isn't any doubt. Her blood picture is improving. She's improving."

He was gone, doubtless to the laboratory. He left Josephine with a conviction that this bare room had been the setting of a miracle.

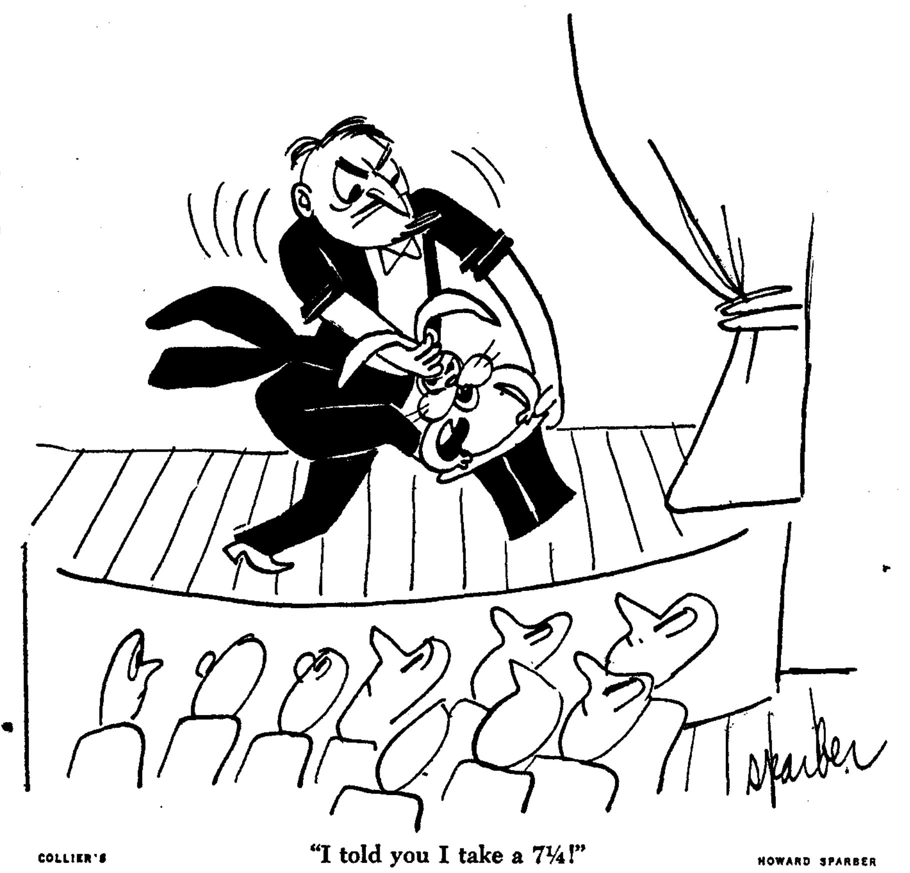
By Saturday morning the miracle had reached a gallop. Deborah was still asleep when Cy went to the intern's room to take a shower. Cold water gave him no reaction and he stood in it for a long time. When he got back Deborah was chatting with the nurse. At sight of him she crowed with a minute laughter. He saw instantly the skin of her cheeks had changed. There was a faint shadow of color in them—they were living cheeks. Touching them, he could believe that he felt a difference. He peered at the skin through a magnifier, seeking some indication that the long-exhausted fat cells were beginning to rebuild. He saw no indication but quite certainly the skin had changed. Then he saw that the sores at the corners of her mouth had changed color. They were beginning to heal; recuperative processes were at work. Five minutes later in the laboratory, the smear of blood was populous with new red cells. There were hundreds of them.

THROUGH Saturday and Sunday, if you could not quite see her coming back moment by moment, still at six-hour intervals you could not only measure and test the improvement but see it with your eyes and feel it with your fingers. The glitter went out of her eyes and her hair began to soften and grow glossy. Her slack skin tightened; the first suggestion of fat formed beneath it. Her voice became firm. Hunger flamed in her, and Cy was giving her milk, gruel, soup, custard, and wondering when he could begin to give her meat. She could be propped up on pillows now. She talked and laughed with the nurses who streamed in to gape at her till Cy fenced them away.

Every physician in Custis had looked at her and read the record by Sunday night. On Monday two from Denver arrived in the morning and another one in the afternoon. Presently it would be a stampede and it had to be stopped. "Lock 'em out, Frank," Cy implored Dr. Bramwell. "I can't, but it's your hospital."

Bramwell gave orders. But, stunned by the incredible, he was sure that it had to be shared. "You write up every last bit of this, Cy. It doesn't belong to you any more. It belongs to medicine."

And Rulon Williams: "We'll be feeding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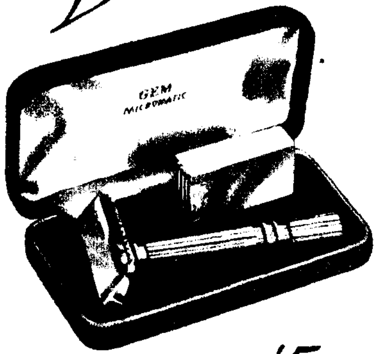

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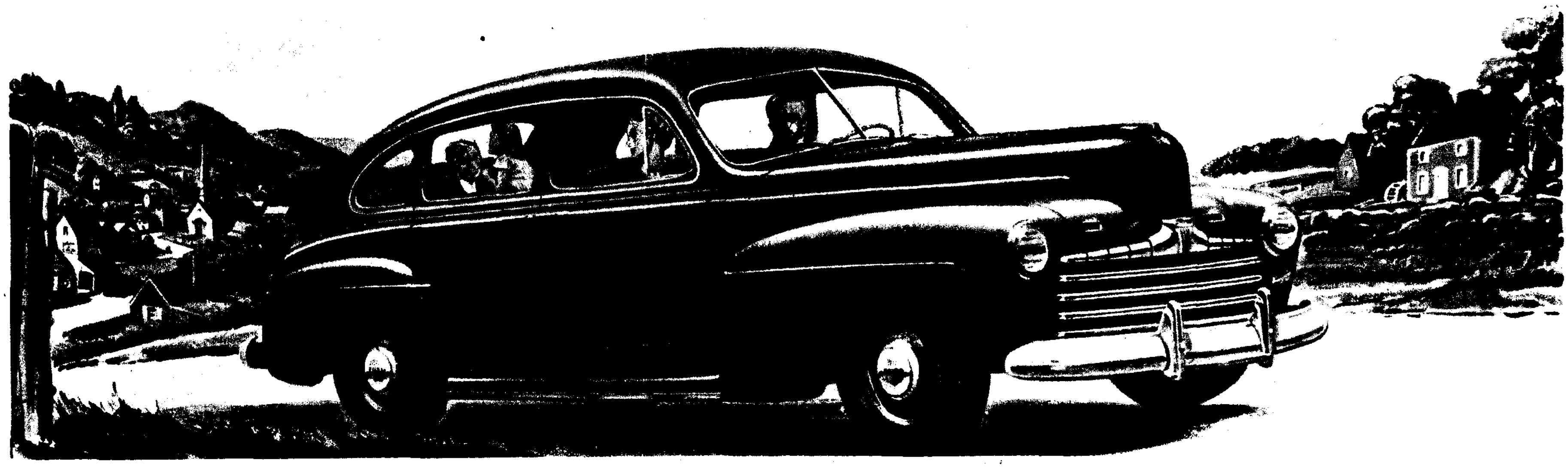


TUNE IN . . . THE FORD-BOB CROSBY SHOW—CBS, Tuesdays, 10-10:30 P. M., E. S. T. . . . THE FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR—ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P. M., E. S. T.

them chopped brains and lime juice for everything from Bright's disease to compound fractures. Cy, what happened to her? What went on inside? What is it and how does it work and why?"

Cy had no idea. The weight of that ignorance was added to all the other insupportable weights. "All I know is we started swimming in the dark. And made it."

"You treated her," Rulon paraphrased. "God cured her."

"I treated her." Cy heard his voice climb toward a shrill yell but he couldn't control it. It was a voice apart from him, a voice *per se.* "I treated her. But Ezra Bartlett cured her. The Old Man with a Beard."

Then someone had his arm. Someone was saying, "I've been afraid of this," and someone else, "Put him out for twelve hours." He was lifted up in someone's arms just like Deborah, and his head lolled like hers, and someone was feeding him something from a glass, like her. . . .

He woke in a room by himself. But hardly himself. He took a shower, shaved, ate breakfast. On his way to Deborah's room he weighed nothing at all, and that was his mind, ahead of him, beyond arm's length, ballooning down the corridor. The nurse was preparing another dose of the mixture that wrought miracles, and Deborah, her cheeks pink and her voice as round and full as her mother's, was talking round the tube. She was health prophesied. She was a convalescent. There was nothing to do but bring her along. Cy stood at the doorway. This was what a miracle looked like.

"Hello, Cy," Deborah said. She took the end of the tube in her fingers and shook it at him. "Just in time to turn on my breakfast."

JOSEPHINE had made an appointment with the superintendent of schools and went to keep it at lunchtime. Anxiety had been so thoroughly stilled that she could think of herself now—and could even remember the anxieties of others when she met Dr. Williams on Bannock Avenue. Aunt Mary Heath had gone to the hospital day before yesterday and Dr. Williams was to have operated on her this morning.

"How is she?" Josephine asked.

"All right, I hope. It was a long job." But it wasn't the operation that creased his forehead. "I asked Cy to help me. Damned if he would."

Williams was questioning her with his eyes, demanding to be told why. As if she understood any part of Cy Kinsman. "God made him," she said, "and many other wondrous works besides. I suppose God understands him."

"But the incredible fool!" She had not supposed that the quiet Williams could be so fierce. "He saves your little girl's life when it was impossible. Then he says he doesn't know anything about medicine!" He swore the way she had heard a number of men swear about Cy and turned away, saying over his shoulder, "I'll let you know about Aunt Mary."

The school superintendent was an old family friend. Who wasn't, in Custis? Very useful, too, if it came to spending the rest of your life in Custis. "I don't want to be a businesswoman the rest of my life," she told him. "I know quite a bit about music. I'm a fourth-rate singer. Isn't there a teaching job?"

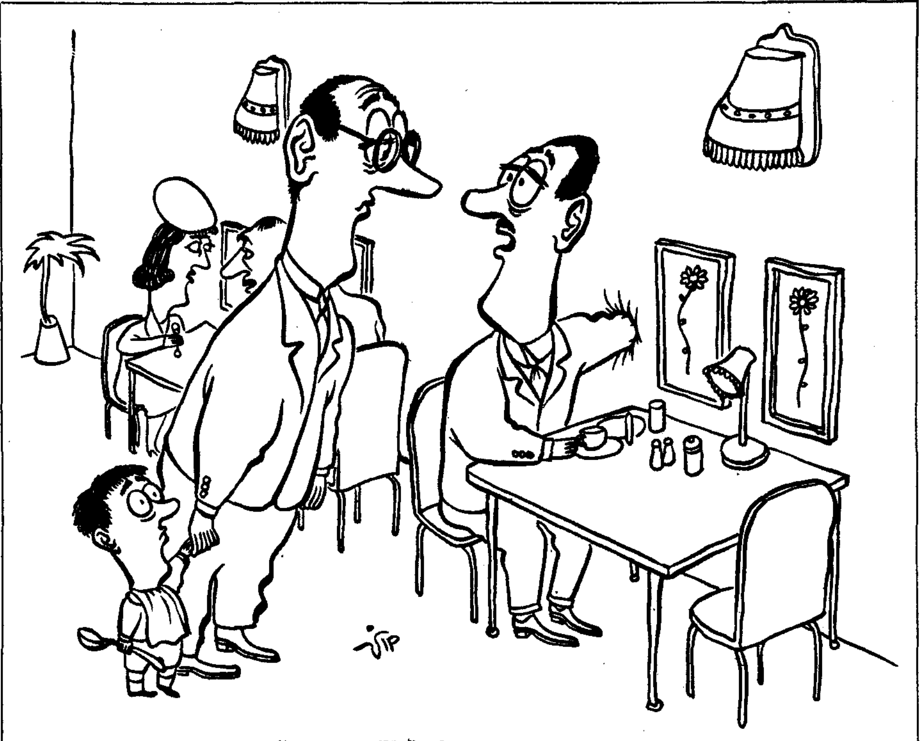
There was. There always was for old family friends. The singing teacher at Josephine's alma mater, Custis High School, had married and resigned and had not yet been replaced. In less than ten minutes Jo had the job. She would begin work on September 13th, just a month from now. She went back to the office half reconciled to being a schoolteacher.

At five o'clock she picked up some pasteboard games at the ten-cent store and went to the hospital. Nurses stood in doorways and beamed at her—for she was the mother of a prodigy. She heard Deborah's voice in a loud peal of laughter. Cy was reading How the Elephant Got His Trunk, which was certainly not as new to her as it seemed. She screamed, "Mummy, I ate supper," when Josephine went in—and the hideous tape was gone from her face. Josephine took her in her arms and smoothed a cheek across that shiny hair. Soft hair now, and tricked out with four small bows of blue ribbon that the nurses had tied in it. Deborah was the queen of the healing art, Exhibit A, the miracle of Custis Hospital.

Cy said, "Telegrams started arriving from old Bartlett today. I shouldn't have cursed him. I might have known he wouldn't let me down. They're all from Edgartown—the old boy was cruising. I'd forgotten he was a sailor. Well, he won't guess. All he'll say is that the rats indicate that once you've started up the functioning again, everything goes ahead normally. Get them over the hump and they're okay."

When his eyes turned to Deborah they were alive again, whereas they were dead, looking at Josephine. "After you've pumped enough vitamins into a rat to bring it over the hump, it keeps coming back on normal food. I figured Debby was as honest as any rat alive. So I took the tube out. She can eat food from here on."

Josephine stayed for half an hour. The child was emaciated and weak but her appearance, her voice, and her vivacity all countersigned the superb health she was achieving. Words from an old cantata rose in Jo's mind, "Swift and terrible is the Lord, mighty are His ways." Swift and terrible and mighty were the forces Cy had invoked to bring a dying child back from that dark promontory.



COLLIER'S "Yes, you'll find it right in there" VIRGIL PARTCH

As always he went to the front door with her when she left. Sunset was umber and scarlet, the air so still that the spray from the lawn sprinklers fell straight back on them. There was again space to realize that desert August made one's skin as harsh as the parched brown grass.

"Got ten dollars?" Cy asked.

"Not in cash. I can give you a check."

"Buy me something to give for a wedding present. Art Ricco and Myrt got married while all this was happening. I guess I catalyzed it."

HERE was another reminder that the terrible time had ended: she was getting angry at him again. "Anything in particular?"

"Something a girl would want. Pick up something that you'd like if it were you."

"I see. Just a convention." She ought to rejoice in buying something as cheerful as a wedding present, but she didn't. Then a new idea diverted her resentment. "Cy, are you broke?"

"Just about."

"How much is all this hospital business going to cost us?"

"Not a thin dime. Probably if you wanted to bargain you could get Frank Bramwell to pension Debby. She's making the joint famous."

"But you're broke." She began to shake. "You'll be driving booze again."

"Sure. By next week," he said indifferently.

Jo climbed into the car and was halfway home before she was calm enough to rebuke herself. Cy had saved her sanity, he had saved Debby's life, and now she had to raise Cain with him over a flyspeck on his morals. Nobody could stay for very long on a high plane of suffering and self-abnegation, nobody could be noble or great for more than a minute or two. It was just as well. . . .

THE next evening Cy was at the house, completing his serial explanation of the miracle to Asa and Hattie. Away from the hospital he looked shabby, gaunt and oddly reduced. He didn't seem to be here at all; this was just his voice. But it was a measure of how swiftly anguish had fled away that Josephine could hardly listen to his technical explanations, could really not get interested in them at all. After dinner he talked on and on, in terms of metabolism and chemistry and the physiology of digestion. Rather than scream, Jo stood up and said peremptorily, "Go on back to the hospital."

"I'd better. I'll bring Debby home in a couple of days. She'll have to spend ten days or two weeks more in bed. Better do it at home." He walked mechanically. He seemed to be in a kind of trance. He said, irrelevantly, "The point I'm making is: We don't know what happened to her. Not even Bartlett knows." He went away.

She wondered for a moment whether the stress of a miracle might not have done something drastic to Cy. She couldn't imagine what it might be and, she decided, she didn't care. Now that the danger was over again, she was prepared to see clearly that there was nothing in Cy Kinsman. When death's uplifted hand was withdrawn empty, you went back to your trivial dilemmas and exasperations. There was nothing else to do. That was the way people were.

And she went back nearer to one dilemma just after noon the next day when a telegram reached her at the office. From Sam Willard in Denver. He would be in Custis in a couple of hours, would take a room at the Bannock House, and would she be so kind as to have dinner with him? So the trivial episode of a dying child could get sunk without a trace in the truly important problem of what to do about Sam.

Not that she didn't know. . . . She tricked herself out with great care, dabbed perfume behind her ears, took up an inch more in the waist of a new linen dress. Sam was going to see if he could call the turn, and it could be played both ways.

She decided not to take him to see Deborah tonight, mockingly explaining to herself that Deborah would be asleep. She told him what had happened, however, and the terror that showed in his face touched her with a little tenderness for him, since her terror had not been shared.

But Sam had business in hand. "I've got some Hollywood Scotch," he said over dessert. "I can give you a drink."

"This is my home town, don't forget. You'll have to leave your door open. It's not proper, otherwise."

They went upstairs, and she found that Sam's amorous attempts were pretty tentative—though she got her hair mussed she could keep them in control. If the Scotch made her mind sharp it also made it genial, and in that mild mist Sam was pleasantly absurd, building himself up for her with Hollywood, present fame and future wealth. She didn't pay much attention, but, by and large, it was an agreeable and instructive evening. Instructive about them both, and with Jo coming to do more of the talking in an unobtrusive way.

"I've tried hard to think well of you," she said reflectively. She held out her glass and Sam leaped to fill it. "I've tried hard to think well of Cy. I'm a good loyal trier. I tried hardest to think well of myself." She waved the glass. "Got ditched somewhere."

Later: "That's all anybody could ask: to think well of himself—and it's more than anybody gets." That was probably owlish and Sam agreed owlishly. In fact, this was getting to be an owlish evening, for presently she was saying, "Women are really very simple but nobody seems to get how simple. Certainly you don't, certainly Cy doesn't."

"There's too much talk of Cy," Sam said energetically. He reached for her and she let him kiss her, then dashed him with, "When you write love scenes you do it so much more gracefully, darling. Never a trace of awkwardness."

Now he was very fierce; it was plain that he meant to impose his wicked will on her and vindicate himself forever in his eyes and hers too. She broke away and went to smooth her hair at his mirror. "No, Sam," she said. "You've got to suffer hideously through some more ink first; you've got to learn to value me beyond rubies. Go take a look at Deborah tomorrow and I'll have dinner with you again."

"Bring a nightgown with you," he said tremendously. In the literary manner.

JOSEPHINE walked home, drearily mirthful, thinking that she was never going to be a blissfully submissive woman for her men were not strong enough to rule her. . . . Well, was she so fine and gorgeous that she was entitled to expect magnificence from anyone? Her ex-husband, Sam Willard, the getting-to-be-famous one-novel novelist, would always be a little absurd in his wife's eyes, after she got to be his wife once more, but probably not too absurd. Maybe she could kid herself that he wasn't absurd at all (No, of course not! What a thought! Never in this world!) and let it ride, for it was human of Sam to be a little absurd; it would make a solid foundation for marriage.

And the divorcée, the bride-to-be, tramped homeward with staccato steps that grew increasingly petulant. On the way upstairs she said to Hattie, "Well, everything is working out just fine. Debby will be home in a couple of days. And I'm getting married. I'm going to marry Sam."

When she got to bed a wave of something or other passed over her and she was either laughing or sobbing. She could not tell which.

At the hospital Cy saw Rulon Williams come out of Mary Heath's room, looking subdued. He didn't say anything about the case, however. Instead he looked Cy up and down. "You realize you're in damn' bad shape, I hope. You're bent farther than you're snapping back. Better put yourself on bromides for a week."

Cy snorted. "They brought a chap into Mercy one day. We had to handle him carefully, for he told us he was plate glass from the waist to the knees."

"How did you treat him?"

"I sent him to Bellevue. I had to restrain one of the boys from giving him a quick kick in the interests of research. I wish I'd let him make the experiment. Might have cast some light on how to treat this notion

(Continued on page 49)

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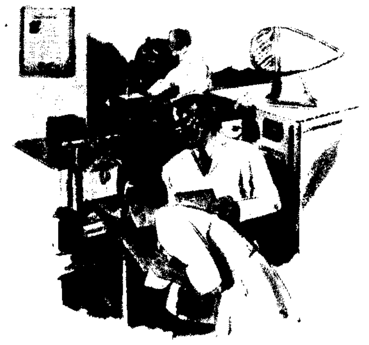

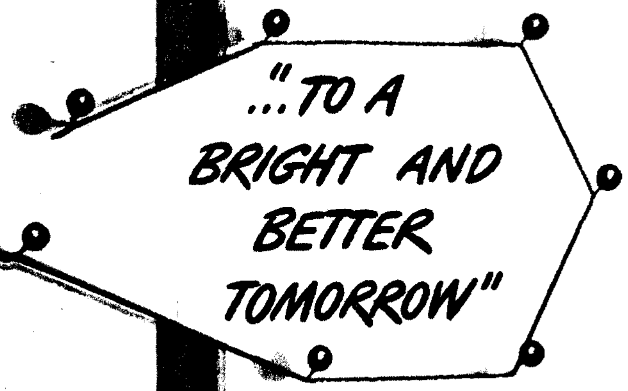
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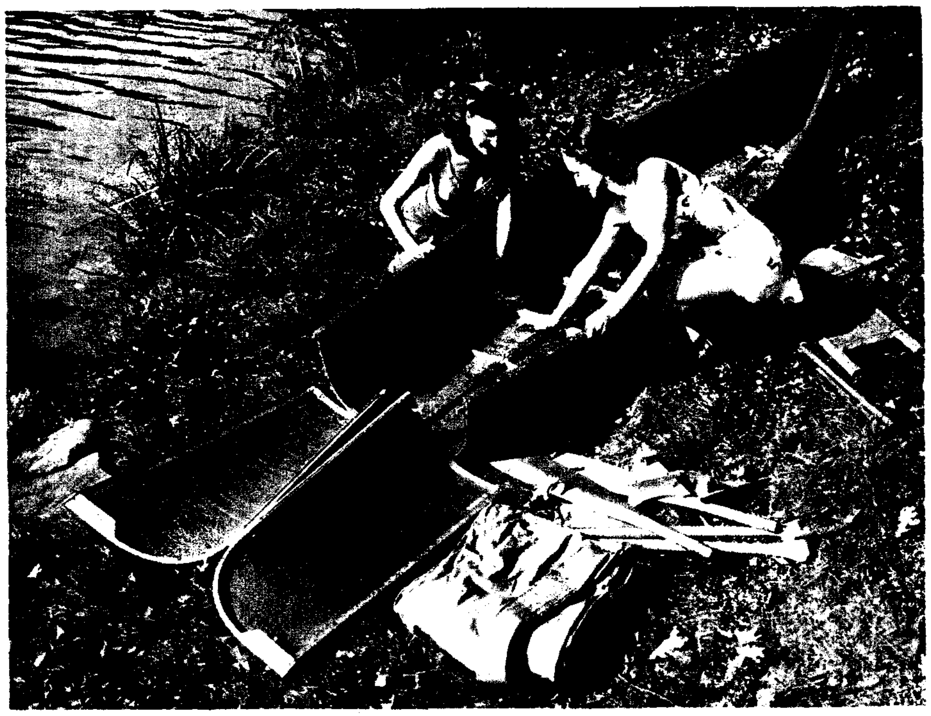


Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

This Canoe Is in the Bag

You pack it in two canvas sacks, stuff it in the back of your car and drive to some distant lake or stream. You unpack it, lock its ten sections together, put on its watertight cover and slide it in the water in ten minutes—and go fishing. It is a knockdown, portable canoe. Once assembled, it behaves like any other canoe.

Invented and built by Ed Link, designer of the famous Link aviation trainer, this canoe-in-a-bag weighs only 65 pounds.

It has plastic body sections that are rigid, clamped together with special metal fittings that snap tight. A single piece of treated canvas fits snugly over the assembled sections to give watertightness, and laces to the gunwales with elastic airplane cord. Metal compartments fore and aft make room for fishing gear and make the craft unsinkable. Even the paddles come apart and can be used to sling the canoe kit between two people for easy carrying. Fittings are also provided for rowlocks and for an outboard motor if desired.

Nylons That Are News

Nylons of any kind are news, but the newsiest so far is a patented style of seamless stocking with a specially fashioned heel and toe with the closure seams entirely on the sides of the foot. This eliminates the usual uncomfortable seam along the bottom of the foot and at the toe point. The gusset construction at the heel, using heavy fabric, is strong enough for long wear and yet does not show above the shoe.

The trick is done with automatic knitting machinery, which fashions the stocking complete, and in a single piece. This gives two-way stretch, which allows the nylon to make a perfect fit, without slipping.

Cold Centers for Everything

A new kind of public utility will soon be coming to your community—one that sells cold for every purpose. Not only will you store your vegetables there, but you can also take in your fur coats, blankets and rugs for summer care. Besides being a warehouse, the cold utility will also have a merchandising department, selling frozen foods, and a manufacturing department where local farmers can have their produce deep-frozen for shipment.

The secret of the new service will be its centralization of many refrigerating services now scattered among groceries, dairies, butcher shops and cold-storage plants. This will give greater convenience and probably lower the cost. Besides the housewife, who will benefit by saving time and money, local groceries, butchers, restaurants and hotels will use the "cold center" for special seasonal storage problems such as the quick aging of meat, holdover of cream for ice-cream making, and refrigerating of milk supplies in local areas where sudden hot spells would ordinarily cause heavy loss.

Glass Fillings for Your Teeth

An enterprising dentist has discovered that he can fill the root canals of dead teeth with glass and obtain a more permanent and durable job than with the usual gutta-percha or other filling materials.

Using a flexible glass thread about 18 inches long, he packs the root canal solidly, making a homogeneous filling that is more solid than rubber.

It is also completely nontoxic, will not irritate its surroundings or change chemically; it does not absorb moisture.

Thus a glass-filled dead tooth is likely to serve considerably longer without risk of infection.

A special experimental glass is used that is opaque to X rays. When the root canals are very small or have numerous branches difficult to fill, photographs can be taken at various stages of the operation to make sure that no spaces are left.

Watch for These

A new kind of electrically heated bed blanket that is controlled by a small boxful of electronic tubes on the bedside table. Instead of the usual thermostats inside the blanket, the device has a "feeler" wire that feeds very small electric currents to the vacuum tubes and thus gives very delicate control of temperature. No matter how warm or cold the bedroom or how suddenly the weather may change in the night, the blanket is said to hold the temperature level within one degree. A special safety tube in the control box automatically turns the current off if the heating wires are accidentally short-circuited. . . .

A new type of plastic-coated yarn called Plexon. Almost any style of fabric can be woven from it, from the sheerest undergarment to leatherlike material for handbags and dog leashes. Plexon is made by coating any standard yarn—cotton, nylon, rayon, wool or glass—with a plastic, to obtain the durable, easily cleaned properties of plastics, while still retaining the advantages of ordinary textile yarns. ★★★

Mountain Time

Continued from page 47

the ants have built a nest in the top of my brain."

"I'm not joking, Cy. You're wound up too damn' tight. Do something about it."

"A pendulum always swings back."

"Not always. Sometimes it swings up to the top and keeps on going. That busts the clock. The least you can do is get drunk for a week. I prescribe it."

Liquor couldn't do a tenth part for Cy of what he had done for himself. The best guess was he was now drunker than any man had ever been on alcohol. He knew perfectly well that he was experiencing something inconceivably tremendous, that he was rioting and all but exploding with superhuman feelings. The odd trouble was, he couldn't feel them at all. They must be infra-red or ultraviolet—they were on a wave length that passed him by. He felt nothing whatever, and it wasn't ants in the top of his brain, it was just dust. . . .

The next morning was made beautiful for him by the reappearance of Sam Willard, who he had thought was in Hollywood. Sam had a fit of the horrors when he came to understand what had happened to Deborah. But Deborah was not delighted by his presence, and Sam was glad to relieve her of the strain of a visitor. Going away, he put on success like a costume.

He took a checkbook from his pocket. "I'll be leaving here in a couple of days." This was accompanied by a self-satisfied smirk that Cy could not understand. "Let me settle the hospital bill right now. And what's your fee?"

"Don't give it a thought. Bartlett and the Custis Hospital are giving her to the healing art. By another month you won't be the author of Minions of the Moon. You'll just be the father of a reported case."

As Sam departed, Cy thought he had an identifiable swank. A great swank—Sam at his strongest admiration of Sam. Then he identified it. Sam had looked just like that at the moment of his triumph over Cassie Morton. He must have proved irresistible to a new woman. A little dust blew off Cy's brain and it became clear who that woman was.

Well, it proved the ingenuity of fate. Just as Cy had foretold, Custis had proved not to be a sanctuary for Josephine. The furious angers of divorce and the deep wish to respect one's man had got dissolved in a mixture of desert summer and second thoughts. . . . What a scene they must have played together! You'd be reading that scene presently in the successor to Minions of the Moon. But Sam wouldn't be leaving Custis in a couple of days, for Deborah could not travel so soon.

AFTER Deborah had eaten a big midday dinner, every gram of it weighed and recorded, Cy lifted her out of bed and set her on her feet. "All right, toughy—walk." She had to hold his hand, and her pipestem legs made him want to bawl. But she crossed the room and got out to the corridor and a passing nurse squealed with delight. "You can go home to Mummy," Cy decided. "I'll take you after supper."

During the afternoon he repeated every test and recorded the final data along with all their predecessors. Finis. From here on, it was just any convalescence. He got her discharge put through, packed her few clothes and his still fewer ones, and sat watching her eat her way through a heaped tray as if she had seen no food for a week. Suddenly realizing that he did not even have taxi fare and Jo had the car, he went out to phone Art Ricco to come and take them home.

The floor nurse said, "The office just called. You're wanted down there."

Frank Bramwell was waiting there for him, and Frank said, "Cy, come and look at Mary Heath," and there was a command in his voice that ruled refusal out.

At precisely that moment the superhuman emotions that Cy had been unable to feel got on his wave length. He was struck by a gust so violent that he staggered as he went up the stairs with Bramwell. Bramwell was saying that Mary had not come along very fast after the operation but had seemed to be all right; then she had fainted this morning. Rulon had transfused her at once but she had not rallied, she was sliding downhill. Cy heard the words and that was all. He was blown downwind like a shred of paper. This was a devastating violence. It was also a repudiation so great that he wondered if he were yelling, and a terror that burned like fire. . . .

Rulon Williams was standing by Mary Heath's bed, and Cy managed to stay erect beside him. The three of them and a nurse looked down together at the unconscious woman, whose worn face was leached of all humanity. Cy's synapses worked instantaneously. That intricate process of the total mind and nervous system which is beyond consciousness—Sandy McAllister had called it skill. It would have been impossible to separate the innumerable minute observations of Mary Heath that were instantly checked against nine years of what Cy had seen and done and analyzed and grappled with. She was dying.

He had Rulon take off the dressing and intently examined what he saw. He read the chart. He asked a few questions. But that was perfunctory, a convention, the ritual that came after the instantaneous act of skill. He raised one shoulder in the immemorial acknowledgment and they went out to the corridor again.

Cy looked at his watch. "She'll die before midnight."

They knew that. They had not wanted to hear him say anything. They knew there was nothing anyone could say.

"She seemed to be doing all right," Rulon said. "I've done half a dozen mastectomies and no trouble. I don't think I did anything wrong. Where did I get off the track, Cy? Where did she get off the track?"

Cy shrugged—and it was as though he were shrugging away the monthly death meeting at Mercy Hospital, and the head resident's question that annoyed the staff. "You can't save them all, Rulon," he said and turned away, his knees fluid.

"You stay with her, Rulon," Bramwell said. "I'll be back."

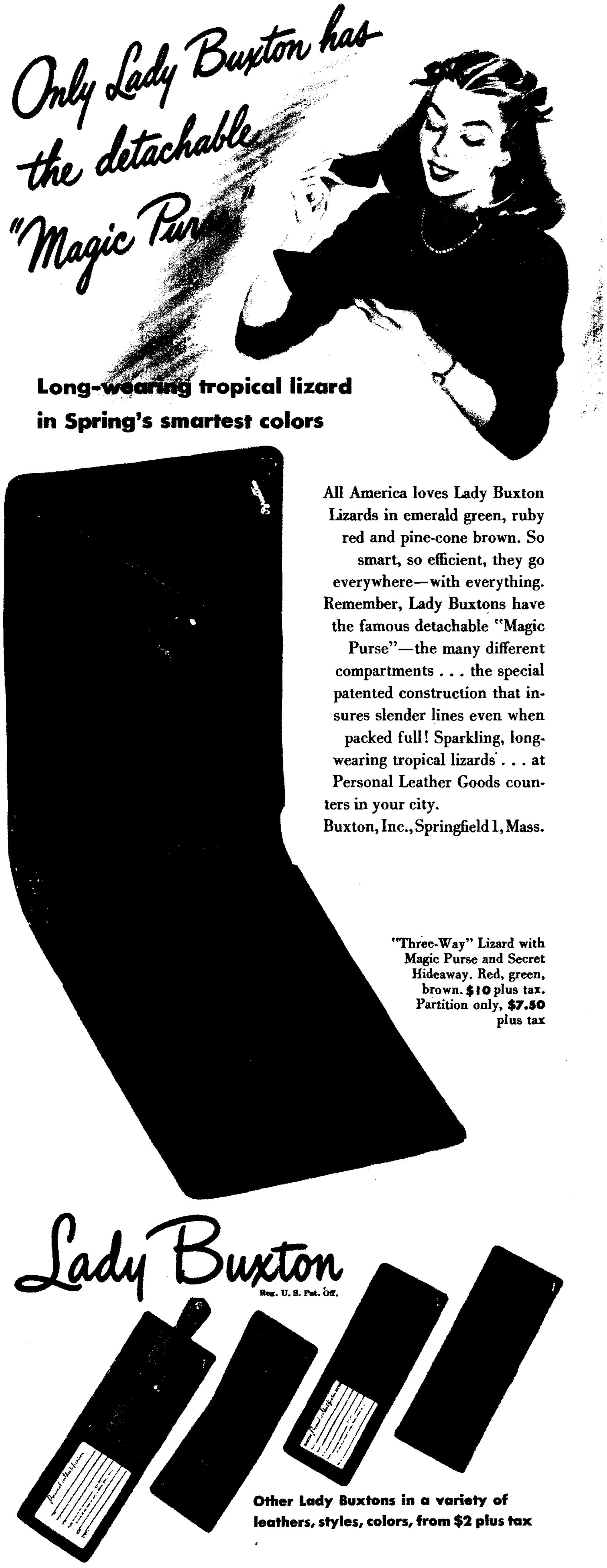
CY WAS making for the main entrance. He stopped there, blinking, for where was the Pregnant Auk—the stone bird that had guarded Mercy's portals for so many years? But this was not Mercy, it was Wes Kinsman's hospital. . . . Frank Bramwell sighed and bit off the smallest possible piece of cut plug. That was precisely what Old Doc Kinsman would have done. Bramwell was old issue. He was the family doctor, Custis model, out of the vanished time.

"I've watched Mary since Rulon operated on her," he said. "She didn't have any right to die."

He looked at Cy, waiting. The words had made Cy quiver. *She didn't have any right to die!* Someone else had once said that. He said, "You know she's dying of shock, Frank. Maybe she lost more blood than Rulon realized. Maybe she had less than a full share of comeback. He ought to have transfused her right after the operation, not this morning—right in the operating room." Cy heard his voice leap up—and again couldn't control it. "What do I keep telling you? Transfuse them again and again, as often as necessary. Will you ever understand?"

Bramwell was staring so hard that Cy came back out of Mercy Hospital. Bramwell said, "She didn't seem to need it. Rulon, he's careful. I wouldn't have transfused her, either, and I didn't tell him to. I didn't think she needed blood."

"There's no way of knowing—we don't know what we've got to know." The gale had blown Cy straight back to Mercy Hospital again. "Here's a woman dying because we don't know. Because we don't find out. Because we just judge and guess and assume,



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or just guess. Some of them come out of it without help. Some of them can be brought out of it with transfusions. Some of them can't be brought out of it, no matter what. And we don't know. We don't know what shock is, Frank. We just kid ourselves. We kid ourselves into guessing lives away."

He knew he was on the edge of hallucination but he couldn't do anything about it. He could clearly hear the superior voice of the head resident of Mercy speaking with a lordly detachment that had, no doubt, seemed admirable at the time, "How are we going to determine *X*, gentlemen?" And Pete Estey's slow drawl, "It's beyond science, Cy. What you want is a pinch of goofer dust on a thunder stone—something that'll tell you is there a demon out there in the dark, and which side is he on, yours or the other."

"I don't know," Cy said. "You don't know, Frank. Ezra Bartlett didn't know—but he went and found out. We've got to find out."

Frank Bramwell said, "I don't think we'll ever be able to put a needle into a nerve and read on a dial when mortal man is going under."

Frank was a character part in hallucination. He was the wise old general practitioner speaking helpless wisdom from a lifetime in which too many lives you had fought for slipped through your fingers. And he was making the gale blow harder, for that evoked Old Doc Kinsman and his "Ain't no pain nor shame nor mortification in the world like seein' a man or a child die because you don't know enough, because nobody don't know enough. . . ."

Cy's mind was clanging with recognitions. . . . Now he heard Ezra Bartlett saying, "Nobody knows—why do you not inquire?" What I've got is nausea of ignorance, Cy thought; what I've got is Sandy McAllister and the healing art; what I've got is fear of old men. For at this moment Frank Bramwell had horribly become Wes Kinsman at Mahoney's family saloon, with the foam of beer on his beard, rumbling basso profundo, "You owe God one death and there ain't no way of knowin' when He's goin' to call your note of hand."

Cy raised an arm, as if Frank were threatening him. Frank said, "Cy, maybe you could have saved her." That was a blow Wes Kinsman might have aimed at his son. And it seemed to be in Wes' voice that Frank went on to say, "I'll have no more nonsense from you. You're moving into the office with me tomorrow morning."

JUST then, Art Ricco's car drew up to the curb. Sight of it broke Cy's paralysis, if it did not fully break the hallucination. "No, I'm not, Frank," Cy said. "I'm done with guessing them to death. I've fallen out of love with death. I've got a patient upstairs who isn't going to die. Because the Old Man with a Beard decided to stop guessing and find out."

He turned back into the hospital and picked up speed like a car shifting to high gear. Half a dozen nurses were saying goodby to Deborah and had filled her arms with presents. "We're going home, Miracle," he said. He fairly ran downstairs with her, the superintendent trotting after them with their bags. "Drive us to the Canedays'," he told Art Ricco. Art gaped at him. And he realized that he must be talking louder than he meant. Deborah burst into tears and tried to get out of his arms. "It's all right, Debby," he said. "Cy is just a mite loony."

There was a pleasant after-dinner group on the Caneday front porch—Asa and Hattie, Josephine and Sam. "Wait for me, Art," Cy said and got out with Deborah. They were all hurrying down the walk.

"Stop bawling, Hattie," Cy commanded. "I've made her cry already. One's enough." He thrust Deborah into Josephine's arms. "You take her. I seem to scare her."

Josephine was staring at him. "I don't wonder."

They got the child into bed, and a small rational segment of Cy contrived to get them out of the room; contrived also to issue instructions which were probably sound, though he had no way of knowing. He kept saying, "Case discharged." They were to keep her in bed as long as she would let them and they were to feed her enormously. "Fat her up, Hattie. Feed her as you never fed your own kids. You'll be feeding her life itself."

"Cyrus," Hattie said, "you don't have to yell."

He wasn't yelling but the place seemed overcrowded. Then the crowd somehow thinned to just Jo and Sam and they were out in the yard in the advancing dusk. "Deborah'll live to read Minions of the Moon," he was telling Sam. "But, hell, you're only a minor artist. You'll never write a masterpiece like Bartlett's."

"What was that one, Cy?" Soothing, placating, a little anxious.

"I treated her. Bartlett cured her. Could you write one like that? Never in this world. Too feeble an imagination. Too shallow a mind. Bartlett is the great novelist. He's God taking pen in hand."

Josephine touched his arm. "What's the matter, Cy?"

"Nothing! Only that, for once, I won out against ignorance. Aunt Mary Heath will be dead by midnight. But Deborah won't. And now I could really run Mercy Hospital," Cy trumpeted, borne aloft above all small considerations in this world, "and that doesn't matter a damn."

"He's drunk," Sam said.

"That's right—you rewrote the ending. Love gave you no rest. Love—" Cy said with what he felt to be sunny charm, "is a chemically produced irritation of the ganglia. The physiologist can duplicate it in a beaker . . . And now I give you back your bride, old man. We thought we had something but it never worked out." He held out a hand to Josephine. "So long, beloved, and here's to a honeymoon that will be a honeymoon at last. But remember I cured you of insomnia."

"You cured me of lots of things."

"But not of your instinctive passion for the second-rate—"

"You cured me of delusions, anyway. About great men."

HE TOOK her in his arms and kissed her. He held her off, looked at her mockingly and kissed her again. "We kid ourselves we come higher than we really do. We don't come very high, darling."

"Thanks, Cy," she said. "I owe you a lot. But especially for tearing it all down. I might have felt sorry to see it go."

"Hell, it was just an irritation of the ganglia. We never had a chance."

"Sure. We hated each other."

"Check. But Mary Heath is dying and so was Deborah when I took her out of here. She won't die tonight, she'll live to have delusions she's the king's daughter on a white horse. You won't be able to rub that one out, beloved, and it was the bootlegger that did it."

Then, oddly enough, Art Ricco was there, taking his arm and saying, "We'll run along, Cy." And Josephine said, "By all means, and thanks, Art. If I never see him again that will be too soon."

Here the evening began to fade out of Cy's consciousness. Art drove him straight to one of the back-street speakeasies, sat down opposite him, and said, "I guess we'd better have a drink." From there on Art's dark, friendly face flickered and swam, and sometimes there were the faces of nightmare too, Wes Kinsman and Frank Bramwell and Sandy McAllister, and for a while there seemed to be the face of Art's wife; Myrtle seemed to be there and seemed to be suggesting that maybe she'd better take him home. That probably made her Josephine. But Art was saying it was no go, better let it ride, he'd see it through. The emotional gale that had started blowing in Cy a long time ago kept blowing louder, it had terror in it but it had liberation as well, and then it blew away in blackness.

When he woke, his mind was clear and quiet—and it had been just a drunk. Then he saw he was in jail. Custis jail. As he began to remember the night, he went gray with degradation. Well, Custis had at last put the brand on its rebel—Jailbird. But his mind was—well, the word was peaceful and a long time had passed since it had been peaceful. There was no more excitement, noise, pressure, or fear—this was the cool blue morning that followed a hurricane. Whatever it had been, he had come out of it.

A police sergeant came in at nine o'clock, one more of the innumerable alumni of Custis High. He was both mad and apologetic. "You damn' fool! We tried to take you home. Art Ricco tried to help us. No, you wouldn't go. We done our best, we threw you out, we sat on you, but no, you had to keep coming back for more. Damn it, Cy, I had to run you in. You made me."

"Sure. You did exactly right."

At ten o'clock they marched the petty criminals into city court. There was the same fat bailiff of fifteen years ago. On the chaste side of the railing there were a few spectators. Art Ricco and Josephine were sitting together in the second row.

The bailiff wheezed through a charge of drunk and disorderly conduct. "How do you plead?"

"Guilty."

"Anything to say?" the judge asked.

"No, your honor." If the court please, Cy thought: I broke the statute against public disorder last night—and also I broke the grip of whatever dead hand took hold of me between France and Mercy Hospital. But the learned court could hardly accept such a plea. . . .

"Where did you get the liquor?"

"Your honor, I haven't remembered yet."

THE old man hesitated. Clearly he was deliberating whether, for the dignity of Custis and in its name, he ought not to deliver a judicial reprimand to Wes Kinsman's wayward son. He didn't. "Ten dollars or ten days. Next case."

The city attorney waved him to the door and Art Ricco joined him. "I know about this—you pay the desk sergeant, not the clerk," Art said and took a ten-dollar bill from his pocket. They went out into the flat light of the August morning. "Pretty tough to know what to do, Cy. I don't think you were drunk. You were off your nut. I finally thought maybe I better let the cops take care of you, maybe you'd be safer in the can. So I didn't put up no fight. Should I?"

"No. Was Myrt with us for a while?"

"Yeah. I phoned for her. Then I sent her home. She thought she ought to of stayed, but, hell, by then nobody could hold you down. . . . Mrs. Willard sent you your car. Comin' to the garage?"

Why, no. He had not been to Tanser's Garage since the day he took Deborah to the hospital. Now he saw that a decision had been made: He wasn't ever going there again, not to work. That case also had been discharged. "I think I'll go somewhere and be born again, a second time."

"Yeah?"

"I think I'll go up in the hills."

"Want a good car from the garage?"

"Mine will do. But if you'll lend me a trout rod—"

"Sure. Just tell Myrt what you want."

He drove to the barn and made some coffee, bathed, shaved, and got to work. He tested the spark plugs in the old sedan and changed one. He began to assemble an outfit for camping. He got out Captain Kinsman's sleeping bag and rolled his blankets in it.

Josephine came in. She stood in a slanting beam of light from the door that made her yellow dress luminous.

"Why aren't you at the office?" he said.

"I took the morning off."

"How did you know I was in jail?"

"Mr. Ricco phoned me before breakfast."

"There are no ashes on my forehead."

"Of course not. What's a college-boy drunk? Going somewhere?"

"Up in the canyons."

"It's all right to leave Deborah?"

"Deborah is cured."

The sun-filled barn was as quiet as church. The world was quiet: not a resentment or a discordance stirring. Josephine sat down and the edge of that beam of light crossed her ankles. She watched him complete his outfit. Army outfit, Captain Kinsman's. It was like packing when Mobile Hospital 59 was moving on.

"Why is there a crown on your bedroll?" Josephine asked.

"I began with the King's commission."

"I forgot. Cy, I think I'll go with you."

Cy looked up. "Why?"

"If I were running away, wouldn't you insist on standing by me?"

He laughed. "I'm not going to repent or mourn, Jo. I'm not even going to poultice my soul with nature's healing balm. Just going camping."

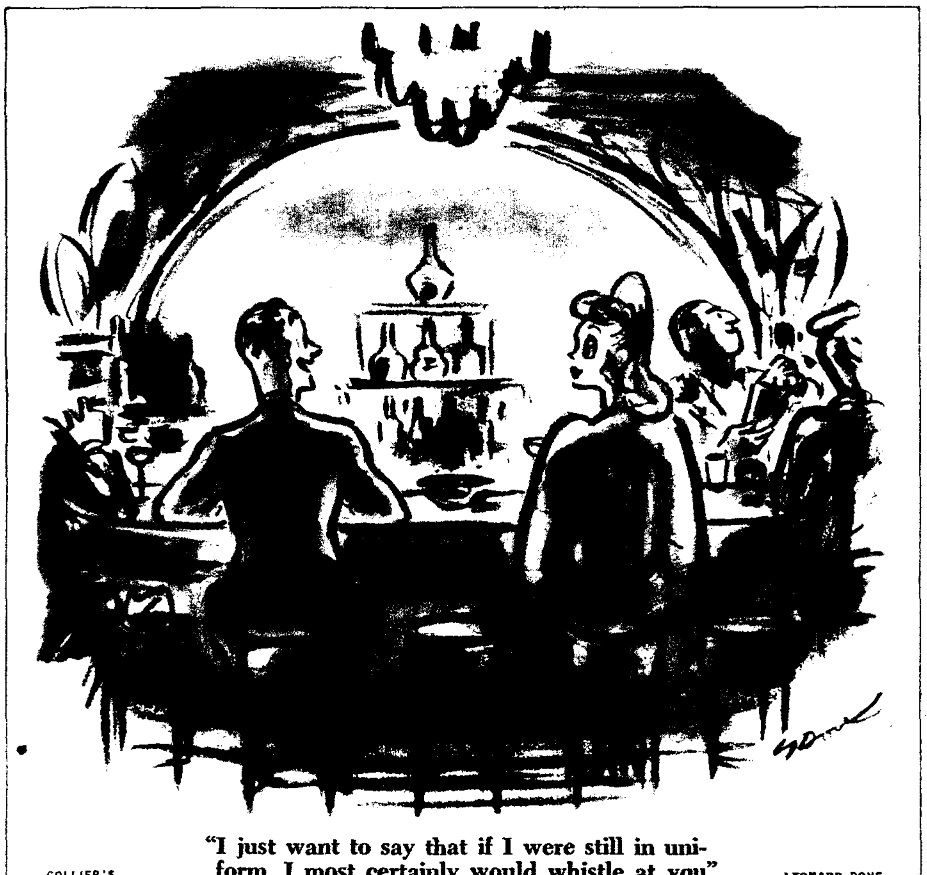
"Then put it this way. There aren't any drawn battles. We've never finished ours. We've got to fight it out to the end."

He thought it over, without finding any motive that made sense. But she was wrong, for their battle had ended in a draw and no amount of fighting could give it any other issue. And yet there was no flurry of anger in this room, either. The noon was as quiet as his mind or as Jo's face. "What about your job?"

"I might as well quit today. I was quitting on Saturday anyway."

"That's right—I'd forgotten."

She blushed scarlet. "I think I was, yes, I



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was going to. But I hadn't told him so. Still, quitting the job was honest. For I thought if I should decide not to marry Sam—well, I signed up for a new job. I'm hired to teach music at Custis High."

He considered that on its merits. "I don't think you ought to teach music. Music means too much to you. Teaching it will make you hate it."

"It's better than the sugar company."

Well, back to their allegory. "How can you leave Sam poised waiting?"

"Leave Sam out of it. This belongs to our battle."

"What about the reputation of a schoolteacher?"

"No one will ever know."

"Asa and Hattie?"

"They've taken it like lambs up to now."

A problem in mathematics or pure thought, without emotion. Every kind of ignominy had been allotted to both of them. No new kind could be achieved.

"I know," Josephine said, and for the first time her voice was shaded with bitterness. "It just means a licking. It's just that we've got to fight it out to the end. Honor says you've got to keep on fighting as long as you can fight."

Cy nodded. "Till someone goes down for ten. Okay, go get whatever stuff you want. A heavy sweater, anyway. I'll lay in some food and call for you."

BY MIDAFTERNOON they had passed the last gas station and were deep in canyons that kept opening into other canyons, on roads that were mere ruts. And by then, too, it was clear that the battle was postponed.

As the cliffs began to turn violet and pink they came over a divide and by precarious switchbacks dropped down into a canyon filling with gray shadow. A stream that was big for August flowed noisily among boulders. Probably not even cattle or sheep men passed here for months at a time, and this was far enough. Cy drove the car behind some willows where the creek widened and could be crossed from stone to stone. They carried the stuff across it to a cove walled off by a cliff, an open space in the middle and cottonwoods and willows at both ends.

By full dark they had made a neat camp, broiled and eaten their steaks, scrubbed their dishes with sand, and stretched out by the fire. The night gathered them in its hand. Now he understood that Josephine had not been quite accurate, long ago. No doubt they feared the dark but they held night to their breasts. The fire emphasized their accord in solitude, turning the lower leaves of cottonwoods carmine and making the black above them blacker.

Cy talked desultorily about France. He fell silent, wondering why France. He decided that he was cherishing it because France meant the last time he had been whole.

And with dependable clairvoyance Josephine spoke up from the other side of the fire: "Poor Sam. He's spent his life trying to make himself complete. He never will. I've got so I like him."

"All of us are the same way. We get the idea something was taken away from us long ago. If we could just guess the right number we'd get it back. There isn't any right number."

"Or hope that somebody can find and give you whatever it was you lost. Like Sam. He thinks I'm the right number."

On his back Cy watched a star poise at the tip of a fir that stood up above the ridge. He waited. She did not follow up. When she spoke again it was still Sam but far down another path. "Sam's right number is something he can make up. A real number would scare him badly. He doesn't know what his next novel is going to be, but I do. Marriage. And in his mind that woman will be me and all he could never get from me he'll get from her. I say, he's lucky."

How long ago! Twenty-third Street. . . . Cy got up to put a log on the fire. Flames snapped in a light wind and beyond them was the rush of the creek. A wall of heat pressed outward, as hypnotic as the water. . . .

The fire burned down. Josephine slipped into the dark, then came back. His sleeping bag had an air mattress, so she would use it. A few feet away he had made a bed of interfolded blankets; tomorrow he would chop balsam boughs and give it a cushion. She took off her shoes and stockings, put on a sweater, and crawled into the bag, buckling it up to her chin. Cy set up the windbreak flap behind her head and told her to take her shoes and stockings inside with her, for the canyons had a heavy dew. He sat by the embers for a long time. The past was a thousand years.

He thought she had been long asleep when he turned in but presently she said out of the darkness, "What's that occasional low boom in the creek?"

"A big stone gets swept downstream underwater and hits another one."

"It sounds like fate. And yet this is the most complete silence I've ever heard. Will there be animals?"

"A porcupine maybe. Possibly a skunk. Maybe you'll hear a thrashing in the bushes. It will sound like at least a buffalo but it will only be scared deer."

"I suppose that's a coyote howling down the canyon."

"Yes."

"And I can hear the trees. But it's absolutely silent. There's nothing in the world except us."

Yes, the trees overhead and a generalized sound of wind among the pines higher up the mountainside. If she waked she might hear a fragment of rock or shale fall, dislodged by cold. . . . In one way or another you seemed to get what you wanted. He had always wanted to hear her rich contralto voice speaking to him at night.

"I can't write novels," Josephine said. "I tried but I can't. If it's a pain you can get rid of by thinking how wise and sad we are and how divorce has taught us understanding and a stronger love, I'll have to stay uncompleted. Fiction is beyond me."

Thus quietly, the end of Sam. Cy turned it over and over. "Why do you tell me?"

"I have that habit. Good night, Cy."

PALE gold slanting through cottonwoods woke him to gray dew on the grass, streamers of mist rising from the creek, and a thin stratum of smoke motionless above the dead fire. Josephine's nose, an eye, and her tumbled dark hair were above the canvas. She slept forthrightly, but the curve of her body had frailty—and defenselessness. . . . Cy made a fire and put coffee on to boil, then shaved in icy water and went looking for a pool deep enough to swim in.

He spent the morning teaching her to cast a fly. Toward noon she dropped it where a ripple carried it under an overhanging stump, and a trout struck. She managed to land it, with a pleased excitement that lasted while he dressed it for the pan.

"Show me a buffalo!" she exulted. "Show me an Indian. Hell, Cy, show me a tiger!"

"Sure. It's nice to be primitive with a good outfit. You're a silk-stocking savage."

All breeze died and the canyon radiated heat. High up the peaks, aspens had turned to gold, and patches of scarlet showed in oak brush, but in camp it was midsummer. Josephine braved the sun with her blouse off for a few minutes but came back to the blue shade of cottonwoods. They were too lethargic to talk. But in Cy there had arisen some tendency to avoid looking at her. The movement of a wrist, of her head turning, of her shoulder, had to be glanced away from. The whiteness of her arm where a short sleeve opened shadow along it, the falling away of her khaki skirt from her calf, a color without name where her hair made a shadow on her forehead, there was a need not to see them. And when the shadow of the western wall brought coolness to the canyon and they strolled slowly up the ruts, he was under pressure to walk ahead of her, lest he see her walking. . . .

THAT evening it was her mood to sing and for once he was out of sympathy with singing. Those too-simple songs—she ought to go barefoot and sunbonneted. A touch too much of earthy American sentiment. And the lacquer of firelight on her cheeks and forearms, this whole carmine splotch against the dark, was mannered and theatrical, a posed tableau.

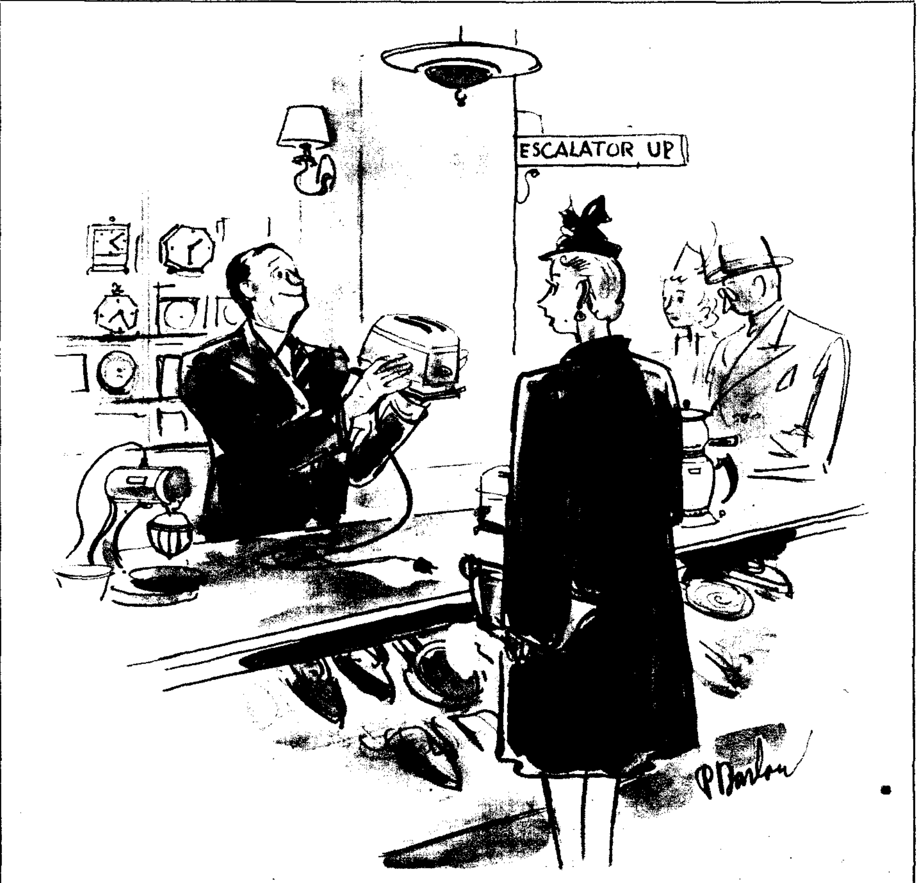
"What's the matter?" she demanded. "Have I lost my audience?"

"Stephen Foster won't give us any clue to 1920."

"Are we looking for clues? All right, tell me about the Army."

He looked up with caught breath, then released it, for there was no clue in the Army, either. For the moment you had proved yourself and had acquired mastery. Then mastery turned out to be an illusion. You had seen good men die, you had learned that men have courage and are stanch. And the man who faced upstream into death most carelessly might, you presently learned, have no bowels for action later on. Whatever you had learned proved not to apply.

But when you fought back, the enemy gave



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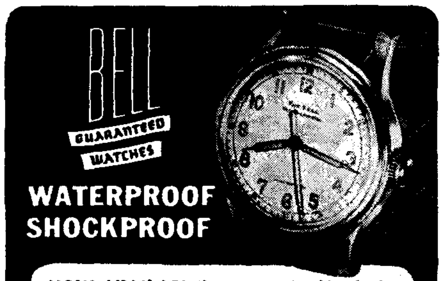

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ground before you. Without that, Deborah would have died."

Josephine too had fallen into reverie and there was nothing to say while the fire sank. Presently she went to bed. And once more, after a while, there was that deep and quiet voice speaking in the dark: "I knew once, I think—Cy, down the canyon, those five stars in a zigzag, about halfway up the sky. What is it?"

He located them. "There are seven, if you can count, and an eighth if you've got good eyes. That's Cassiopeia. She's tied in a chair and it all goes to show you must not brag about Deborah. Cassiopeia got too proud of her daughter, and so she has to spend half of every night upside down in that chair."

"Oh, at least half the night. But Deborah isn't my brag, she's yours."

"That constellation is where time begins."

"What does that mean? How can time begin?"

"Better just take my word for it."

"Try me."

"Well, it involves the ecliptic, and the equinox, and—"

"You were right—let's let it go."

"Anyway, time is calculated from there. It's called the first point in Aries."

"What a fine education you have, Doctor. . . . Remember when I used to call you Doctor?"

"Those were the days. East Side, West Side."

"We used to laugh a lot then. Now we just talk."

"Or fight. Jo, I think we've been trying to kill each other."

"We wouldn't have fought so much if there hadn't been something worth fighting about. Or for. I think the war is over, Cy. Forever and ever."

"World without end."

"Amen. Good night, Cy."

The hallucination of her voice lingered on in the night. It had become habitual to recognize an old desire—to hear it speaking late at night all his life.

A moment later, he knew that that was what he was going to do. It had been settled some time ago—he did not know when. He did not know exactly when the interdict had been lifted, any more than he had known exactly when Deborah turned back from *X*. But he knew that the denial had been broken—clean and forever. There had been no choice at all. He had turned sunward from death. No one can choose death. Time had begun. . . .

After breakfast Josephine, sitting on her heels, was arranging cans in the grub box. He saw that she was abstracted, then that her lips made a new, different line. They were softer, they were wise, intimate, tender, newly informed. She was . . . bridelike. So Josephine knew, too; overnight she had come into the same knowledge.

The morning became intolerable, full of half starts and broken sentences, and it was almost in desperation that, after lunch, they started to climb the eastern ridge above the canyon. Part way up they found the shaft of an old mine, caved in and choked with boulders, where someone had believed in bonanza, say fifty years ago. They pressed on through oak brush, across slides of shale, and came at last, chests bursting and muscles quivering, to the shoulder of the peak, with an intensely cold wind sweeping over it and the world falling into chaos below. They dropped down a few feet out of the wind and sprawled till breath came back.

"This must be the roof of the world," she said.

"Pretty far up a gable, anyway."

BELOW them black pines fell away and spread through three quarters of the compass, orderly and miniature, climbing mountainsides half a mile down. Beyond the forests the bowl rose upward again and ended in another ridge, back of which a jagged row of peaks stood in a blue blur, with a vast hidden valley between. Cy set up two fragments of stone and sighted them toward one of those blurred blue shafts. "See which one I'm pointing at?" Josephine squinted across them to get the bearing, and nodded. "That's Mount Caneday. John Wesley Powell named it for your father when he was a camp-swamper in one of Powell's surveys."

"Third highest of five," she counted. "The Canedays were always average."

She sat up to hug her knees under the khaki skirt and gaze across immensity. "Beautiful but poison. Nobody could live up to a country like this. Not for very long. It's beautiful and it's dead. No one could live with beauty."

"Jo!" Her deep, tranquil eyes turned to his. He came close to not saying it but it had to be said. "That drunk of mine. It was pure cliché, storybook stuff by Sam Willard. I was back from wrestling with fate and I'd won. I couldn't stand it."

She turned her eyes away and leaned back against the sloping rock. Her faculty of quiet. "Yes, Cy?"

"You were right long ago. I was afraid. I've been afraid of Old Doc Kinsman. I didn't dare be a better man than he was. I don't dare now."

Lines showed on her forehead, her eyes closed, a single tear appeared on one cheek. We've learned a lot, he thought. We've learned rebelliously, against our wills, maybe altogether at random, but we've learned—may it serve us sometime. There is such a thing as pain suffered without reason, grief experienced uselessly; we've had more than enough of it at each other's hands.

"I chose death," he said. "I chose a form of suicide. Then I couldn't make good on the choice. When the time came I couldn't keep my word."

"When the time came," Josephine said, "it wasn't Old Doc Kinsman with my child in his arms that picked death up by the scruff

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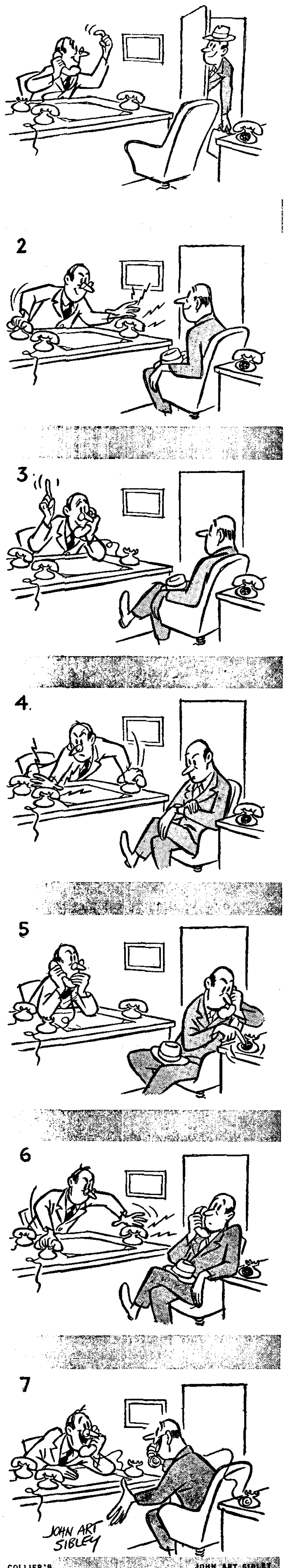


COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY

of the neck and threw him out. It wasn't Old Doc Kinsman, Cy, it was you. You never could have chosen death. You never can."

Which was exactly what had risen in his mind last night, pulled the gauze away, and shown him where they stood now. He said, "Now I could run Mercy Hospital. But I closed that door and locked it forever. Jo, I don't know if I'll find another door."

"You were trying to do something final. You thought that was final. But what was really final was walking out to keep death from my child. From your child. What's final is, you're out of bondage at last. And"—the voice speaking quietly at night deepened—"Cy, how we've always had to tell each other the truth!"

Rather, how they tried to hide from each other and how it always proved impossible. . . . Exigence and urgency were gone out of them. They had come into quiet. When they started down the mountain they walked slowly, not talking. . . .

They cooked dinner, Cy compounding a stew from cans, Josephine making biscuits in a tin reflector. They ate, they policed camp, they built up the fire, night settled down in their canyon, and the mountain silence walled them in. And still they did not talk, there was nothing to say. Josephine got the pneumatic pillow from her bed and then, holding it forgotten in her hand, stood looking into the campfire.

"I wish you'd sing," Cy said.

"I've sung much more than enough."

But there was the soft insistent rushing of the creek. She had learned to make a hollow for her hip, and so lie comfortably on the ground, one elbow on the cushion. Now, settled so, she turned her reverie toward the fire for a long time, then faced outward toward the dark.

The fire burned low and at last Cy got up to put another log on it. He didn't. He stood watching the embers quiver. Lines of garnet ran down the char, zigzags and whorls picked out momentarily.

Josephine said, "Of course we could always go back to Custis."

He made a curt gesture. "The voice that breathed o'er Eden—either it was . . ."

He turned toward her and she said desperately, "Give me a cigarette."

"Jo, take down your hair."

"No."

"I can, then."

She said with spent breath, in his arms, "Oh, can you? Why have you never . . ." and his hands shook in her hair, her arms enclosed him, her lips crushed against his, and the world broke up.

When time woke into reality again, darkness was absolute and there was the sound of the creek. Josephine sat up, then bent down to kiss his mouth, and her hair fell over his face, and he saw the stars through her hair.

AT NOON five days later Josephine turned from the grub box. "Two cans beans, one can sardines, one package soda crackers. Darling, unless you can shoot a buffalo, this honeymoon is over."

"Looks like Custis, doesn't it?"

She nodded. Now watch the world come back, little by little bit. . . . When they had eaten they packed everything with military neatness and stowed the outfit in the sedan. They policed the camp site, burned the last papers, made sure that every can was buried, poured water on the fire, threw the charred sticks into the bushes, swept the ashes into the grass.

"Good enough for Saturday inspection," Cy said. "The colonel will be pleased. We can get a week-end pass."

But late in the afternoon they were still sitting by the creek, their legs in sun, the silver lacework of cottonwoods overhead. In a week autumn had come far down the peaks, turning oak brush vermilion and scattering gold among the aspens. A clump of popple was altogether gold; an autumnal powder-blue mist softened the ridges. . . . Why did they go on sitting here? Why didn't they start home?

"We can come back any time," Cy said.

"Not to this place. Never. The moment we leave it, it won't exist."

"There are other places."

She looked at him. That was not only the right thing for a lover to say, it was true. It was true, world without end. . . .

Hours after dark they came out to the open valleys and saw lighted farmhouses and the lights of little towns. Remember all they had said in each other's arms, remember all there had been no need to say. But remember too that that was honeymoon, God's orchestration, and the music had come to its end. Mile by mile they were driving into the disregarded world, and the pain for which she was prepared had begun to make itself felt.

Sam? Sam would be gone long since. Sam was dust and nothingness.

It was midnight when Cy carried her stuff to the porch, held her forever, said, "See you in the morning," and left her. She tiptoed upstairs and into Deborah's room. The little body was motionless under a single sheet. How often she had stood here late at night in terror of herself, then in terror of death. She picked the child up, a slight weight but a greater weight than she had been. Deborah murmured "Mummy!" and clung, a tenth part awake. Josephine kissed her till she slept in her arms, covered her, knelt with one arm over her in a darkness that was without fear.

She went to her own room and turned on a light. There was an envelope on her dresser with her name on it in Sam's handwriting, the paper scarred by a last indignant flourish. She tore it to pieces without opening it and dropped the pieces in the wastebasket. Whatever it said, it didn't matter a damn. . . . In bed, she lay awake, remembering that lying awake had also once been in fear.

For a while, she told herself, you've got to forget his hands and lips, forget you've been on a honeymoon. You've got to forget that for a while, anyway. You've got to think more clearly than you've ever thought before. Don't get thinking cluttered up with a honeymoon.

Character, she thought coldly, character is fate. And that's all God ever had to write any of His music with.

You had to do what you had to do. You had to do it with what there was at hand. She had tried to make a marriage with Sam that could complete them both. Failed. Now a better music had been partly written, but only partly. She, herself, would have to finish out the phrase from where it broke off. Cy had brought it this far but he could not finish it. He had broken out at last into freedom, but his utmost would not be enough to achieve a right marriage unassisted. The rest was up to her, she had to help if a right marriage were to be achieved.

Character was fate, and neither of them was complete, not Cy and certainly not Josephine Caneday-Willard-Kinsman. No symphony is written to climax; you do not achieve completeness in this world, but together she and Cy were more nearly whole than they could ever be apart. They had proved that forever.

There it was, it was the reality. You were meant to take what you could, to make of it what you could, and thank God when the test came they hadn't given up, either of them; they had both fought back. It has started, she thought jubilantly, it is under way, we've found the road. . . .

SHE woke to fresh and vital morning, bathed ecstatically, and went to wake Deborah. But Deborah was out of bed, on her feet, putting on a pair of white underpants. "You're up!" Josephine cried.

A proud little girl said, "I was outdoors in the yard yesterday afternoon. Grandma says I'm getting fat. Look!" She turned a shoulder. "Sunburn!"

Josephine wept with immeasurable rejoicing. Deborah had put the pants on backward and she put them on straight, then raised the child to her shoulders, singing:

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light."

She came into the dining room.

"Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in. . . ."

Asa was at the table, Hattie just coming from the kitchen. Their faces flamed, they were both going to begin, and she stopped them with, "Cy and I are going to be married."

Asa was powerfully wrought upon. "I hope to God!" he said under strong draft. A great deal more of that would have followed precipitately but Hattie silenced him, for that announcement made the world altogether different and brought everything out right. Hattie was a medley of reproach and rejoicing. Josephine ate breakfast with sound enjoyment and watched Deborah stuff herself unbelievably.

Asa permitted himself one remark before leaving for his office at the U. "I say you're a fool. You ought to have taken the other one. Anyway, you wouldn't have to support him."

Oh, wouldn't I! You can't possibly know how I supported him and would have to. She said demurely, "Maybe you're wrong about Cy. I found out I was."

She put Deborah in a hammock in the full morning sun and sat talking with her for a while, marveling at the electricity that seemed to charge the slight body. Then she went in and found Hattie in the kitchen and there followed about as idiotic a discussion as she had ever taken part in, and every detail of it was absorbing, was absolutely spellbinding. They were two women who had a wedding coming up. Talk wandered from a high philosophical plane about the nature of men, to even more fascinating matters of costume, ministers, and possible brothers and sisters for Deborah. . . .

A thought of awe and wonder presented itself. "I've lost a fetish," Josephine said. "There is no reason why I shouldn't bob my hair. I'm going to." A noonday sunlight overspread her mind. "Mother! You can't possibly know how much that means."

"All the girls are doing it," Hattie agreed. She could find no flaw in a daughter who was getting married.

Josephine telephoned a beauty shop for an appointment, then changed her dress. She did up her hair for the last time, dark hair, of a color there was no name for, of inexplicable assurance to her, of mysterious effect on Cy, of exceedingly desirable effect on Cy. The woman in the mirror, she thought, would do. The image looked better to her than ever before, looked fulfilled in fact, and was fulfilled. She had saved a lot from destruction. Now to go on from here.

She was thinking: Maybe I'd better let the bridegroom know he's going to be a bridegroom, when Hattie called from downstairs, "Josephine, Cyrus is here."

He was indeed! He was dressed with conspicuous neatness in his best clothes—not that his best was much. And Art Ricco was with him dressed in a best suit such as you never saw. "I brought Art along to help out," Cy said.

Mr. Ricco shook hands and grinned, remarking that they'd met in court.

"That's a nice dress," Cy said. "Put on a hat and let's go."

"Where are we going?"

"Downtown to get married." Cy turned to Hattie, "I suppose you'll want to sit in, Mother. Maybe you'd better take off that apron."

Josephine's heart was thumping. "One of us has got his lines wrong, and I don't know which. I think you stole my speech. . . . Cy, you come here."

She dragged him up to her room and shut the door. Control seemed to have passed out of her hands, and she was breathing as if she had fallen in love.

"Argument won't get us anywhere," he said. "I stopped at the courthouse on my way here and got a license. The state of Colorado says we can be man and wife. Pick any minister you like. I think we ought to stand up to the police judge who hung a fine on me but I won't insist. Hell, I forgot—I'll telephone your father."

SHE was trembling more uncontrollably than she had ever trembled before, but once again defiance flared in her. "You mean, phone him he's got to take on another mouth to feed?"

"You've got it backward. You and Deborah are moving into the barn."

"Oh. . . . Who said I'd marry you? I didn't."

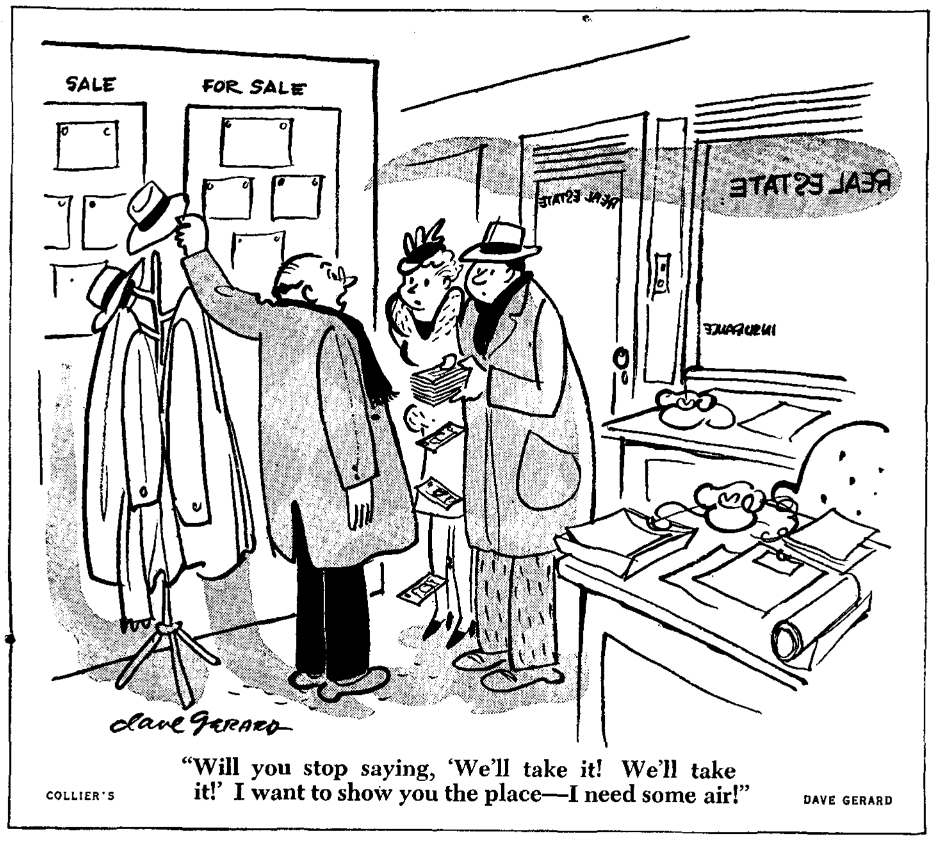
"Look, I didn't ask you. I phoned the superintendent and resigned you from Custis High School. Damned if I'll marry a schoolteacher."

Josephine sat on the edge of her bed. Don't be such a fool! she told herself. Stop wanting to bawl, stop shaking, you're not a schoolgirl, you're not a young bride. She said, weakly enough, "Damned if I'll marry a bootlegger."

"I think you would if it came to it. But you don't have to. You're not going to be the schoolteacher—I am. I've had a busy morning. I called on President Warren and signed up to teach physiology at the U. Physiology and how we don't know about vitamins and how medical miracles are worked. So let's go find your daughter. We've got to tell her she's got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

There was sheepishness in Cy's grin and then there wasn't. She thought: I was wrong—we can be complete, both of us. I was wrong. Time begins right here. She thought: Whether or not I cut my hair doesn't matter. Her thoughts whirled into a chaos of things lost and things wasted and things snatched from the fire in time—and she was crying in Cy's arms.

THE END



"Will you stop saying, 'We'll take it! We'll take it!' I want to show you the place—I need some air!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

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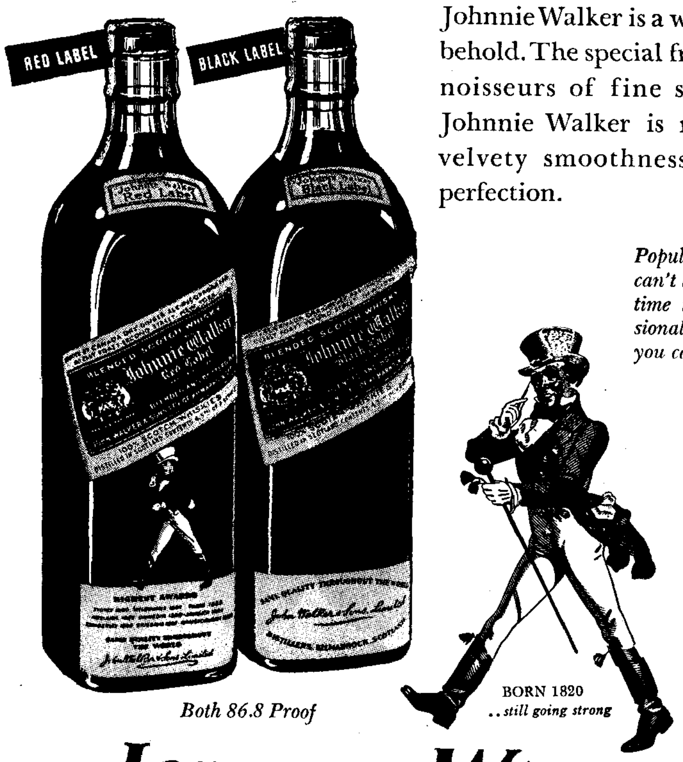

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Have Fun, Baby

Continued from page 13

You're not jealous because these people make a fuss over me, are you? They've always made a fuss over me ever since I was a kid. Honest, you'd think I was playing around with another woman the way you act."

It had been during his last furlough before going overseas, and he couldn't understand why she should try to crab his fun.

His mother had come up then and clutched his arm and said merrily, "Are you having fun, babies? Jim, please come over and tell these people that wonderful new story of yours, you know, the one where you make the faces and talk funny."

He had gone obligingly, and while he was telling the story he saw his wife leave; later when he got back to their apartment he found she had packed and left him, without even the conventional note, merely a line saying, "I've gone to the Plaza."

And that was the end of Eve, except for the brief letter a few months ago asking if he had any objections to her going to Reno for a divorce, to which he had replied politely, "None at all."

He looked, now, at his mother's note, crumpled from being clutched in his hand, and squinted a little in the fading light to make out the words.

"Jim baby, darling: How excruciating that you should arrive back home just as I leave on my honeymoon. However, we'll only be gone a month, and after all you're back for good, so we'll have oceans of time to be together when I get home. I know you won't be lonely—everyone's dying to see you. But you don't know how really, really terrible I feel that I'm not there to greet you myself. Have fun, baby! Love, love, love, from Mother."

Ah, Mother dear, he thought. Dear little gray-haired mother of mine.

There was a recent photograph of her, framed in glittering mirror, resting on a mirror-topped table, and he picked it up and inspected it carefully—the gleaming black smartly coiffured hair, the impossibly long eyelashes, the slightly smiling, slightly pouting, provocative mouth.

ONE of the fellows in his outfit had seen a picture of her and given the old wolf howl, and Jim had kept the picture out of sight after that, for some reason not wanting to have to explain, as he used to at prep school (but proudly, boastfully then), that she was his mother.

The phone rang, giving him a small shock of excitement and anticipation, until he remembered it was probably for his mother. But then a feminine voice on the other end of the wire said, "Jim! You sweet darling! Your mother told me you should be getting back today. This is Susie Greenough."

He said, trying to place Susie Greenough among the many pretty girls he had met at his mother's parties or at other people's parties, "Why, Susie, you sweet little floozie."

She said mockingly, "I always spoke well of you. Look, Jim, I'm at the Sperry with some people. Why don't you join us? I'm wearing a divine new dress and hat and I look adorable and you shouldn't miss it."

He still couldn't place her, but she sounded like fun, or anyway the kind of fun he had in mind for tonight. So he said, "The word is spoken. But listen, Susie, first I'm going to soak in cool clean waters, and who knows, I might fall in love with a fair white tub. It might be a while before I get there."

"That's quite all right, lover boy. I'll be here. You'll recognize me after all these years, won't you? I'll be the girl with the expectant look and the palpitant heart."

"Fine, fine. Hold that pose till I get there. See you later."

He went to the emerald-green-and-white guest room where his clothes had been stored since he moved them from his own apartment next door that snowy January night of the day Eve had left him. He had sent to her hotel a note, the brevity of which matched her own, saying there was no need for her to move out; he would. And two days later he had left for overseas with no further communication having passed between them.

He removed his uniform, took a long satisfying shower, dried himself briskly, and went to inspect his civilian wardrobe. He selected a dark blue suit that he had last worn four years ago. It still fitted him perfectly. He had been lean and fit when he went in the Army, and lean and fit when he came out. Fit, that is, except for a scar or two and a tendency of one knee to buckle under him now and then. He hoped it wouldn't interfere too much with his dancing because he was going to rumba the heels off Susie Greenough tonight.

WHEN he was dressed, he lighted a cigarette and went out to the terrace, breathing deeply of the cold outside air. His eyes moved slowly, remembering, from the terrace to the river, to the adjoining terrace that belonged to the apartment he and Eve had shared, and back to his immediate surroundings.

In the first long shadows of evening the terrace had a frozen dreamlike quality, the leaves of the vines and bushes were motionless in the still air; and the painted iron garden furniture glowed purely ghostly white.

He thought with an amused kind of bitterness that at this time of evening you could forget that there was nearly always a thin film of soot and grime over all, except immediately after the furniture and foliage had been hosed. And he wondered why most of the good things he'd encountered in life always trailed their disillusionments behind them.

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COLLIER'S "Let's flip to see who pays. Anybody got a coin?" SYDNEY HOFF

Even Eve, he thought. Even Eve.

From the corner of his eye he saw a white wraithlike figure move on the adjoining terrace and he sauntered toward the woven fence that separated them, wondering if Eve had sublet the apartment before she went to Reno.

The white figure moved toward him and a voice said, "Hello, Jim?" with a little question in it. The sound of the voice sent anger and unbelief choking up into his throat, making his voice thick: "What the hell are you doing here? I thought you were in Reno."

She didn't say anything for a moment, and he stood there looking at her from a distance of only three feet, seeing her face distinctly now, feeling his nails dig into the palms of his clenched hands. He wondered why he should hate her so much simply because she had seen fit to leave him for no real reason that he could understand.

He thought: She's not even particularly pretty. It's funny I should have fallen for her after all the pretty girls I'd known. There's nothing to her but a lot of silky fair hair and big eyes and a good figure.

No, he corrected himself with scrupulous honesty. There's more to her than that. . . .

When he'd first met the eighteen-year-old Eve she'd been a complete delight to him. He had first seen her racing along the beach with her fair hair streaming behind her, looking somehow very elegant in the brief white bathing suit that was yellowed with age.

He had found someone to introduce them and he had been enchanted with her because she was artless and gay and eager and spirited; and he had felt a great pride in her that she could wear a shabby bathing suit with such an air.

Now he stood with his hands still clenched at his sides, seeing her again as she had been that first day, and seeing her at this moment, six years older and not gay and not eager, and it made him angry, but it hurt him, too.

She said, "I didn't go. I'm not going to Reno." She spoke calmly, without expression, and he wanted to grab her and shake hell out of her.

"Why?" he almost shouted. "Why not?"

"I've decided I don't want a divorce. I've decided I want to stay with you."

He gave a snort of laughter. "What's the matter? The manpower shortage got you?"

She didn't rise to that and he remembered that she had never gone in for the kind of wisecracking and cynical humor that most of his friends did. It used to annoy him that she couldn't hand out the patter, that she was always so blasted forthright and literal-minded.

She said, "I've simply decided I want to stay married to you."

He watched her warily, trying to decide what was going on in her mind, in her heart. He couldn't tell. He never had been able to tell, after that first beautiful year or two.

He said, "Oh, God, don't tell me you feel it your duty to stick by the wounded veteran you happen to have married. Has all that propaganda hit you, too?"

She gave him a long look that was almost scornful. "That has nothing to do with it."

"You walked out and you're going to stay out," he said harshly. "You said you were going to get a divorce, and I'll see that you do."

She said with calm finality, "I have no intention of getting a divorce."

"Well, I will then, damn it!"

"You can't. You have no grounds."

"You left me. That's desertion. That'll hold up."

SHE shook her head. "It won't. I'll fight it. I'll say I came right back here to our home but you had gone to war and I waited and grieved till you came back."

"How about your letter?" he demanded. "How about your sweet sickening note asking if I'd agree to a divorce and wishing me good luck? That'll give you the lie."

She started to smile, a slow, maddening, small smile. "Do you have the letter? Can you produce it in court?"

He clenched his teeth till his jaws ached, not wanting to give her the satisfaction of seeing the immensity of his rage, wanting to shake her till her bones rattled because she knew him so well that she remembered he never kept letters.

He had to get away or he'd explode and make a dope of himself in front of her while she just stood there with that scornful smile. He said coldly, "I've got to run along. I have a date. We'll discuss this another time."

He started away from her, hoping that his back looked unconcerned and confident, and she called after him, "Have fun, baby."

It was like a sudden knife in the back, but he made himself continue on, pretending that the familiar words spoken almost in his mother's light merry tone held no particular significance for him.

He said over his shoulder, "I know you've never liked my mother. You don't have to prove it."

She said coolly, "On the contrary, I do like her. Your mother and I have become quite good friends."

He stepped into the living room and slammed the long glass door after him. He thought hotly: To hell with her. I'm not going to let her ruin my evening.

He went to the gold and white bar, poured himself a quick, strong drink, swallowed it, took a deep breath, stretched his lips into a horrible smile that showed almost all of his even white teeth, looked at himself in the mirror over the bar, turning the artificial smile into a leer, squared his shoulders and walked jauntily from the apartment.

WHEN he arrived at the Sperry he stood for a few minutes just inside the door to the bar, looking it over, feeling a little strange. For no reason that he knew, he was reminded of the first time he had gone there with his mother, during a Christmas vacation in the year he was fourteen.

His mother had introduced him around and then gone off to keep a luncheon engagement somewhere else, leaving him with the familiar, "Have fun, baby." He had been uneasy and somewhat awed and very self-conscious at first; but people had made the usual fuss over him and soon he was very much at ease, and not at all anxious to leave when his mother finally came to pick him up. After that he often went to the Sperry alone, sure of meeting friends and acquaintances of his mother, who always went out of their way to be nice to him. . . .

He walked past the bar, his eyes searching, hoping he'd recognize Susie Greenough when he saw her, and when his seeking eye fastened on the red-haired girl seated at the bar he placed her immediately. She had been at that party of his mother's when Eve had walked out, as she had been at many other parties he had attended, but she had been just one of the many pretty girls that were always around. Now he said to himself, "Not bad."

She saw him and waved exaggeratedly, and when he reached her she patted his cheek and said, "You're a doll. I didn't think you'd really come."

He said, "Well, you twisted my arm."

She laughed, and he hoisted himself to a stool beside her and looked her over carefully and appreciatively. Then she introduced him to her immediate party who were strung out along the bar. He ordered a drink, and everybody talked at the same time, and he smiled and talked and joked and gagged. But running in the back of his mind like a badly lighted, badly directed movie were remembered scenes and sequences of the drama of his life.

He shouldn't have seen Eve. He shouldn't have thought of that summer when they'd first met. . . .

Ironically enough it was the first summer that he hadn't spent with his mother at some smart sophisticated resort. His mother had married her third husband that year and had gone off on a honeymoon to Europe, leaving Jim at the quiet old-fashioned seaside resort that her new husband had recommended.

And there he had found Eve, in her shabby white bathing suit. She was living in one of the old-fashioned cottages with an old uncle who had cared for her since she was eight. Jim had been nineteen then, and Eve eighteen, and nothing like Eve had ever happened to him before.

It had been a new way of life to him and it held the charm and excitement of any novelty. After the hectic precocious pleasures he had been introduced to by his mother, the simple enchantments of that summer were as satisfying as the warm sun on a spring day. And Eve, the eager artless Eve, a kind of girl

CANDY
CANDY BARS
CHEWING GUM
CANDY MINTS

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WHY DO CHILDREN CRAVE CANDY?

MANY PARENTS fail to realize that the family menu is generally planned to suit their own appetites and bodily needs. The growing bodies of children have quite different requirements. For instance, an active child may need twice as much energy food as an adult, and the child's craving for sweets shows this need is unsatisfied.

Candy is an energy food. Most candy contains dextrose which is food energy in its most readily available form, along with fruits, nuts, milk products and eggs. Pure, wholesome candy in reasonable amounts and at the right time is a valuable factor in balanced nutrition at all ages.

And when selecting candy, remember to look for mention of dextrose on the label.

You will also find mention of dextrose on the labels of soft drinks, jams and jellies, ice creams and ices, canned fruits and juices, cereals and many other food products to which dextrose gives improved flavor, texture and appearance.

dextrose

FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

he hadn't known existed, became the most important thing in his world.

After two months of beautiful dreamlike days and evenings of the simple pleasures of swimming together, dancing together, going to the near-by amusement park that smelled beautifully of peanuts and hot dogs, he and Eve had decided to get married.

The old uncle would have no part of it, but Jim's mother, returning to her homeland with a kind of the-Marines-have-landed flourish, had been amusedly tolerant, and helped them every way she could. She talked the uncle into giving his consent, leased the terrace apartment next to her own for the young couple, furnished it, bought Eve's trousseau, and sent them on a honeymoon to Palm Beach that winter.

THE memory of those first two wonderful years kept flowing through him in nostalgic waves while he danced and talked with Susie Greenough. And in the back of his mind he was thinking: What happened? What made it go sour?

Susie said, "We're going to miss your mother dreadfully. Those dreamy parties! But they haven't been the same with you away. Everybody keeps saying how they miss you and your songs and witty sayings. 'A regular vaudeville show in himself he was,' everyone keeps saying."

He said, "So that's what they keep saying, eh? I've been wondering." He reflected that by now he should be feeling gay, high, wonderful. He cursed Eve mentally for having spoiled his fun.

He said to Susie, "I tell you what. Let's go to the apartment and stage a party all by ourselves and I'll put on my act for you."

She said, "Ooh, I'm frightened. Let's go quick before you change your mind."

She stumbled when they got out of the taxi at his mother's house, and threw her arms around him when he tried to steady her. She clung to him in the elevator, giggling a little, and when they were inside his mother's apartment she flung her arms around his neck and lifted her face.

He kissed her lightly, and she smelled of Scotch and perfume and cigarette smoke and face powder, and it made him think of all the parties he'd been to and of all the slightly drunken girls who'd put their arms around his neck and lifted their lips for a kiss. But mostly it made him think of Eve, because the perfume of Eve had never been comprised of that particular blend of scents.

The thought of Eve made him angry again, and he remembered her pale, determined face on the terrace and the sound of her voice saying, "I'm not going to divorce you." He said to himself, "What's she up to? What's she trying to pull on me now?"

Susie said, "Let's dance. Let's do something exciting. I think you're cute. You could stand a little wolf blood in you though."

She was standing very close to him, smiling, swaying slightly, and though her lipstick had worn off a little and her red hair had slipped in places from its careful coiffure she was a very attractive, very seductive girl.

He looked at her speculatively for a few seconds, feeling no stir of anything in his young blood, wondering what was the matter with him that now he had within his grasp that which he had gone out to seek this evening, he should find he didn't want it after all.

He said to himself, "You've got to learn to like these things, Buster. You're going to be alive a long while yet," and he took a deliberate step toward Susie and grasped her arms tightly.

The doorbell rang and it startled him so that he burst out laughing. He said in mock horror, "Hide in the closet. It's probably my wife."

He had been gagging, but when he opened the door and saw Eve standing there he was so surprised he couldn't think of anything to say.

She was calm and smiling, and the overhead light in the hallway made a fine pale cloud of her silky hair. She said, "I was out on the terrace and saw your lights go on and thought I'd drop in."

He looked at her with narrowed wary eyes. He said, "What's the pitch, Eve? What are you up to?"

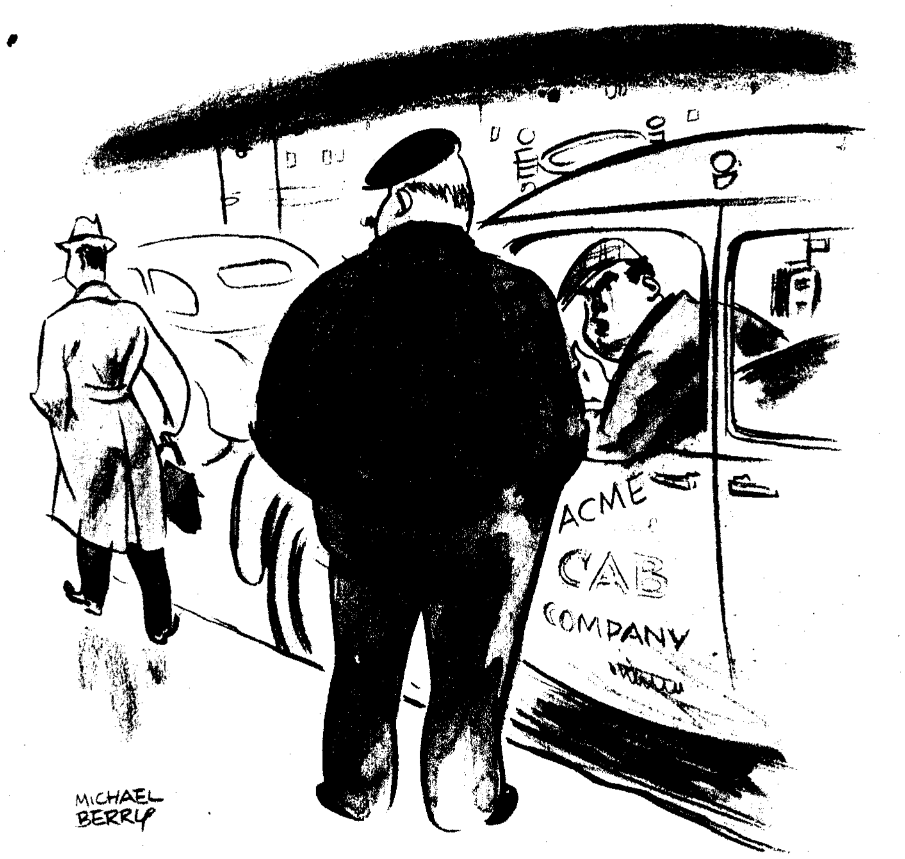
She continued to smile, a small, cool smile, and wanting to hurt her, he said, "Sure, come on in. I'm having a small intimate party, but come in anyway. It'll be like old times. You can even walk out before the party's over according to your long-standing custom."

He held the door wide for her, bowing as she entered, and Susie turned around from the gold-and-white bar with a filled glass in her hand and cried, "Why, you old stinker! Did you have to drag another girl in?" Then she did a double-take and started to laugh. "Why, it's the wife! Meet the wife, Susie. Hello, wife. What's your name? Eve or something, isn't it?"

Eve said, "Yes. Hello. You're Susie Greenough, aren't you?"

Susie said, "All the way through, baby. All the way through." She started the record player and went up to Jim and he put his arm around her and they danced, and he smiled down at her, wondering how long she could keep on her feet.

She stumbled a little now and then, laughing when she stumbled, and clinging tightly to him. And out of the corner of his eye he could see Eve sitting there quietly, patiently, her face serene as it had never been in those other days when she used to walk out on parties. She got up once and he was surprised to find that he had a sick moment of thinking: She's going to leave again. But she only went over to a table to rub out a cigarette that was smoking in a silver tray.



"They're gettin' worse every day. This guy just hands me the tip and don't even say, 'Thank you'"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

IT WAS then that Susie slid out of his grasp and fell neatly and almost noiselessly to the floor. He stood for a moment looking down at her in shocked surprise, and then Eve said, "Put her in a chair while I get some ice," and he followed her directions and they put ice on Susie's head until she opened her eyes and they got her on her feet.

Eve said quietly, "Take her home now, Jim. I'll wait here for you."

Very carefully he lowered Susie into a chair, watched her fall back against the cushion and close her eyes. Very deliberately he turned to Eve. Very coldly he said, "I can handle my own affairs. You can leave any time. My evening with Susie isn't finished yet."

She said sternly, "Don't be a fool, Jim. You know you've never liked girls like that."

"How do you know? I've always liked pretty girls. Isn't that why you left me? Because you were jealous?"

She said scornfully, "No. And you know you don't like girls like Susie. You wouldn't have picked me if you did. You just thought you liked them because your mother did, and you've always been an obedient son."

He shouted, "Leave my mother out of this!" Then rage exploded in him and he grasped her hard by the shoulders and shook her with all his strength.

When he let her go she just stood there, staring at him with wide, bright, angry eyes, her face flushed. And as he watched her, an impossibly large tear formed on the lower lid of her right eye and trailed slowly down her smooth cheek. He watched with a kind of horrified fascination while another tear coursed down her left cheek, and then she turned and ran from the room, and the slam of the door rang sharply in his ears.

FOR long minutes as he stood there motionless, his hands slack at his sides, he didn't feel anything at all. Then a shudder raced over his body, and he looked around blindly, not knowing what he searched for, until his eyes came to rest upon Susie, asleep in the chair, looking flushed and soft and somehow even more seductive in her comatose state. He looked at her with no more interest than a scientist might give an empty test tube, and then he lifted his hands before him, palms up, and regarded them with a kind of horror because they were the weapons he had used upon Eve.

He walked with heavy tread out of the apartment and to the one next door that had once been his, and opened the door that had been left ajar in haste and grief.

She was standing across the room with her back to him, looking out the window upon the familiar scene of bridge and river, and he could tell from the set of her shoulders and the tight look of her clenched hands that she had stopped crying.

He said in a low, stricken voice, "Eve. Oh, my poor Eve." And suddenly the pattern of the days and years of his life fell into place before his inner vision and at last he could see it right.

He said, "How could I hurt you when I love you so?"

She turned around to face him and he saw the tightness go out of her hands and shoulders. She said, "I don't really blame your mother. I did at first, but I don't any more."

He said, "Don't, Eve. Don't talk about it, darling. I understand."

"No. I want to tell you. I want you to know what I felt."

She was moving toward him now and he went to her in a rush, stopping just short of her, afraid to touch her.

She said, "I should have understood before. But I saw it all wrong from the beginning. I used to hate your mother because of what she was doing to you, and for a time I thought I despised you because you were such a trained monkey for her. I used to get sick, sick in my body and in my heart, watching her exploit you at those parties of hers. That's why I used to walk out. Not because I was jealous."

He was listening with careful interest, weighing her words, and he nodded slowly and said, "Why, yes, of course, that's the way it was," as if they were discussing some absent third person.

She caught her trembling lower lip between her teeth for a moment, and then she said, "Oh, Jim, don't be so understanding, so—so fine, or I'll break down. I've felt enough like a heel lately. You see, just before I was to leave for Reno I was talking with your mother one day and she kept telling me things about you and I kept trying to shut her up because I didn't want to talk about you. I'd gotten to know her a lot better than in the old days and I'd begun to understand that the reason she was that way with you was because she always wanted you to have fun. She's been running after it herself all her life, and I suppose she thinks everybody else thinks of fun in her terms."

She broke off and gave him a look that was almost pleading. "Tell me, Jim, were you having fun tonight?"

He shook his head slowly. "No. I wasn't having any fun. And I don't think I used to have fun at those other parties either, now that you mention it."

She put her hand out and touched his cheek, and still he held himself in check.

She said, "Well, that day when your mother was talking about you she told me how when you were fourteen she'd taken you to the Sperry and introduced you around. She said she wanted you to have a place to feel at home in when you were alone in New York."

SHE stopped for a moment and then went on in a little rush, *"A place to feel at home in!* The Sperry Club! I broke down then and she didn't know what I was crying about and I couldn't tell her because she wouldn't have understood. I thought of what a lonely kid you must have been and what a terrible kind of life that had been for you. I began to see it all very plainly, and I realized that I'd had you typed all wrong right from the beginning. I'd thought you were so sure of yourself, such a man about town, that you liked all that kind of stuff, liked being a trained poodle. But you were really just a lonely kid, only you didn't know it because your mother kept telling you what fun you were having. You never realized you'd been missing all the ordinary solid conventional joys of life. And that's probably why you fell in love with me—because I represented a way of life you'd never known but had subconsciously wanted. And the mistake we made was that we went right on living your mother's kind of life instead of making one of our own."

He thought with great pride: Why, that's very smart of her. I never could have figured that out. And he remembered how he'd always been proud of her from the moment he saw her in that yellowed bathing suit, through all the rest of the time. Even when she'd walked out on parties, even when he'd been annoyed because she couldn't be flip and wisecracking like the other girls, he'd still been proud of her because she was the way she was.

He put out his hand and touched a damp spot under her eye where a tear had passed. He said tenderly, "So you figured it all out and then you decided that you didn't want a divorce after all."

She nodded, and they stood there looking into each other's eyes until they found there the answers to all the questions that now would never have to be asked. Then he took her into his arms with pride and happiness and a great impatience.

THE END

Money in the Snowbanks

Continued from page 24

for the coming season. They have long records of ratios and averages and "percentages of normal" to work with. Their forecasts consistently prove within 2 per cent to 8 per cent correct, with occasional bull's-eyes that delight these quiet, hard-working men.

Copies of the data gathered by surveying teams are sent promptly to co-operating agencies. Southern California Edison Company, for instance, will send copies to the California Co-operative Snow Surveys, a branch of the Division of Water Resources, which publishes a forecast for the state. Copies, too, go to the Weather Bureau and the Soil Conservation Service in Washington, D. C., which publishes an over-all forecast for the entire West.

Just how are these forecasts used?

Southern California Edison Company, a private corporation, depends upon its Big Creek-San Joaquin watershed to provide the runoff to work its hydroelectric system. The company has to know in advance if there's going to be enough water for its needs. For if a dry year is coming, the corporation will have to depend on its stand-by steam and Diesel plants to furnish additional current, and has to arrange to buy still more kilowatts from other power systems.

But this can't be done on a moment's notice, just when the hydroelectric generators stall for lack of water. For contracts have to be let in advance for fuel oil and natural gas to run those stand-by plants. Contracts have to be signed to buy current from Boulder Dam and Pacific Gas & Electric—who, in turn, have to know what peak demands are to be made upon them. For they, too, have to figure out in advance the best use of *their* limited water for irrigation and generating power. The problem ramifies!

The most obvious use of runoff forecasts, of course, is to give warning of floods. If you know in advance that warm weather will bring destroying avalanches of water down the canyons, you can build levees and empty reservoirs, to restrict the torrents and impound them. But you can't do it on a moment's notice. That's why Army Engineers and the River and Flood Division of the Weather Bureau get copies of all snow data.

Farmers study the water prospects before planting. If there will be plenty of irrigation water late in the growing season, they put in late-maturing crops. If water is going to be scarce, they plant early crops. They won't plant at all if they know that nothing is going to run down the irrigation ditches but road runners and jack rabbits.

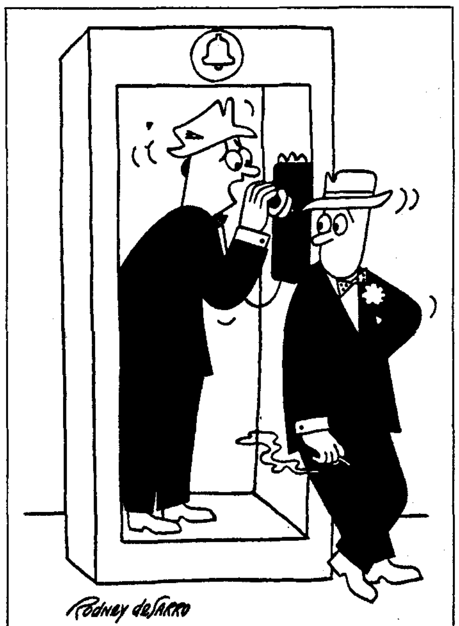
The Ditch That Saved Millions

Warning of water scarcity may give time for brilliant emergency measures. Thus, in 1934, the Utah Co-operative Snow Surveys forecast severe drought. There was time, however, for a big diversion ditch to be built from Bear Lake, and the ditch brought in water that saved $4,000,000 worth of crops.

When the Forest Service learns that a dry season is ahead, grazing in the Reserves must be limited to prevent a die-off of cattle on ranges where the grass would wither early and the water holes dry up. To forestry men, moreover, forewarning of drought is forearming against early fire hazards in the timber.

Even mosquito control is helped by foreknowledge of how much water will melt out of the snow! If, just when mosquito eggs are laid, the water level of a reservoir is suddenly lowered a few inches, the eggs are left clinging to vegetation in the open air, and that kills the embryonic larvae. After a few days, the water level is raised until it is a few inches higher than it was in the first place, to drown out any remaining eggs or larvae.

Water being such a valuable resource, it is only natural for hydro engineers to try to increase it. Offhand, that seems like a large order, but it can be done.



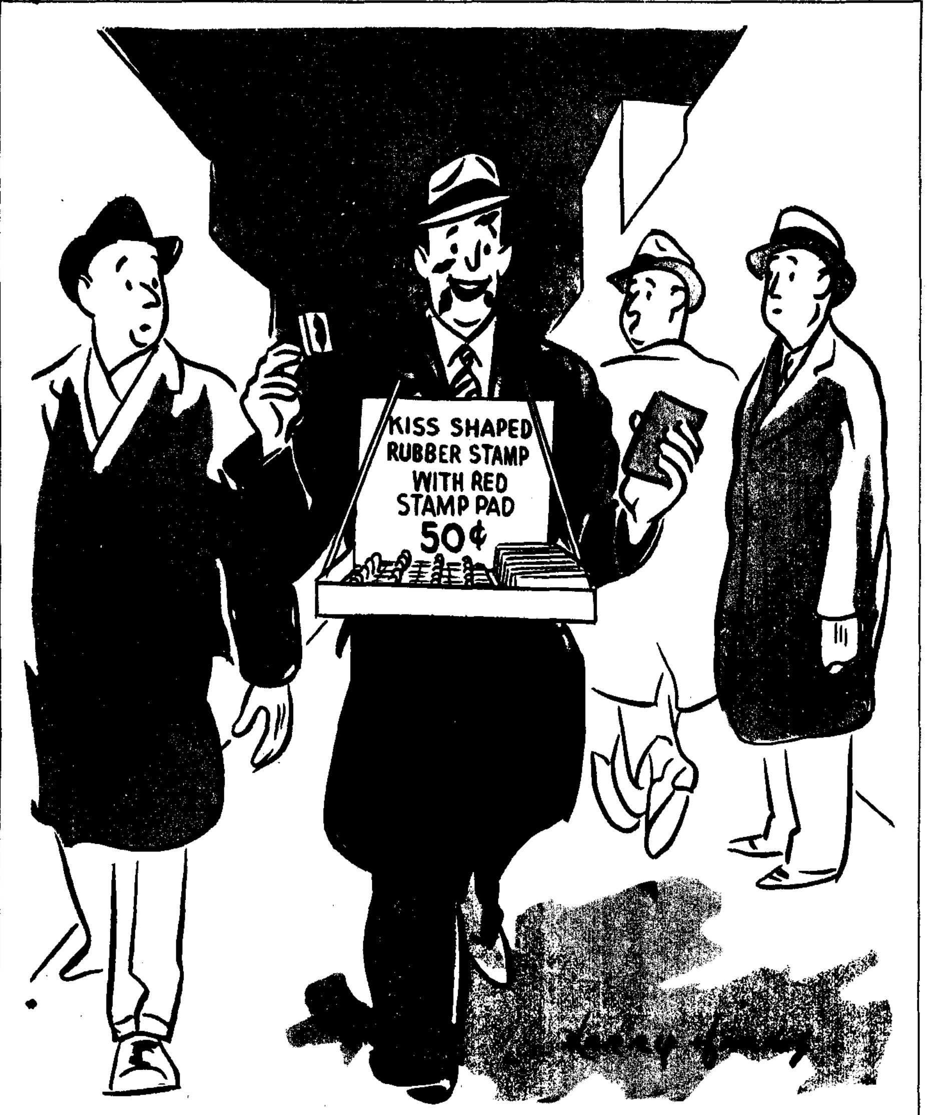
"Are you sure she's only 19? She just said, 'If you're late, it's 23 skidoo for you, kiddo!'"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Forests save the most snow, but dense timber does not save *all* the snow. A large tree can hold a ton of snow high in the air, where it evaporates in the wind and is lost. Making experiments, forest technicians proved that forests with open glades save the largest percentage of the snowfall.

They thinned out areas of timber. Open spaces were cut as wide as the trees were high. This provided maximum clearings upon which the flakes could fall unimpeded, and yet left enough shade to protect the snow from the sun. Results were dramatic: The normal snowfall yielded a 30 per cent increase in water runoff! It proves, among other things, that you *can* do something other than just talk about the weather.

THE END



"Don't let your wife take you for granted, gents, give her something to think about!"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

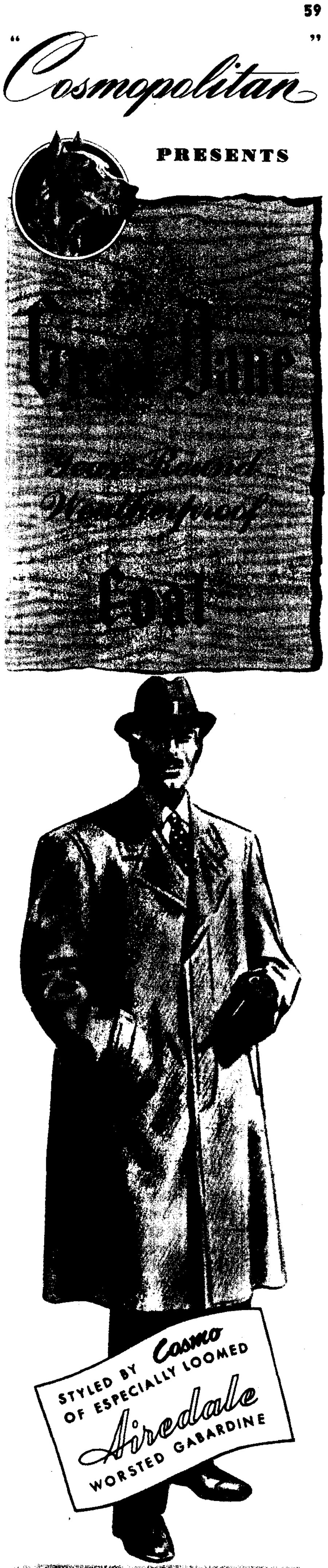
What to do? We can and are bringing the more willing German aeronautical scientists over here to continue for us what they started for Hitler. Russia and Britain are doing it. Where we can count on their sincerity as scientists who recognize no nationalities or flags, we'll be that much to the good. Professor Madelung might fit into that category.

But, Larry emphasizes impatiently, that brings us up only to the line equal with their research and development as of May last year. It doesn't put us ahead, particularly in jet and rocket propulsion. The Germans were advanced enough to use this new and unlimited method of warfare to kill Americans. We had no jet- or rocket-propelled aircraft or missiles in combat against them.

The American aircraft industry's mammoth war-built plants are empty and the hundreds of thousands of aircraft workers will return to peacetime production of needed consumer goods. Larry and his fellow military plane builders are right back where they were in 1938. They don't need all that plant space and all those workers now, but they do need a research and development program for supersonic aircraft, pilotless aircraft, guided missiles and other kinds of infernal machines that can move through the air at lightning speed carrying atomic bombs and war heads; machines that can be placed in mass production practically overnight.

Such a program is not intended to keep the military plane builders in a lucrative business; never have they expected to make a living exclusively off the government. All the big firms are in some phase of civilian and commercial aviation production now. Larry has chosen helicopters. But he, like the others, has some imaginative designers, engineers and aerodynamicists whose creative minds must be kept active during peace. Wartime is no time for experimentation.

THE END



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They're breeding race horses out in California and, as you might suspect, they are sun-drenched and colossal. In a big way, too

In the pasture at Oakmead Farm, Santa Clara. Because of the fabulous weather, horses bred in California spend more time in the sun than elsewhere in U.S.

Charlie Cooper, right, a pioneer California horse breeder, discusses one of his horses with L. J. Montgomery. The animal is now owned by Mr. Montgomery

John Semas, manager of the Oakmead Farm at Santa Clara, feeds a nine-months-old filly a special mixture. She seems more interested in Mr. Semas' chin

THE colonel's goatee was wagging slightly with ill-restrained emotion as he glared at the lank Westerner standing beside him at a Lexington bar. "Blast me, suh," the colonel exploded, "all you Californians can talk about is yo' sunshine. It takes mo'n sunshine, suh, to make a race hoss."

The Westerner jiggled his two fingers of straight bourbon and then drank it off at a gulp, adding a sip of water as a chaser. "Maybe, Colonel, maybe," he said softly. "But whatever it takes, we got it. All you have to do is look at the record."

This argument, in varying degrees of intensity, has been going on between Kentucky and California breeders of thoroughbreds ever since California horses started snatching races from under the noses of the aristocrats of the Bluegrass State. And the record shows that California horses are winning thirty-four per cent of the races run in a state which leads the country in big-money purses. It is something that can't be tossed off with a short snort and a slighting reference to Johnny-Come-Latelys.

Indeed many California breeders feel that it is this half-contemptuous, tradition-inspired attitude toward the West which has induced Kentucky horsemen to look upon California as a "sucker market" where new-rich oilmen and movie magnates are glad to absorb such culls and cripples as the Bluegrass is willing to send them.

The Golden State may have been a "sucker market" once, but that day is gone. Now California is not only breeding its own thoroughbreds but calmly predicts that the time is not far distant when Kentucky breeders will drop bitter tears into their juleps and speak nostalgically of the days of Big Red and his progeny. Kentucky, your Californian will assert, may not be washed up as a producer of the nation's best horses but she sees the handwriting on the paddock fence.

In one sense, however, the colonel was right. It took more than sunshine to place California in a position where she can challenge in a field which heretofore had been almost exclusively Kentucky's own. It took Charlie Cooper, a Kansas farm boy who came West soon after the turn of the century with a dream in his heart that some day he would have a thoroughbred horse-breeding establishment of his own in Southern California.

Cooper saw possibilities in Los Angeles real estate and by 1919 had accumulated a fortune of $250,000. But that was too slow for the dynamic Mr. Cooper. Learning that money in tremendous amounts was being made in Texas oil, he went there, and in a few years got himself more wealth than he had ever believed any one man had a right to own.

It was then that he started looking for the ideal place in which to make this dream about horses come true. He found it, at last, tucked away in a fold of the Palomar Mountains in Southern California. This was the old Rancho San Luis Rey, then owned by the late Henry E. Huntington. Here in a sun-drenched valley, protected on all sides from the chilling winds that came in off the ocean, were 4,500 acres. Cooper bought it for half a million dollars and operated it as a horse-breeding establishment until some three years ago, when he sold the place. He used the ranch to test the theories which in recent years have been giving Kentucky breeders the uneasy feeling that maybe these Westerners had something under their hats besides sun-bleached hair.

"Kentucky? Sure," Cooper says tolerantly, "they raise good horses in Kentucky. But I'll tell you something. A California-bred colt of equal blood lines will beat a Kentucky-bred colt more often than those people back there like to think about. Why? Because a California thoroughbred is *really* two years old when he runs his first race—not a year and nine or ten months old.

"The favorable climate of California gives breeders here a break. They can breed mares on the fifth day of February, and the colt is dropped on the fifth day of January. The foals are out gamboling in the sun from the day of their birth. Mid-continent colts are stall-raised until they are at least two months old, because their breeder dare not trust them to the uncertain weather conditions which prevail in that region. Consequently the foal's growth, particularly the development of its bone structure, is retarded."

Having learned early in life to do his own thinking, Cooper decided to launch the series of experiments which have revolutionized horse breeding in California. Chief among these was a new method of feeding.

Paradoxically enough, the greatest obstacle which confronted Cooper was the benign climate itself. During the long summers no rain falls in the coastal area of Southern California, and the grass, lacking the cleansing bath of showers, becomes infested with parasites. Sooner or later, he found, these parasites cause stomach ailments which retard a colt's development as much as twenty per cent. So the young thoroughbreds at San Luis Rey were never permitted to graze. Instead they were fed a balanced ration of ground alfalfa and oat hay prepared fresh each day on a portable hammer mill mounted on a five-ton truck.

Fresh alfalfa, cut early in the morning, was fed to the youngsters rather than dry hay, which often injures the delicate membranes of a colt's mouth. With plenty of prepared feed in the boxes and an abundance of newly cut alfalfa in the low mangers, Cooper discovered that a young thoroughbred will never think of cropping the grass he walks on.

Danger in Desert Alfalfa

Many uninitiated breeders, Cooper found, are likely to give too little attention to feeding. Early in his experience he was forced to discard desert-grown alfalfa where irrigation had been used. Rapid evaporation draws alkali into the foliage, lessening its food value. Also the hairy Peruvian variety is deleterious to highly bred, sensitive young animals because of the almost microscopic growth of fuzz on the stems, which promotes throat and lung irritation. The common Chilean variety proved free from the harmful fuzz and higher in nutritive value.

One of the innovations which Cooper introduced was the use of seaweed, or kelp, in his ration for young stock and brood mares. He found that the iodinized kelp is a powerful stimulant to fertility. One old thoroughbred mare, long given up as hopelessly barren, is still throwing colts at the advanced age of twenty-nine. There were also fewer cases of mares prematurely dropping their foals.

"A thoroughbred's success on the track," Cooper says, "is due fully as much to care and feeding as to blood lines." And here the climate of Southern California conspires with the breeder in the development of thoroughbreds which are giving Kentuckians so much concern. The California youngster is "bunch-raised" from the day of his birth. This makes for hardihood and a better dispositioned colt than in a system where he is kept in stalls and pampered through the early months of his young life.

Colts, like children, must learn to get along in groups. They teach one another good manners, not unimportant when for the first time they face the barrier as two-year-olds. Promising youngsters kept in a stall until they are three or four months old have been ruined when turned out among their hardier and less-favored fellows.

This almost happened to one of the best colts produced at San Luis Rey after Cooper had decided to keep him close in a stable where individual care, which he thought the colt merited, could be given him. Named for the ranch, San Luis Rey, the colt appeared to have everything: breeding, good bone and perfect conforma-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY JOE DEARING

tion. For six months a stable hand practically slept in the colt's stall. Then he was turned out among the little ruffians in the paddock. The results were disastrous. Exactly as school kids gang up on a new arrival, the hardy youngsters in the paddock made life miserable for the little creampuff. In rough-and-tumble play one of them kicked him, rupturing an eyeball.

"But in spite of that handicap," Cooper added, "San Luis Rey came on to set a then world's record of 1:10 1/5 in the six furlong race."

Californians themselves are partly to blame, Mr. Cooper believes, for the difficulties which beset them in attempting to establish stables which would rival those of the mid-continent.

"We just wouldn't take the time to build up our own foundation stock," he says. "As a result we were rooked by every breeder in the East with plunder in his eye. We bought what second-raters they wanted to sell us and asked no questions merely because the colt had an illustrious name behind him. We put him on the tracks and often found that a saddle horse, with mustang blood in him, could go around the imported thoroughbred like a bolt of lightning. We lost our shirts at the tracks and had to swallow the polite titters of Eastern breeders. It taught some—though not all of us—a lesson. Louis B. Mayer spent a fortune buying young horses in Europe. However, he has since become one of California's outstanding breeders. I never wanted to do it that way. I made up my mind that California is the finest place in the world in which to *raise* thoroughbreds and I decided to do it."

Building a Stable of Winners

With this in mind, Cooper bought Bon Homme, son of the famous Sweep. Later he acquired Bistouri (son of Papyrus' sire), Tracery and Easter Bells, along with twenty carefully selected mares. With this foundation, Cooper has won more and larger purses than any other California breeder. Among his best youngsters were Brown Jade, who ran the six furlongs in 1:10 flat as a two-year-old, and piled up $44,000 for her owner; Jade Boy, who won $40,000 before he met with a training accident; and Jade Girl, who is also promising.

Believing implicitly that California is destined to lead the country as a producer of thoroughbreds, Cooper decided that something must be done to encourage the small breeder. To this end he managed to wangle a place on the California Horse Racing Board and engineered a bill through the legislature which has had far-reaching effects on the industry.

"The bill provides that any California breeder is entitled to ten per cent of a colt's *future* winnings if raced in California, regardless of who owns him. As a result small breeding establishments are springing up all over the state (one- and two-horse outfits), and farm boys who formerly raised a pig or a calf for the 4-H Club are now babying a young thoroughbred. It doesn't cost any more to raise a good colt than a fat steer or a prize bull, and there is always the possibility that this same colt may lead the pack at Santa Anita one day and that the boys' ten per cent may run into important money. It has happened. More than one California youngster owes his college education to a colt which led the parade under the wire.

Because he believed that horse racing is and should remain primarily a sport, Cooper was able to inaugurate drastic laws governing horse racing in California.

"When a kid or a small rancher takes his thoroughbred to the tracks, he's entitled to a run for his money, not a fixed affair with all the mid-continent establishments. We're going to breed the finest horses in America."

A Breeder Gives a Guarantee

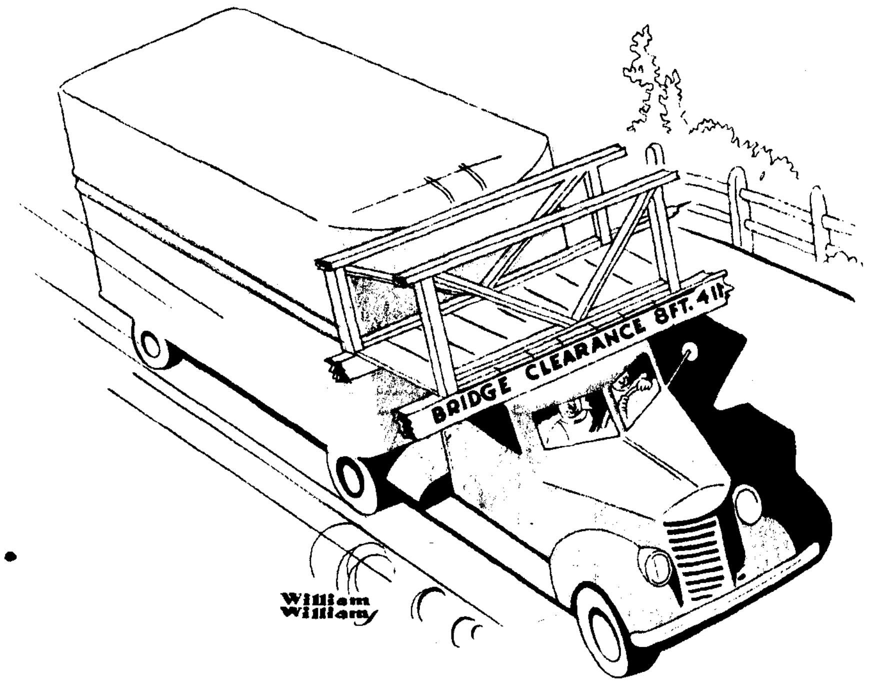
In the early days at San Luis Rey, Mr. Cooper decided that if he believed in the colts he was selling, he should be willing to stand behind them. Accordingly he introduced an innovation which he hopes will become more and more widely adopted. He found that he could bring a thoroughbred to racing age and sell him for about $2,500, with a guarantee attached which specified that if the colt did not go out and win sufficient money to justify the purchase price, Cooper would take him back or furnish another free of charge. From that time until he retired from the business he had to reclaim only five colts.

Another factor which augurs well for thoroughbred breeding in California is the rapidly developing charitable attitude known to be manifesting itself among gentlemen who have something invested in the tracks other than high ideals. There are those among them, indeed, who believe that racing should exist solely for the benefit of the humble patron who attends meets because he really likes to see the ponies run and for the pleasure he derives in spreading a fin across the board.

These men argue that all proceeds of racing, other than amounts necessary for the maintenance of tracks, should be devoted to charitable institutions and the upbuilding of state schools. The State of California seems to approve completely of this altruistic attitude of mind and is doing its best to foster it.

Looking at the figures this is not hard to understand. From 1933 to 1944, California garnered the very tidy sum of $20,687,483 in taxes alone from the bangtails. This amount was diverted into various channels, the state schools receiving $5,714,630; county, state and citrus fairs, $7,912,606; state relief, $686,747. In a recently concluded meet at Hollywood Park alone, the state received slightly over $3,000,000 in taxes.

THE END



COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS

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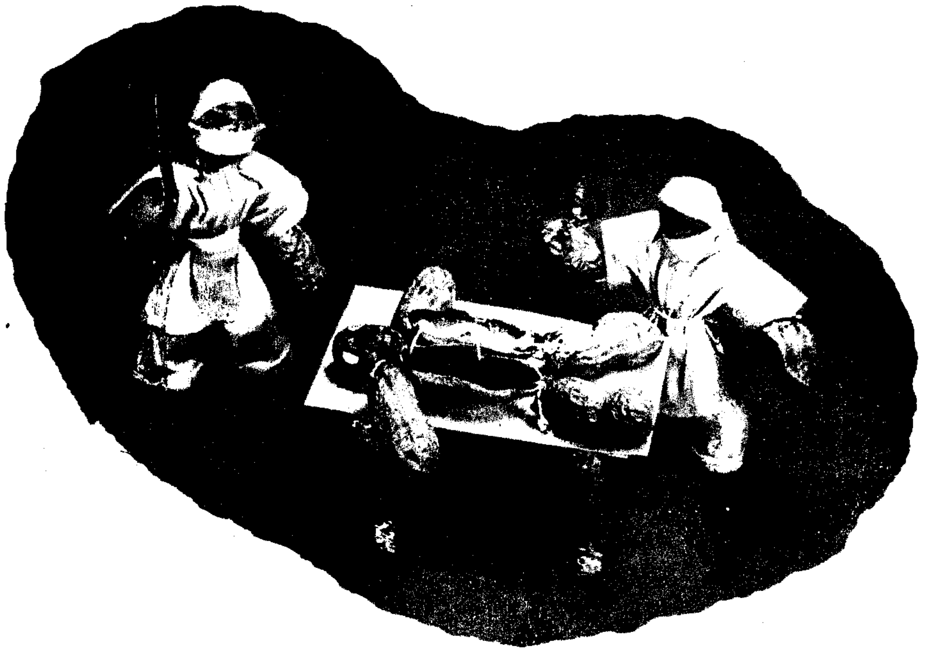


Nuts to Use

BY CARL FRENCH

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LISA LARSEN–GRAPHIC HOUSE

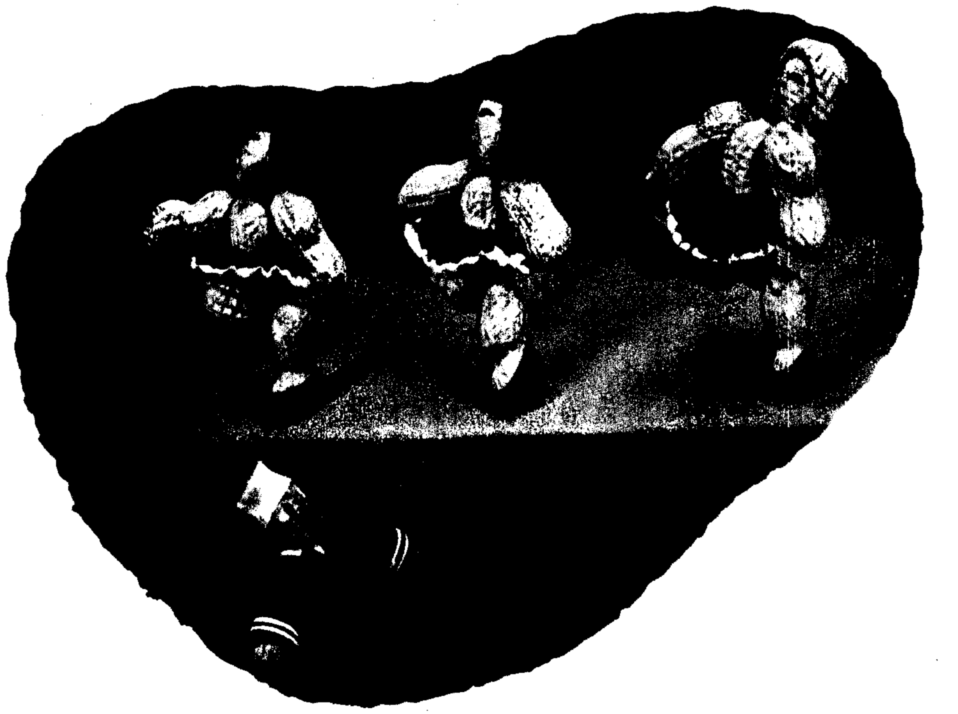
THE dark girl sat at her desk, pushing peanuts with her pencil. They rolled awkwardly. She began to hate peanuts. Until now, she had liked them. She had been one of those if-I-eat-the-first-one-I-have-to-finish-the-bag persons. But this was different, and Lea Kates knew it. This was business. She was in an advertising agency in New York and she was being paid to write smart copy designed to induce people to eat more peanuts—and now she had a pencil and no idea.

She pushed the peanuts again. They rolled and stopped. Her eyes were getting tired. One of the peanuts was beginning to look like a cameo of Queen Victoria. She picked it up and studied it. It still looked like the queen. She put it down, turned away. Then she whirled, picked it up and looked again. Victoria.

Miss Kates picked up another peanut. It looked like a peanut. She picked up a third and saw the face of a little girl. She began to pick them up, one by one, and examine them. With very little imagination, she saw Santa, Dan Cupid, cowboys, pilgrims and George Washington. Exhaustion and hunger left her. She took the little girl, got thread and a needle, and sewed another peanut onto her as a torso. Four more were sewed on as arms and legs.

The lady left her office highly excited. She found a dry-goods shop open and bought tiny pieces of colored material. At home, she fitted dresses onto her dolls, took matches and made ski poles, got cotton from the medicine chest to fashion snowy hills, and entered a new world of imagery.

That was a year ago. Miss Kates still works for an advertising agency. But peanut dolls have become her avocation. "If you look at one long enough," she says seriously, "you'll begin to see eyes and faces." She half smiles, wondering if you think maybe that she—"They practically talk to you," she says. And, as she holds one up and turns it slowly, you begin to see what she means. The irregular convolutions of a peanut shell, plus a small dash of imagination, show you how right she is. ★★★



Airplane on a String

Continued from page 21

in service were confronted with chances for model building and other handicrafts that most had never enjoyed before. Workshops sprang up in service centers, USO stations, camps and bases at home and abroad, and this added zoom to the model-plane boom.

Veterans are an important but not the only reason that model makers are anticipating a bright future. Interest is being stirred in a dozen ways. Boy and Girl Air Scouts have model construction high on their activity list. Park recreation authorities encourage youngsters in handicraft, the Chicago Park District having 43 full-time instructors in the model field. Schools in California, Nebraska, Illinois, Michigan, New York and elsewhere are placing model building on their industrial arts curriculum.

In the United States there are about 12,000 model-plane clubs, and their number is growing apace. These little clusters of enthusiasts are the focal points that give the activity most of the unity it has been able to manage in its wild, upsurging development. The clubs go by names like the Long Island Sky-Lancers, the Yonkers Gas Birds, the Duluth Sky Kings or the Wichita Aeronuts. Hundreds are affiliated with the Academy of Model Aeronautics, the official governing body for model aviation since 1934. Part of the National Aeronautic Association, it oversees contests, fixes rules and fosters general advancement.

To men in the model industry who are in it for the love of it (which still means most of them), the accomplishment of making handicrafters from millions of unskilled Americans is the best possible guarantee that the nation will not run out of new ideas. The lads who tinker at basement workbenches are in their view the richest imaginable treasure-trove of inventiveness. Model shop owners and clerks tell you many of their plane-building customers are bulging with suggestions about how to improve this or that.

Of these, control-line racing enthusiasts are by far the most serious and scientific—but they do not lack humor. One fellow at a recent model meet in Des Plaines, Illinois, built a tiny plane complete with a wooden replica of an Atom engine (the smallest manufactured) and actually got away with entering it and flying it in one of the events by merely swinging it around on the end of a line. Because of the barking and snorting of about a dozen other engines from the pits, it took a while for anyone to notice that his "engine" wasn't making any noise.

To many modelers, contests offer an opportunity to prove the worth of their pet designs. Any serious contest flier will launch into an enthusiastic discussion of aerodynamics, of prop design and efficiency at high speeds as well as the superiority of his own pet airfoil or fuel mixture at the drop of the hat—but he will divulge his secrets to no one. All this highly scientific talk is well grounded by the indisputable fact that the experts have pushed the speeds of their tiny racing craft to well over the 120 m.p.h. mark.

But while contest racing and stunting is the most spectacular phase of the hobby, a large number of fellows build and fly models just for the satisfaction of creating something with their hands and seeing it fly. Building a "kit" model, exactly to the instructions on the plan is satisfactory for the first few models. Then the true model "bug" gets into their veins—and off they go disagreeing with the designers or adding new ideas and improvements. Perhaps the shape of the wing is changed, or the engine is mounted upside down, the landing gear may be altered or fairings added—the possibilities are unlimited. Eventually the modeler feels he has the right idea for an entirely new design, or wants to build a model of his favorite real plane and there isn't any kit available.

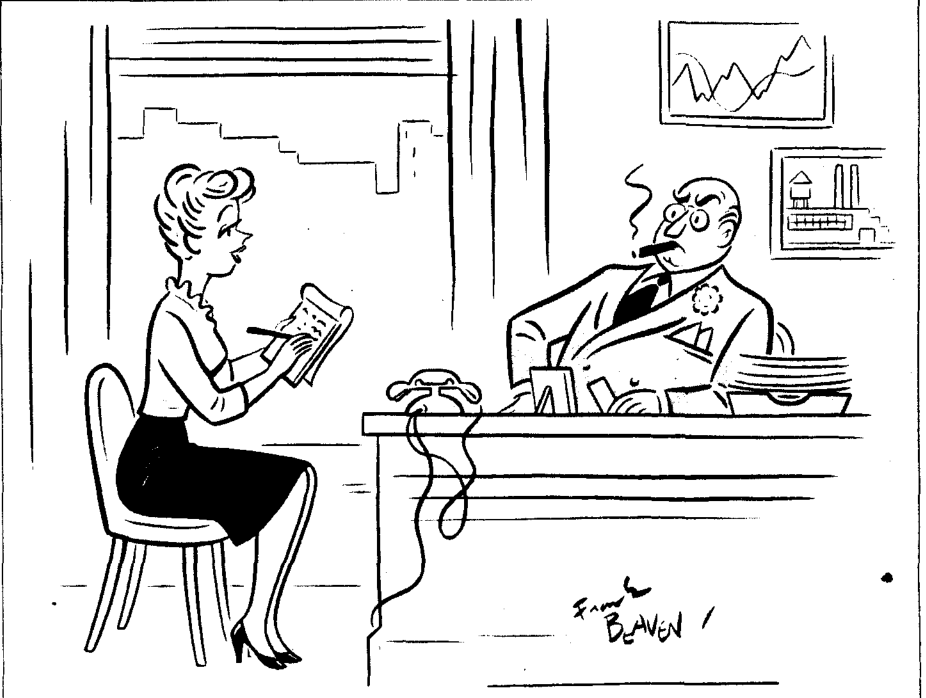
So he spends long hours of poring over sketches. Plans are scaled down to the desired size, structure drawn in; locations for engine mounts, ignition system and the control plate are determined by comparing the model with others that have proven successful, and soon a shiny new model is sitting on the workbench, ready for test flights. The idea of being able to design his own model, build it, then see it fly, is the goal of all modelers.

One of the most startling of recent home-designed models appeared at a recent West Coast contest. It was a jet-propelled control-line model—not a simple powder rocket-type model, but a true jet ship with an engine that functioned the same way the General Electric unit does in the Army's P-80 fighter.

Perhaps the best indication of how widespread the activity is becoming is the recent appearance of special accessories for control-line models. Miniature storage batteries of 2.2 or 4.4 volts weighing less than three ounces are in full-scale production. These batteries are the wet-cell type, just like the storage battery in a car, and can be recharged when the current is drained. A firm out in Melrose Park, Illinois, is producing rubber-tired wheels with nonskid treads and aluminum hubs. The firm also is producing extension shafts so the motor can be mounted back in the model, with the propeller up front, as in the Bell Airacobra and King-cobra.

For fun or serious experimentation, control-line flying promises to be one of the nation's leading hobbies, for it offers the thrills of flying without prohibitive expense.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Now I'll read it back to you . . . see if I guessed right!" FRANK BEAVEN

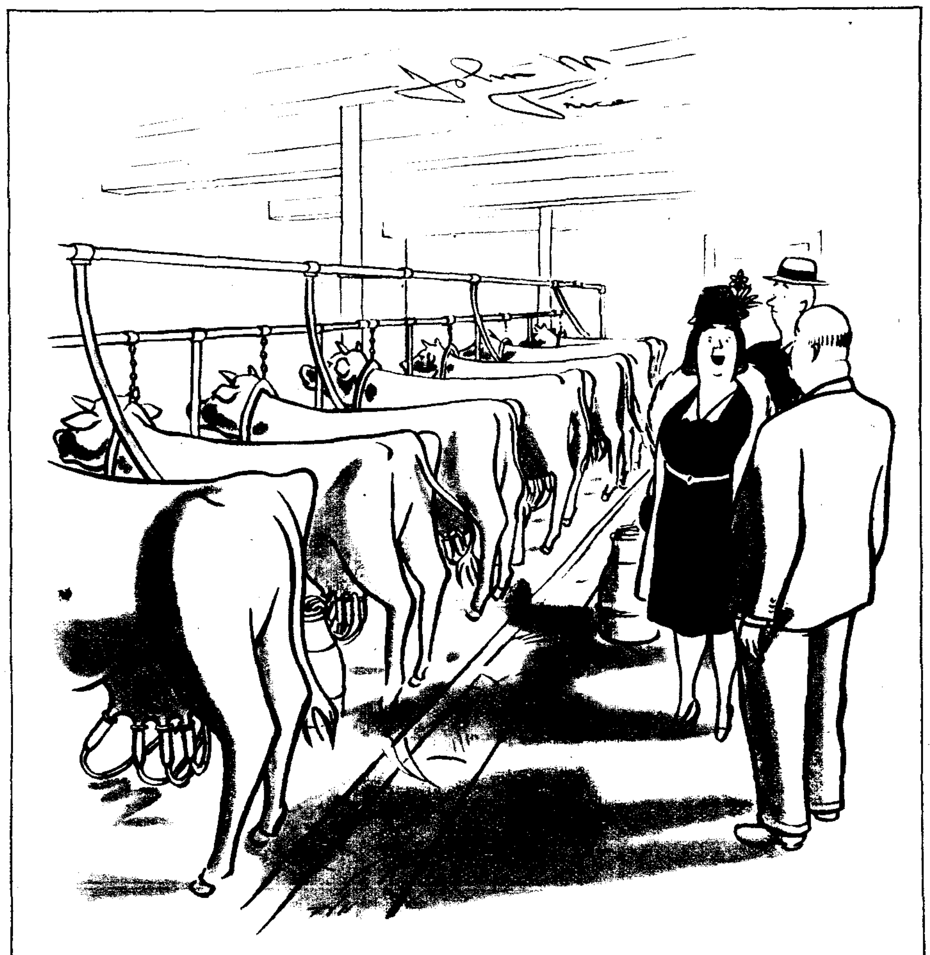
Industrial Warfare

Continued from page 15

feels in his stomach as he sees the wartime demand for hands ebb.

Again in simplified terms, John Greene, executive, finds he must now take the union contract into consideration, must consult the union, thresh things out in debate. Perhaps he makes every effort to adjust himself to conditions, but often he can't help but regard his unionized workers as ingrates, lured from loyalty to him and the company by union promises. Above all he fears the union wants to run his business or to prevent him from doing his job efficiently.

These attitudes are stubborn facts which cannot be ignored. Thus to solve the problem they present, it is necessary to go behind them for reasons. Unions and management had plenty of reasons to regard the reconversion period with foreboding. For the unions there was no longer a Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House to lend a friendly and resourceful hand if necessary. The unions knew that—as after World War I—they faced hard going to hold wartime gains, and at least some leaders believed they faced a fight for their very lives. They faced the headache of shrinking employment and consequent shrinking membership.



COLLIER'S "How much do you get back on the empty cow?" JOHN M. PRICE

When cutbacks shut down the Willow Run bomber plant, Bomber Local 50 of the U.A.W., once 20,000 members strong, was wiped out almost overnight. The International U.A.W., once numbering 1,300,000 dues payers, has already shrunk to about half that number. Union membership rolls are being jumbled further as millions of war migrants return home in quest of work.

But on top of these headaches was still another real troublemaker—the internal weakness and power politics within some of the unions themselves. That means trouble for management as well as for responsible labor.

All the country wondered why redheaded Walter Reuther, U.A.W. vice-president in charge of the General Motors Division, struck General Motors so early in reconversion instead of waiting until production was rolling in the spring. The answer was that the U.A.W.'s international officers, who control their giant locals only with the greatest difficulty, feared rank-and-filers would revolt and involve the U.A.W. in a strike against the entire industry.

In the U.A.W.—the ultimate in union democracy—rank-and-file members battle their leaders with the same enthusiasm they devote to fighting the companies.

"You flannel-mouthed gravy-train rider!" rank-and-filers sometimes yell at the sweating R. J. Thomas, their president, as he seeks to address them. "Do you call yourself a union leader?"

Thomas, an ex-welder, once admitted ruefully to John Lovett, executive secretary of the Michigan Manufacturers' Association, "There isn't a welder in Detroit who doesn't think he'd make a better labor leader than I."

"First thing you must do, R. J.," said the manufacturers' spokesman, "is to get production. Suppose we fire for loafing?"

"That's where my weakest spot is," replied Thomas. In the Chrysler and Kelsey-Hayes wildcat walkouts, the U.A.W.'s international officers tried desperately to get the men back to work quickly but couldn't.

"The U.A.W. is a weak union," Lovett told me in Detroit. "Its leaders have no strong control over it. We don't want a weak union. We want a union that can enforce discipline.

"The automobile makers would give a closed-shop contract and dues checkoff to John L. Lewis if he came here and promised performance of contract, they're that desperate for production," said Frank Rising, director of the Automotive and Aviation Parts Manufacturers, Inc.

To employers, John L. Lewis is a leader who can deliver under a contract. In the U.A.W. there is no single strong figure. President Thomas' energies are often devoted to keeping peace between Walter Reuther and George Addes, the secretary-treasurer. At last year's U.A.W. convention Thomas and Addes tried unsuccessfully to oust Reuther. Strong leadership for the U.A.W. is lost in the shuffle of union politics.

Employers object even more to the U.A.W.'s "labor statesmanship," which has union officials interesting themselves in the prices of cars the companies make, in the profits the employers earn, in the way the employer reconverts to peace.

In a negotiations meeting with the union, Harry Coen, G.M.'s labor relations director, exclaimed to Reuther: "Why don't you get down to your size and get down to the . . . job you're supposed to be doing as a trade-union leader, talk about the money you would like to have for your people and let the labor statesmanship go to hell for a while?"

"We've been fighting to hold prices and increase purchasing power," Reuther replied. "Unless we get a more realistic distribution of America's wealth, we won't get enough to keep this machine going."

At this point a third party—government—comes in. Although wage demands are inevitable after a war, and management and labor have been flexing their muscles in public for months, the Truman Administration prepared for the contest by scuttling the War Labor Board, which had largely succeeded in keeping the adversaries from coming to open blows during the war. Truman, however, retained his war powers, including that of plant seizure in labor disputes, and has used it on occasion.

The reconversion wage yardstick which the War Labor Board had prudently developed in anticipation of union demands, was junked. Labor and industry were left to fight it out. And to make matters worse, the anticipated strengthening of the Labor Department did not develop.

"I never thought I'd ever live to see the day when I'd be glad to have Madame Perkins back as Secretary of Labor," an influential labor leader commented on Schwellenbach's role in dropping the War Labor Board. Industrial leaders, bitter on their own account over Secretary Schwellenbach's handling of the oil-industry wage problem, were inclined to agree.

Capable Advisers Neglected

Labor Secretary Schwellenbach, out of touch with labor and management in the mass-production industries, failed to surround himself with some of the first-rate industrial-relations advisers that the war had produced. Dr. George Taylor and William H. Davis, former heads of the War Labor Board, retired to private life, taking their talents for conciliation with them. In one of the gravest labor-relations crises in our history, the Department of Labor—except for ineffectual conciliation efforts—had reduced itself to the role of innocent onlooker. That left labor and capital standing toe to toe as equal heavyweight contenders ready to prove they could stop not only each other but the entire economic setup as well.

What can we do about it?

There ought to be a law, is everyone's first impulse. Why not simply bar strikes and compel both sides to take their differences to government arbitrators who will decide for them? Why not? Because it just doesn't work in a democracy, and the boss is just as opposed to compulsory arbitration as the worker.

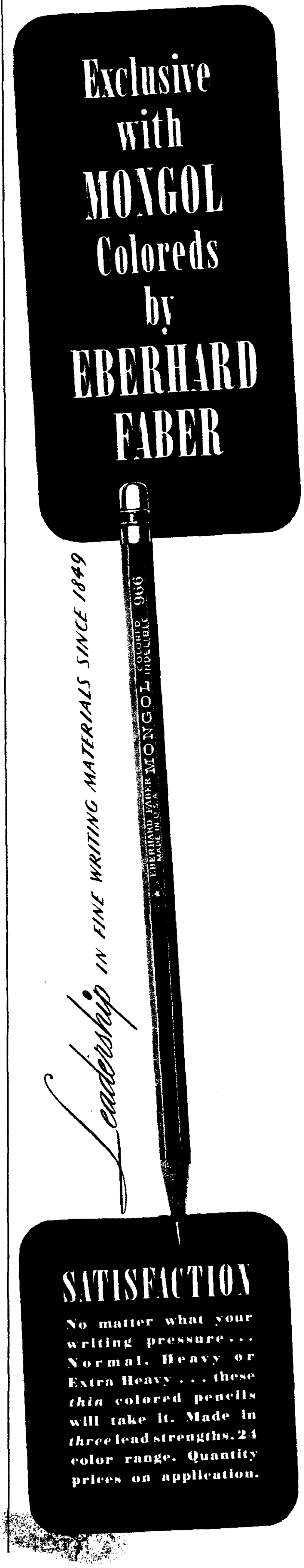
"The right to strike is inalienable!" declared a delegate to the recent management-labor conference. "To deprive men of the right to *quit* work is to deprive them of their personal liberty." A labor orator sounding off? No, it was M. W. Clement, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

When the House Labor Committee sought John L. Lewis' opinion, they got it. "Compulsory arbitration," he intoned, "would thrust the knife of absolutism into the heart of free America. Take away my liberty, and I will fight you. Attempt it at your own peril."

Australia, New Zealand and our own Kansas have tried compulsory arbitration. Australians and New Zealanders continue to strike anyway. Kansans did too, and the state law was dropped. In democracies, men don't observe unpopular laws, as our own prohibition days taught us. Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, testifying on President Truman's "cooling-off and fact-finding legislation," urged Congress itself to cool off, avoid hasty legislation.

"Good labor relations can't be legislated," he warned.

Although both sides agree they don't want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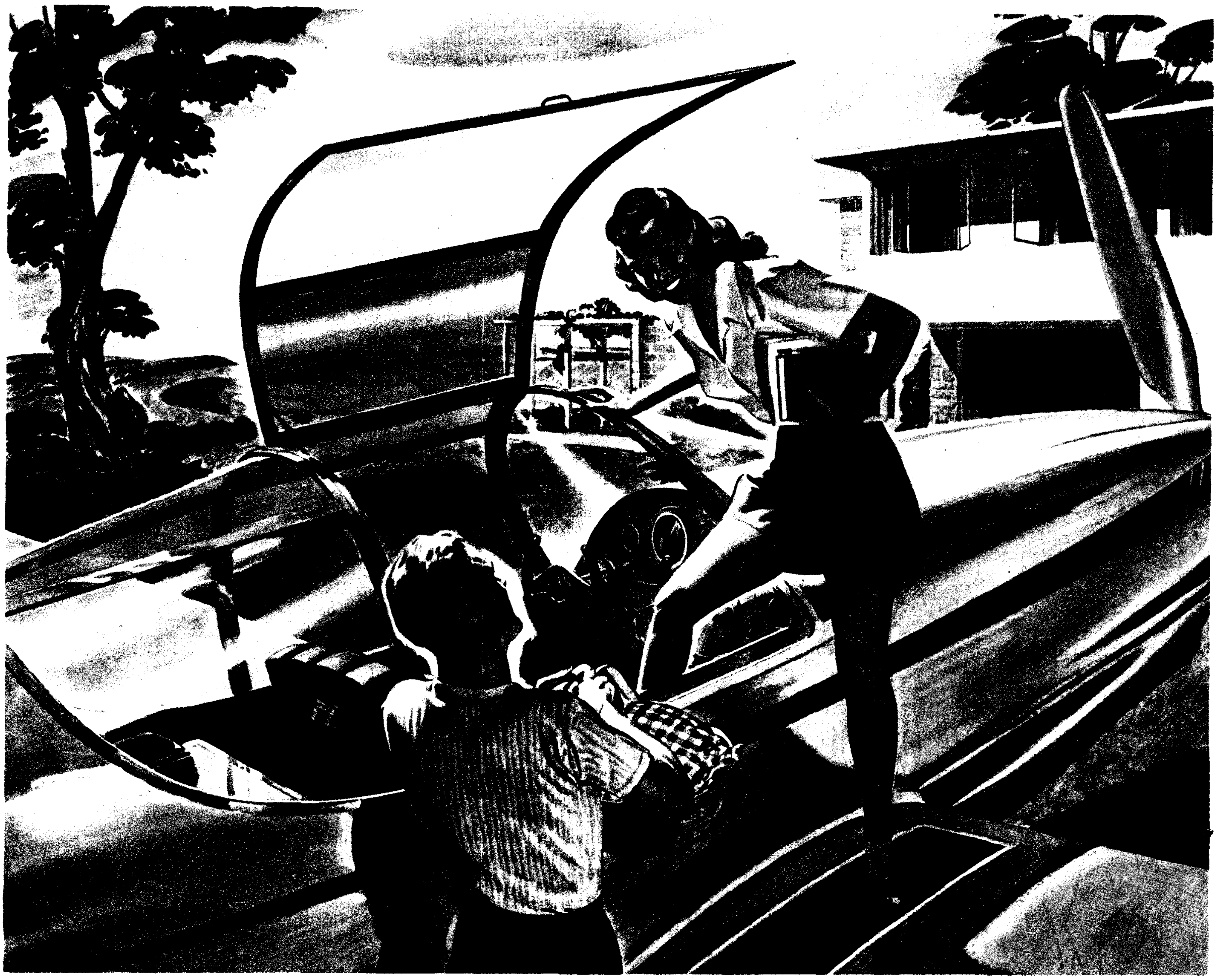

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compulsory arbitration, there the area of sweetness and light ends. Important voices on the employer side charge that management has become the underdog and needs protection.

In Detroit, George Romney, director of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, argued earnestly: "The unions are now stronger than any other private group in the country. They are so powerful they exert a strong influence on the government and are even in a position to defy it. The government has helped them grow strong, but has placed no limits on the extent of their powers."

In Akron, E. J. Thomas, president of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, told me: "There'd be better acceptance of collective bargaining if both sides got equal treatment under the law, if both were subject to the same treatment under the Wagner Act. Why should the employer be the only one subject to charges of unfair labor practices?"

Other employers insist, "We want security, too, the kind the unions have always wanted. We want protection for our right to operate efficiently, keep costs down, and stay in business. We want unions to be responsible, abide by their contracts, and we want laws to make them responsible."

Unions, as the Ford local of the U.A.W. proved, are willing to give assurances that contracts will be responsibly observed. But they fear and will fight legislation which, in the hands of a hostile administrator, can be used to undermine the legitimate, day-to-day activities of unions.

"Why put the burden of responsibility on labor?" John L. Lewis asked. "That premises that the corporations themselves are always responsible. But we have found no way of making the corporations legally responsible for their contracts. We have had contracts torn up by the best economic families in America, the Mellons, the Rockefellers —I could call a roll."

A Long and Bitter Battle

As for amending the antitrust laws and the Wagner Act to restrict union activities, labor leaders point out that ever since 1868, when New Hampshire limited the work day to 10 hours, on through the fight for the Clayton Act, the labor provisions of the N.R.A., and the Wagner Act, it's been a bitter fight to raise the workers' bargaining power to that of the employer. And they won't stand idle if attacks are made on these gains.

"We're no different from the laboring men of Great Britain," the usually mild Bill Green, president of the A.F. of L., stormed at a group of congressmen. "When driven to desperation we'll turn to the left."

Even such seemingly moderate proposals as fact-finding legislation drove Phil Murray, the C.I.O.'s president, to say: "It can be but the first step for ever more savage legislative repression. . . . The C.I.O. will mobilize its entire membership and the American people to defeat this measure and all attempts directed against labor."

In this manner, the lines are drawn. Is a constant succession of strikes, lockouts, turmoil in Congress culminating in government strait jackets for both sides inevitable?

No. There are ways to keep peace, but there is no magic formula. Strong unions of employers to deal with strong unions of employees is one way. Impartial umpires chosen by both sides to settle disputes arising from interpretations of a contract is another. It can be done with community-wide mediation machinery; with conciliation ("Help us decide" as against the "Decide for us" of arbitration) provided by government experts.

After months of study, some of the country's most respected authorities on labor problems based their industrial peace proposals on the proposition that strength respects strength, that industrial adversaries, like nations, are not likely to unsheathe the sword unless they expect to win.

"Employers unite!" was the gist of advice given by William H. Davis, former War Labor Board chairman and Economic Stabilizer, by Clinton S. Golden of the United Steel Workers, by Howard Coonley, former N.A.M. president, by Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard, and by Robert J. Watt of the A.F. of L. in a report to the Twentieth Century Fund.

In the clothing industry, the scene several decades ago of bloody management-labor strife, regional associations of employers dealing with a strong union have made strikes rare. Even more rare are violations of agreements with employers, and once when workers in Rochester, N. Y., got out of control, the national Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union helped the employers lock the rebels out until they promised to maintain discipline.

The Amalgamated, which embraces 90 per cent of the industry's workers, deals with associations of employers in New York, Philadelphia, Rochester, Baltimore and Chicago. Contracts negotiated every two or three years bar strikes and provide machinery for settling disputes. Ultimate preservers of clothing-industry peace are the impartial chairmen hired jointly by local employers' associations and unions to interpret the agreement and enforce their own decisions. Once swamped with disputes, impartial chairmen now have relatively little to do since accumulated decisions over the years have formed a body of "common law" to guide industry-employee relations.

Although the Amalgamated dominates the clothing industry, it has always left employers a free hand and has encouraged introduction of new machinery and new methods. The union's participation in management is not a burning issue in this industry. The Amalgamated's production and financial experts have helped reorganize weak firms, have helped tide over others by lending them union funds. The union once underwrote several hundred thousand dollars of securities for a Baltimore firm, cut wages, and helped run the company until it was on its feet.

To the clothing worker, collective bargaining has brought security, protection against loss of time from strikes, and against capricious discharge by employers. He has been protected by unemployment insurance since 1923, dismissal wages since 1926. The union has provided co-operative housing, dental care, sickness benefits, savings and investment facilities and life insurance. Equally important, it has given the worker a sense of dignity and of "belonging."

To the clothing-industry employer, collective bargaining has brought freedom from strikes, savings in recruiting and training labor. To the public, it has meant freedom from the turmoil which once kept whole communities in an uproar. To the present industrial conflict, it has a special meaning. Clothing workers and employers made a go of it through self-rule and without government intervention.

Will Johnson

COLLIER'S "Madam, I could charge less for his piano lessons if you owned an instrument of your own!" WILL JOHNSON

But the custom-built solution of the clothing industry's problem is no ready-made answer for every other industry. The clothing industry's system took 35 years of trial and error, of strikes and lockouts to build. Without time to develop the employer-union confidence on which collective bargaining rests, the system probably would collapse in industries where bargaining is new.

In clothing as in printing, in shipping, and in stoves, employer organization was the key to peace. It was a new kind of employer organization, formed, not to fight unions, but to negotiate with them.

San Francisco Finds the Answer

That's how peace came to San Francisco, America's Number One industrial plague spot of the late '30s. Home of the militant "Hell Fire" Harry Bridges and his hard-bitten longshoremen, land of rugged individualist employers who had organized to fight unions, San Francisco averaged one strike a week until 1939. But from 1939 to 1944 when strikes throughout the country increased 52 per cent, strikes in San Francisco fell 80 per cent. Last year, San Francisco, scene of vast aircraft and shipyard expansion, had only 13 strikes involving 15,500 workers, practically all of whom went out in one strike by the International Association of Machinists, A.F. of L. Statistics showed that San Francisco had found the answer.

Through the San Francisco Employers' Council, the city's employers raised their collective strength to that of the C.I.O. and A.F. of L., which were organized on a regional basis in the area. First fruits of collective bargaining by employers was the quick demise of the "quickies," little one-day strikes called by Bridges to cripple one shipowner at a time.

One day Almon Roth, their Employers' Council's president, bundled Bridges into his car and drove to a parking lot where they could talk undisturbed. "I'm going to be tough," said Roth. "One more quickie against an individual ship, and, damn it, we'll lock you out along the entire water front."

Sure enough at the next quickie, shipowners throughout the San Francisco Bay area locked out the entire union. Bridges' men were without work for 59 days.

When the lockout was over, the unions and the Employers' Council set about making collective bargaining work. Some 3,000 employers now negotiate with several dozen unions through the Council, which provides trained negotiators, labor lawyers, economists and statisticians to bargain with their opposite numbers on the union side. About half the Council's work consists in negotiating collective-bargaining agreements with unions. The other half makes them work by "cooling off beefs" before they reach open warfare.

But industrial peace need not wait until whole communities or industries organize for bargaining. The impartial umpire scheme has worked for individual companies, too, when the umpire deals with the biggest troublemaker—disputes as to what was actually agreed to in the contract.

Although General Motors was the first to be struck by the U.A.W., it had the best wartime record of uninterrupted production. The reason, everybody agreed, was its impartial umpire, whose salary was split by union and employer, and whose realm was the shadowy area of contract interpretation. The wage-and-hour issues that precipitated the strike are outside the umpire's jurisdiction.

In Philadelphia, Toledo, Boston and other communities a grass-roots approach to industrial peace is being tried. Worker, boss and public have set up local mediation boards (their decisions are advisory only) whose services are available to employers and unions who want to use them. It is voluntary mediation, and it works.

Supplementing these is the government's plan to train high-caliber conciliators, at salaries up to $8,700, to help employers and employees settle their difficulties.

So the pattern of labor peace emerges. But the resort to a variety of methods such as industry-wide bargaining, impartial umpires, city-wide mediation and government conciliation proves that it cannot be cut from a single cloth. Nor does everybody agree that the resulting garment is such a bargain.

To some employers, industry-wide or group bargaining by employers is the first step toward the corporate state. George Romney of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association put it this way: "Once you go in with competitors to discuss wages on an industry-wide basis, you naturally get into prices and profits as well. And besides, you can't do that without bringing the government in."

Romney is conducting a crusade to limit the union's size to that of the employer with whom it deals. He would amend the antitrust laws to break up the U.A.W., now organized on an industry-wide basis, into independent unions, each representing only the workers in one company.

Larger Units on Both Sides

But crusades to make little unions out of big ones run counter to the dominant trend in the country. Other employers who would also like to see collective bargaining cut down to plant size ruefully admit it is more likely they'll have to organize up to regional-union or industry-union size to hold the peace.

Other trends to look for are guarantees by unions that they'll abide by the terms of their contracts. William H. Davis, former chairman of the War Labor Board, believes increasing attention will be given by lawmakers, federal and state, to policing democracy in unions, to assure periodic elections by secret ballot. In the cards for organized labor, which has benefited from legislation by a friendly government, is some regulation by the same government.

But laws, in any case, are not the real answer. The answer lies first in jobs for men who want work, for even the threat of idleness is a temblor that sends shocks through the industrial system. With work assured, peace lies also in the employer's acceptance of true collective bargaining as a means of helping him do a better production job, as well as improving the condition of the worker.

Equally important for peace is the need for the capital and labor behemoths to use restraint, to go easy on the vast economic power they command.

When they work out checks on their own powers, no outside force by government will have to be imposed on them. Justice Louis Brandeis once summed it up. "Democracy," he said, "is the substitution of internal for external restraint."

THE END

Which kind of home do you want?

1870 **NO ARCHITECTS,** plumbers or electricians were used when Grandfather built. He himself, with the help of a carpenter, often did the whole job, including the well and pump outside. These were the days when Corby's was in its 12th year of fame in Canada.

1925 **WITH IDEAS** borrowed from Europe, architects began developing modernistic homes along functional lines. This type of home has grown in popularity for the last 25 years, years in which Corby's reached its 67th anniversary as a great Canadian name.

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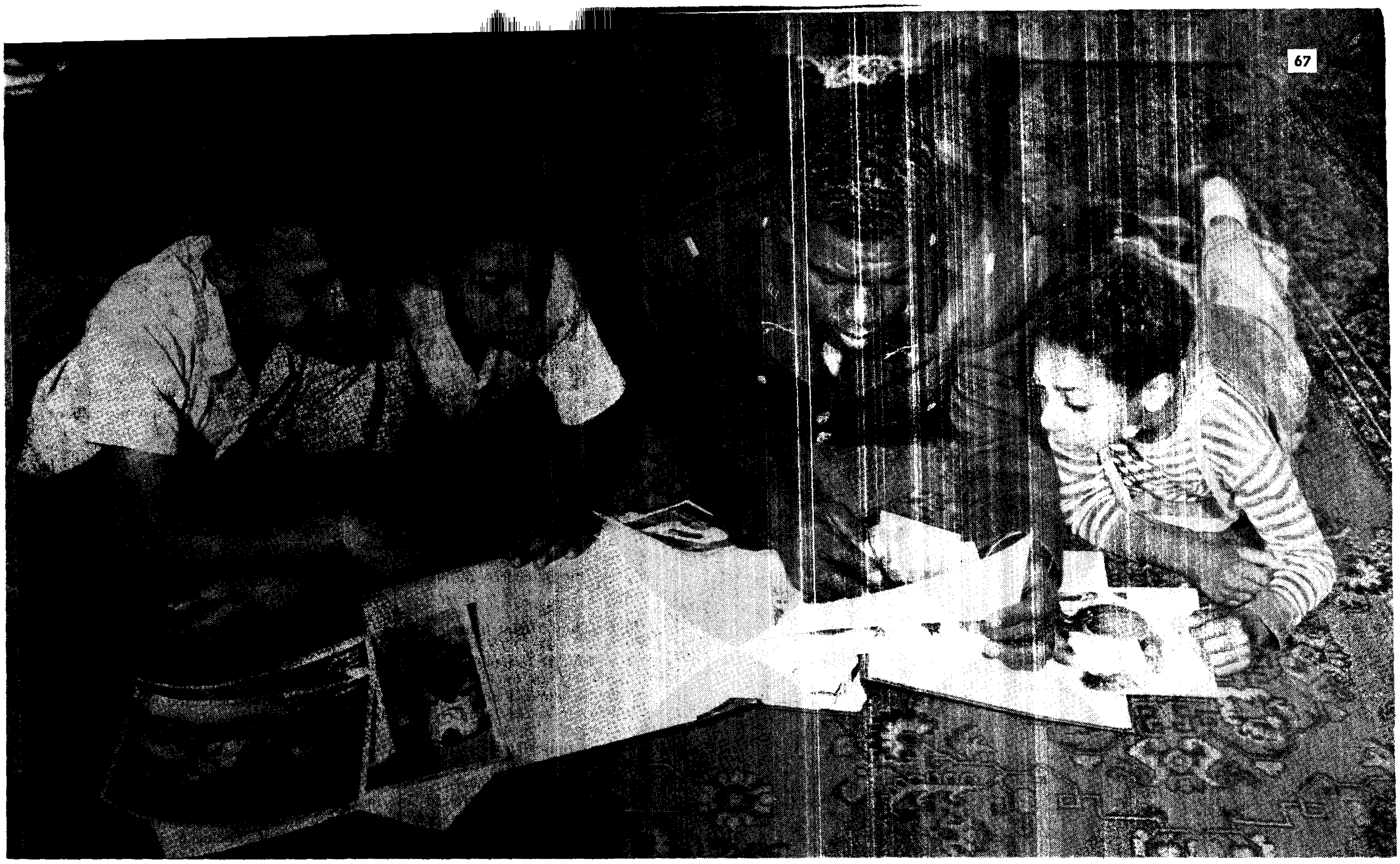

Home on leave, Lt. Jack Robinson goes over his press clippings with neighborhood boys. He has since swapped his Army uniform for baseball togs on a Dodger farm

SAY JACK ROBINSON

BY ARTHUR MANN

Meet the Dodgers' newest recruit who, besides being a clever ballplayer, is also some shakes as a football player, basketball player, and can top 25 feet in the broad jump

YOU have to go back thirty years or more to Indian Jim Thorpe for an American athlete approximating the multiple prowess of Jackie Robinson, 24-letter Negro infielder, signed last fall by the Brooklyn Dodgers for their Montreal club. He starred at four major sports during each year he spent in high school, junior college and college—six years in all—and he's the only athlete ever chosen for national All-Star games in both football and basketball.

An even greater distinction came during his last year at Pasadena Junior College, when a loyal Stanford alumnus realized that Jackie was definitely headed for the rival University of California in Los Angeles. It meant trouble for Stanford in four sports, and so the loyal alumnus offered to finance his education in "any Eastern college you choose, so long as it's not on Stanford's schedule."

The apprehension was fully justified. Jackie not only attended UCLA, but became a thorn in Stanford's side, especially during the 1939 football season. UCLA was undefeated and Jackie averaged 12 yards every time he toted the ball.

As a passer, ball carrier or blocking back, his tremendous speed was needed everywhere for Coach Babe Horrell, whose other Negro star, Kenny Washington, was closing a brilliant college career. UCLA started the season by knocking off Texas Christian and University of Washington. Sparked by sophomore Frankie Albert's southpaw passing, Stanford was close to a 14-7 victory over UCLA in the third game. An Albert pass play was clicking every time.

Suddenly the dark jack rabbit switched tactics. Gambling that Albert would repeat the successful play a third time, Robinson forgot his takeout and went for the pass. Leaping high, he snared the ball on his 20-yard line, twisted in mid-air and zigzagged back to his 45 before they spilled him. As the back in motion from a single wing to the right, Jackie was the spearhead of a swift march. He carried the ball to Stanford's 19. He took a short pass from Washington and raced to the five. Leo Cantor ran it over for a touchdown. Robinson then kicked for the point that tied the score, 14-14.

The Uclans went on to beat Montana, Oregon and California for the best record in the school's history. The Rose Bowl was a certainty . . . until Robinson injured his ankle in a scrimmage just before the Santa Clara game. Without his speed and utility, UCLA was just as good as Santa Clara, Oregon State and Southern California, all of whom were tied, but the Trojans got the Bowl bid.

Broad jumpers are curiously plentiful at UCLA and were a dime a dozen when Robinson matriculated. In the Pacific Coast Conference championship of 1940, they finished one-two-three, but Robinson was on top with a leap of 25 feet. A month later he took a bigger title, the National Collegiate broad jump, at Minneapolis, with a leap of 24 feet 10¼ inches.

If Robinson's high-school and college football was devastating, his basketball was even more so. At Pasadena, he set a junior college scoring record of 28 points in a single game and could have made it 40 or more, but he didn't choose to. With the game cinched, the coach yanked four of Pasadena's varsity players, including high-scoring Bill Busick, later with Navy. Since Busick still had an outside chance for season scoring honors, Robbie didn't see why the opportunity he was getting should be denied a rival. So he asked to be taken out, too. He left the game after hanging up a total of 28 and joined Busick on the sidelines.

Playing right forward for UCLA, Robinson led the California collegiate scorers with 148 points for the 1939-40 season, and 133 the following winter. Informed observers ranked him with the great Hank Luisetti, but Jackie laughs this off as blasphemy.

"Wear Luisetti's shoes? Why, I couldn't even carry them."

And Robinson Forty Miles Away

The football and basketball seasons were easy enough for Robinson, but baseball and track always brought trouble. The two sports came in the spring and overlapped when varsity teams in both activities demanded his unique skill. He met these tight squeezes with amazing double-barreled servitude, the best example of which came during his two-year and eight-letter tenure at Pasadena Junior College. The track and field athletes were striving for a team title at Pomona, Calif., while the baseball team was playing Glendale, some 40 miles away. He liked track and field, but he loved baseball.

"I wanted to be like my older brother, Mack," Robbie recalls wistfully. "*There* was a really great athlete. He was a one-man track team at University of Oregon. Just think—twenty and seven tenths for the two-twenty. That was the world's record for a week until Jesse Owens broke it—"

Unable to be in two places at once, he packed his baseball suit and track togs in a jalopy and drove to Pomona with his buddy, Jack Gordon. There he donned the track togs. Jogging nervously, he kept warm while the program moved slowly toward his specialty, the running broad jump. He wanted to sprint, and could, but the elimination trials were an all-afternoon chore. Finally he took his first leap, and cleared 23 feet 6 inches.

Two jumpers bettered the mark, but Jackie got a better "hit" on the take-off board for his second try and leaped 24 feet 6 inches. It seemed good enough to win and he considered rushing to the ball game then. But he watched through the round, and then was entitled to a third and last try. He went to the end of the runway and told Gordon to warm up the jalopy. Then he steamed for the take-off board, hit it perfectly and soared across 25 feet 6¼ inches of the pit. It was one of the best jumps in track history. He topped brother Mack's junior college record by 6¼ inches, and Mack's best mark by almost an inch.

Before the sound of applause had died, Robinson was in the car racing for Glendale with Gordon at the wheel. As they sped over the California highway, Jackie took off the track suit and got into his baseball flannels. The story should be that Pasadena won the team track title and Jackie won the ball game at Glendale with a ninth-inning homer. But he wasn't that good. His record jump gave Pasadena second place in the team standings. The ballplayers were leading Glendale, 4-2, when he arrived in the fourth inning, and his two base hits helped make it a rout by the ninth.

Like Thorpe, Robinson is least brilliant in baseball, yet several Brooklyn scouts were unanimous in the opinion that he was the very best Negro player in the country. He isn't the football player that Thorpe was,

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL KING-BLACK STAR

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California Sunkist

Keep regular the healthful way!
LEMON and WATER
—first thing on arising

Say Jack Robinson

Continued from page 67

nor is anyone else. Yet Thorpe wasn't anywhere near the basketball genius that Robinson is. Jack is about the same size and build as Thorpe—six feet tall and 195 pounds—when the Indian was at his peak. He could beat Injun Jim in the pentathlon events on speed alone, but Thorpe would lick him in the tougher ten-event decathlon.

The comparison with Thorpe as a ballplayer is not as odious as it sounds. Robinson is unquestionably better now than Thorpe was when he reached the Giants. But the Indian's ability was always overshadowed by his phenomenal skill at track and football. Too much was expected of him. People forget that Thorpe was a big-league player for seven successive years with the Giants, Cincinnati Reds and Braves. He was good enough to share in two World Series, 1913 and 1917. But where Thorpe was a constant problem in behaviorism, Robinson doesn't smoke nor drink.

The parallel with Thorpe is made because Robinson's potentialities have already been besmirched by references to his "football shoulders."

Maybe They Meant Muscle-Bound

"What are football shoulders?" Jackie puzzles. "I don't think anybody knows. If it means muscle-bound, I don't have them. I guess somebody talked because an opinion was expected of him. It was a shot in the dark, because football players don't set big-league baseball afire. Maybe I won't, but I'll make a good living by trying."

He was particularly distressed by the gloomy prophecy credited to Bob Feller which, boiled down, intimated that Jackie wouldn't make the grade in the big leagues.

"If Feller said that, I wish he hadn't," Robinson murmurs. "And even if he did say it, I don't think he meant it deep down. Feller only pitched against me twice, both in night games. You stand ten of us colored boys in a row at a night game, and Feller couldn't pick me out. He's quoted as saying I can't hit an inside pitch."

Jackie paused to grin and chuckle.

"Feller never threw me an inside pitch," he confided. "He kept it outside after I leaned on one almost inside and pulled it into the bleachers foul by inches. The first time up, he worked me to three and two with the bases full and then threw the widest hook I ever saw—or never saw. I'm not sure I saw it. The last view I got, it was headed for the outside of the plate, but it passed the end of my bat a foot outside. The next time up I dug in to make sure he wouldn't do it again. He threw me a fast ball, again outside, and I smacked it down past third base for a double and drove in a run.

"I faced him the third time in San Diego, where they have the worst lighting system in organized baseball. Satchel Paige had topped Feller in strike-outs at Los Angeles, ten to six, and Bob was really bearing down to top Satch. I never saw the third strike, nor did eleven others of us Royals who fanned. But Feller's team was worse, because old Satch struck out sixteen of his All-Stars. So on the strength of that, Feller is quoted as saying I won't make it.

"Anybody who says I can't make it doesn't know what I've gone through, and what I'm prepared to go through to stay up."

Robinson's desperation is common to most American boys who dream of greener pastures; who deliver daily papers for money to help buy food for the family; who collect waste paper, deposit bottles, junk, scrap metal; who sell hot dogs in the Rose Bowl, and anything anywhere that will return a few honest pennies. Robinson did all this as far back as he can remember in Pasadena where he arrived too young to know what had happened.

His father had drifted from domestic responsibilities in Cairo, Ga., where Jackie was born on January 31, 1919, the last of four children. His mother's brother moved them to California and there began a ceaseless battle to feed and educate the brood, Frank, Willa Mae, Matthew (Mack), and John Roosevelt Robinson.

Today the job is almost completed. Jackie has never seen his father, never talks about him and believes he is dead. The struggling family has earned and bought not one home, but two crisp and clean bungalows on Pepper Street. Jackie wants his mother to sit back and take it easy now that he is earning enough to do the job alone. But she won't. Mack and Willa Mae have given her grandchildren to visit and fuss over, and she refuses to let her brother, now paralyzed, go to a nursing home. The work, she insists, keeps her from thinking too much about her oldest boy, Frank, who was killed in an auto accident eight years ago.

While the family wanted Jackie to have the mental attainments of a Carver or a Booker T. Washington, he let them down for athletics and became a Robinson. Early at Muir Tech he learned that a C average would keep him eligible for varsity athletics, and a C student he was.

"When one subject dipped a bit," he confesses, "I brushed up on another subject to maintain the necessary average. To do more would have meant giving up at least one sport, and I couldn't."

At UCLA he was working for a degree in physical education when Mack got married. Then children came and his mother needed help. Jackie left college and took a job with the National Youth Administration. Immediately he was swamped with offers to play professional football, but he held off and was eligible for the All-Star game in Chicago in August, 1941. Playing the backfield with Pugh and Thomason of Texas A & M and Harmon of Michigan before 98,000, he tasted pro football through a 37-13 licking by the Chicago Bears.

A Tougher Game Than Football

He joined the Los Angeles Bulldogs to earn his first money as an athlete. While in Hawaii with the team, two memorable events occurred. One was a cabled invitation to play on the national All-Star basketball team, which he couldn't accept, and the other was the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japs. Actually he wasn't in Honolulu, because the homebound boat was out of the harbor, but he heard the noise of the falling bombs.

Drafted early the next year, he was inducted at Fort MacArthur. After basic training, he transferred to the cavalry at Fort Riley where he buckled down to study for a commission. He won a second lieutenancy, and had his silver bars when "football ankles," as the Army called them, brought him a medical discharge from active duty.

He took a coaching job at Sam Houston College, Austin, Texas, and set up the school's first complete physical training program. He transferred most of his medals and trophies to the school as an inspiration exhibit.

The Negro boys got the idea immediately and defeated Bishop College, 61-59, for the city basketball title.

From their Houston training site, the Kansas City Monarchs made Robbie an offer to play in the Negro American Baseball League at $400 a month. He consented to join them after the school term and asked for a contract. He was assured that the letter constituted a contract. On the Monarchs, he batted .349 for 100 games. And, when he signed the historic agreement in Branch Rickey's Dodger office on August 29th last, he was able also to sign a clause stating that he was not under contract and that the Dodgers could seek redress in court if he was. That is why the Negro leagues can be "raided" with bona fide offers from organized baseball.

He comes into organized baseball with a confidence that is exceeded only by his modesty. He is positive that he can hit the best of International League pitching.

"The plate is the same width," he says. "The bases are the same—ninety feet apart. I've got to make good."

THE END

The Week's Work

HANS KNOPF—PIX

Doris and Ed Yulke with complete and unfinished Baby Sharks

MODEL airplanes have been a big influence in the lives of Ed Yulke and his wife Doris—the two who wrote Airplane on a String, p. 20. They took to each other in the first place because of their mutual interest in model-plane building, and that interest has led them both into new professions where the things they do for fun pay them a living.

Yulke was an engineer at Republic Aviation on Long Island, and his future wife was a secretary there when they met through one of those car-pooling arrangements. They spent joyful week ends building planes and flying them. When one of Yulke's miniature bombers crashed on Doris' head out at Amityville airport, Yulke naturally said, "Darling, I am so sorry. Please marry me."

When they married, they fixed up the entire basement of their house as a workshop, and labored side by side, building identical planes simultaneously.

Then one evening Yulke wrote an article describing a tail-first type of plane he had designed and built. A science magazine bought the article, and Yulke was off on a new career, writing about aviation, both full-size and miniature. He quit engineering entirely. Because the Yulkes like to do things together, Mrs. Yulke became a professional photographer, and now illustrates the articles he writes.

They are both learning to fly—in grown-up airplanes—and as soon as they get their licenses they expect to purchase a plane which they'll use to scout around for writing material.

The Yulkes, naturally, think there's nothing like a hobby to keep you healthy, wealthy and wise. Even now they are training their three-year-old son to join them in their fun.

Lester Velie

AUTHOR of Industrial Warfare, p. 14, Lester Velie is, as becomes a writer on economic subjects, a highly efficient man. He ruthlessly sets his alarm clock for 5 A.M., and makes himself beat the typewriter from 6 A.M. until noon. Then he goes to the Journal of Commerce office, where he is associate editor, and works until 7 P.M. He leaves his evenings free, except when he has appointments to interview labor leaders, industrialists, politicians or whomever.

Velie was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, whose journalism school, he says, taught him to double space a story and to start it down the middle of the page. After a few years of what he calls bread-and-butter reporting on New York papers, Velie concluded that that department of the writing profession was dull, insecure and ill paid. He decided to specialize in economic writing, and to that end took night courses at New York University until he had acquired sufficient background for a job on the Journal of Commerce. Since then Velie has been a radio commentator and a prolific writer of magazine pieces on the mysteries of money. This is his sixth article for Collier's.

WE DON'T know what's got into him, but in this issue one of our reliable experts on murder turns soft and sentimental. It might as well be spring.

Norbert Davis, whose Beezlebub Blast, p. 11, involves a boy and a girl and love, and no corpses, explains his defection thus: "I have been murdering people with typewriter on paper for the past 10 or 15 years. I have laid them away in short stories, novelettes, novels and in seven installments. At various times I have looked for other ways of making a living, but nothing ever came of these efforts and I had to go right on killing people.

"But I have softened up somewhat with the years, and now from time to time I allow my characters to fall in love instead of assassinating each other. Love is not as exciting as murder, but it is lots more fun."

This week's cover: Artist Francis Chase combines two famous memorials in his Washington's Birthday cover: Mt. Vernon and the magnificent head of George Washington carved in the rock high on the side of Mt. Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota. In gigantic stone Sculptor Gutzon Borglum has depicted the faces of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln.

. . . A. P.

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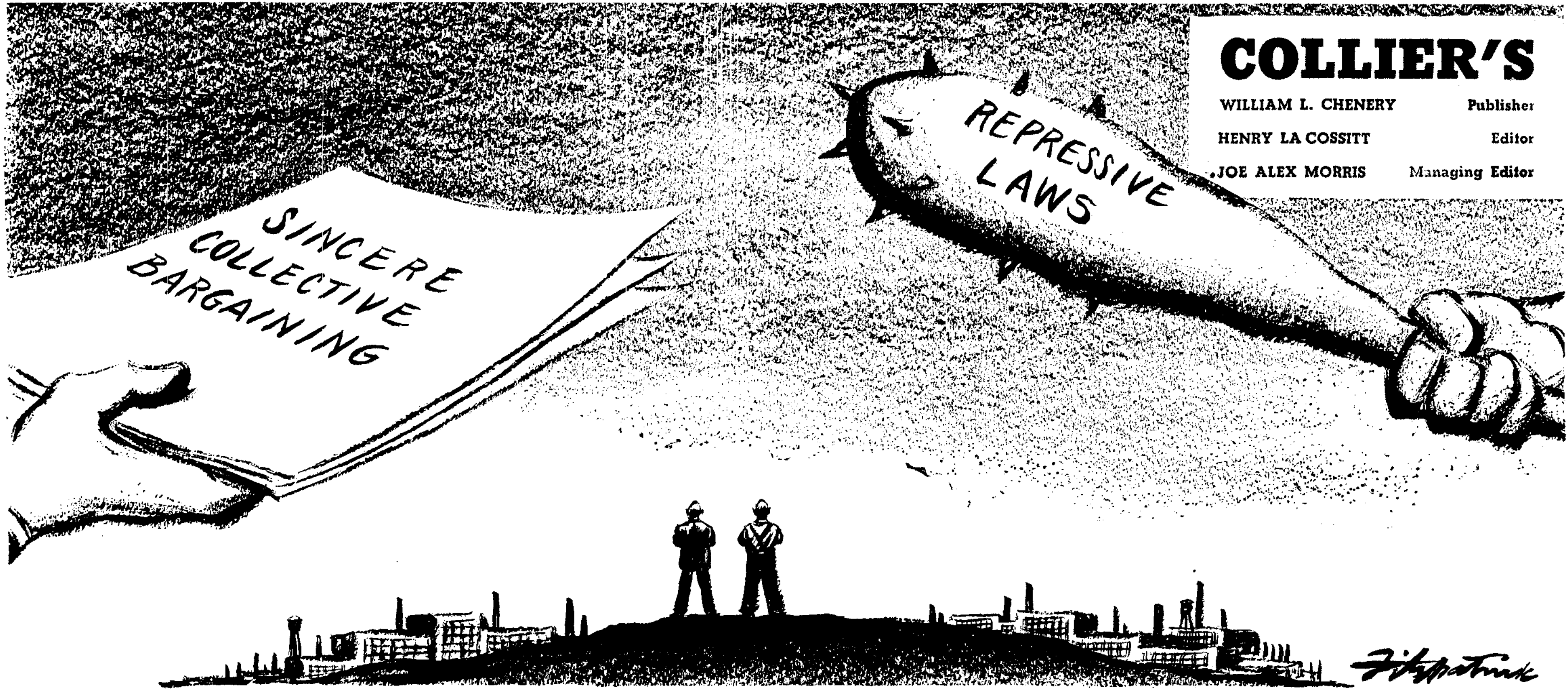


LABOR CRISIS, 1946

AS INDUSTRIALISTS, labor leaders and politicians foresaw for months before the war ended, the labor crisis of early 1946 was inevitable. That didn't make it any the less hard on the nation, but at least it wasn't a totally unexpected calamity like an earthquake or a Pearl Harbor.

Why the crisis built up as it did is explained in Lester Velie's article, Industrial Warfare, beginning on page 14 of this issue of Collier's—an article for which we'd like to bespeak a careful reading by every reader interested in quieter, more productive, less destructive capital-labor relations all over the United States.

The one certain conclusion which can be drawn from the Velie piece is that there is no single and certain formula for curing all our industrial troubles.

On the railroads, the Railway Labor Act has worked well for 20 years. But there is no guarantee that a similar law embracing all our industries would deliver equally good results—though it does seem to us that the railway law's 30-day cool-off and fact-finding principles might well be widely extended and given a fair trial.

Senator Byrd of Virginia would like to make labor unions become corporations, under District of Columbia laws, and thus answerable to the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), just as business corporations are. The Byrd plan is a carefully considered one, and is at least recommended by the fact that the minority of racketeers, tyrants and extremists among labor leaders fear it and hate it. They would, naturally, because under the Byrd plan they would have to report annually to the SEC on the dues and assessments they take from their members, the salaries they pay themselves and their favorites, how they run their union elections, how often they have such elections, and similar facts which racketeers, tyrants and extremists don't like to make public in connection with their activities.

Yet many sincere students of labor-capital relations fear that too many laws, no matter how well meant and carefully put together, will only carry us further toward totalitarianism than most Americans want to go. Totalitarianism, broken down into plain English, means everybody working where, when, how and for what pay the government decrees.

The encouraging part of the picture is the fact that in some industries and communities amicable labor-capital relations have been established, and by the joint efforts of workers and employers with little or no assistance from politicians. For details, see that same article by Mr. Velie.

We'd suggest that employers and workers in all other lines make prompt and earnest efforts to compose their differences themselves—because time and the patience of Congress are both running out on U.S. industrial wars in which the consuming public suffers more than the warriors.

GYPPING THE G.I.s

PERMIT us to ring up a round of applause for the American Legion in its current efforts to beat down what strikes us as a particularly mean deal against returning veterans. We mean the habits some realtors here and there have fallen into of sidetracking veterans anxious to buy homes with money loaned them under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

Such homes can be only modest ones at best, in most cases. The deals offer little attraction to realtors primarily interested in fast, speculative turnovers and frequent commissions to themselves. Hence, says John Thomas Taylor, Legion legislative director, "The first question they ask the veteran is whether he is depending on the G.I. Bill. If he says yes, they begin to cool off. Later they find ways of getting rid of him altogether. Apparently they are more interested in the inflated commissions paid on inflated prices than they are in the veteran."

It's one angle of The Great Landlord Racket, strikingly described by Walter Davenport in a recent issue of Collier's. Only a small minority of realtors are believed to be working this negative type of racket on G.I.s. The typical realtor, as patriotic as anyone else, will give the returning G.I. the best deal he can. But the minority of unco-operative ones ought to be stepped on, hard and persistently, by their local real-estate boards, by Better Business bureaus, and so on.

There should, in fact, be a concerted campaign by all such organizations, for some years to come, to keep sharpers, con men, blue-sky artists, etc., etc., from separating ex-service men and women from their money without value received.

Millions of veterans have come, are coming or will come out of service with bigger wads of cash money than they ever saw before. Many of them know next to nothing about business, finance, or stocks. It should be a prime order of business for people who do know about those things to do whatever they can to protect these veterans.

THE PALESTINE PROBLEM

AMERICANS naturally feel a bit diffident about volunteering advice to Britain in regard to its Palestine mandate. However, the British have asked our counsel and co-operation on Palestine, so here's what Collier's thinks about it.

British hesitancy to reopen the Holy Land to unrestricted Jewish immigration is politically understandable. Palestine is a strategic area with reference to the Middle East, the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the oil of Iraq and Saudi Arabia.

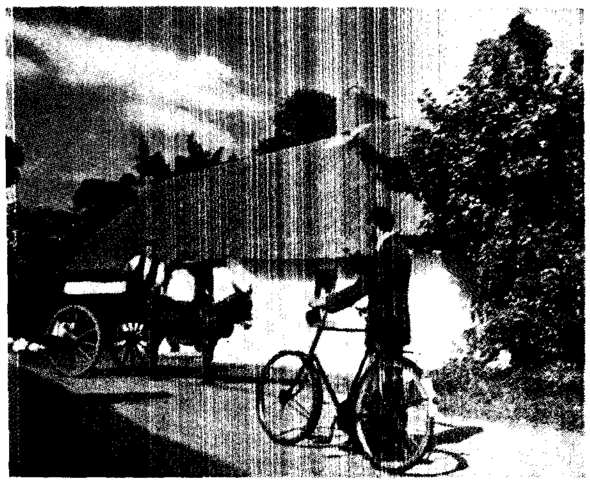
Britain does not want to ruffle the Arabs' feelings any more than it can help, especially inasmuch as Russia, since the war, has been muscling into northwest Iran, ogling Middle East oil fields, and demanding that Turkey hand over to Russia the Black Sea areas of Kars and Ardahan.

Yet there are the frightfully decimated Jews of Europe, menaced by widespread anti-Semitism; and there is the long-standing British promise to make Palestine a national Jewish homeland.

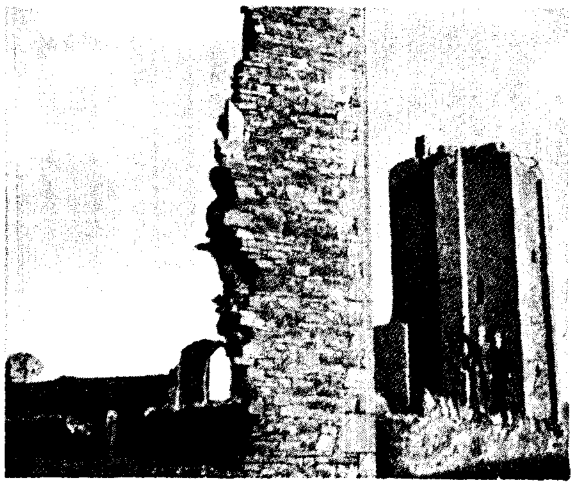
Our own feeling is that Britain would be well advised to reopen Palestine to the Jews; to take definite steps to make the country either a Jewish state or an Arab-Jewish one; and to use all its influence to make these measures stick. A reported 70,000 British troops are in Palestine, and Britain came out of the war with a great deal of high-class fighting equipment of all kinds. We have a hunch that the Arabs talk a much fiercer "holy war" than they could fight.

We're not advocating oppression of the Palestine Arabs, or their wholesale eviction from Palestine. But we cannot see how it can pay the British, strategically or economically or morally, to keep indefinitely postponing settlement of the Palestine problem in substantial conformance with their promises since the time of the Balfour Declaration of 1917.

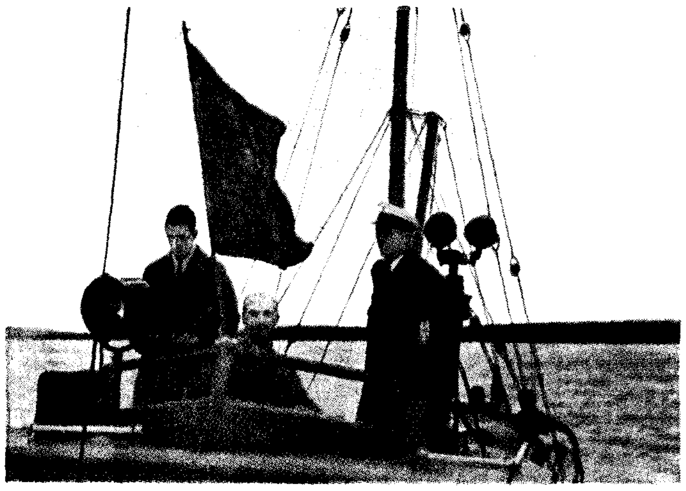
1 “After seeing a hurling match here in Ireland,” writes a New York friend of Canadian Club, “I understood why Irishmen consider our American football an old man's game. The fury of this Irish national sport would start riots among a people less endowed with humor. The real surprise, though, is that a sport so fierce should thrive in a land so gentle.



2 **“Here's a climate** as soft as a lullaby . . . with countrysides unspoiled entirely by the march of progress. ere you'll experience an unhurried pace of living that isists on plenty of leeway for passing the time of day.



3 **“Almost everywhere,** I came upon time-softened ruins of ancient castles which date back many centuries. Back to the days when Irishmen were fighting the Norse for possession of this lush, green land.



4 **“And so easy to visit!** Last summer, I was aboard the Irish ‘shore taxi’ just 15 hours after our big Pan American Clipper left New York. Today's tremendous, luxurious Clippers fly it even faster!

5 **“You'll discover** that nothing's too good for Ireland's guests. I happened to mention, for instance, that Canadian Club is my favorite whisky. And presto!—a bottle of this distinctive-tasting whisky appeared at my elbow.”

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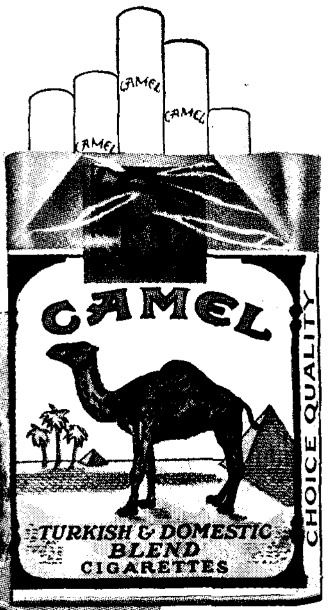

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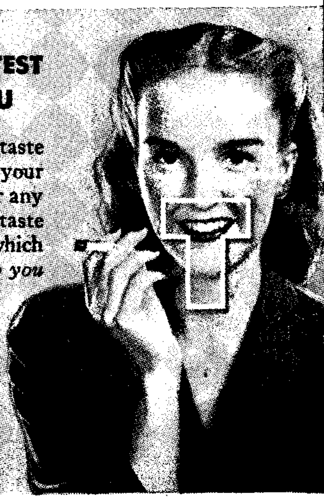
CAMEL—COSTLIER TOBACCOS

THE "T-ZONE" TEST WILL TELL YOU



The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."